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THE NEW YORKER

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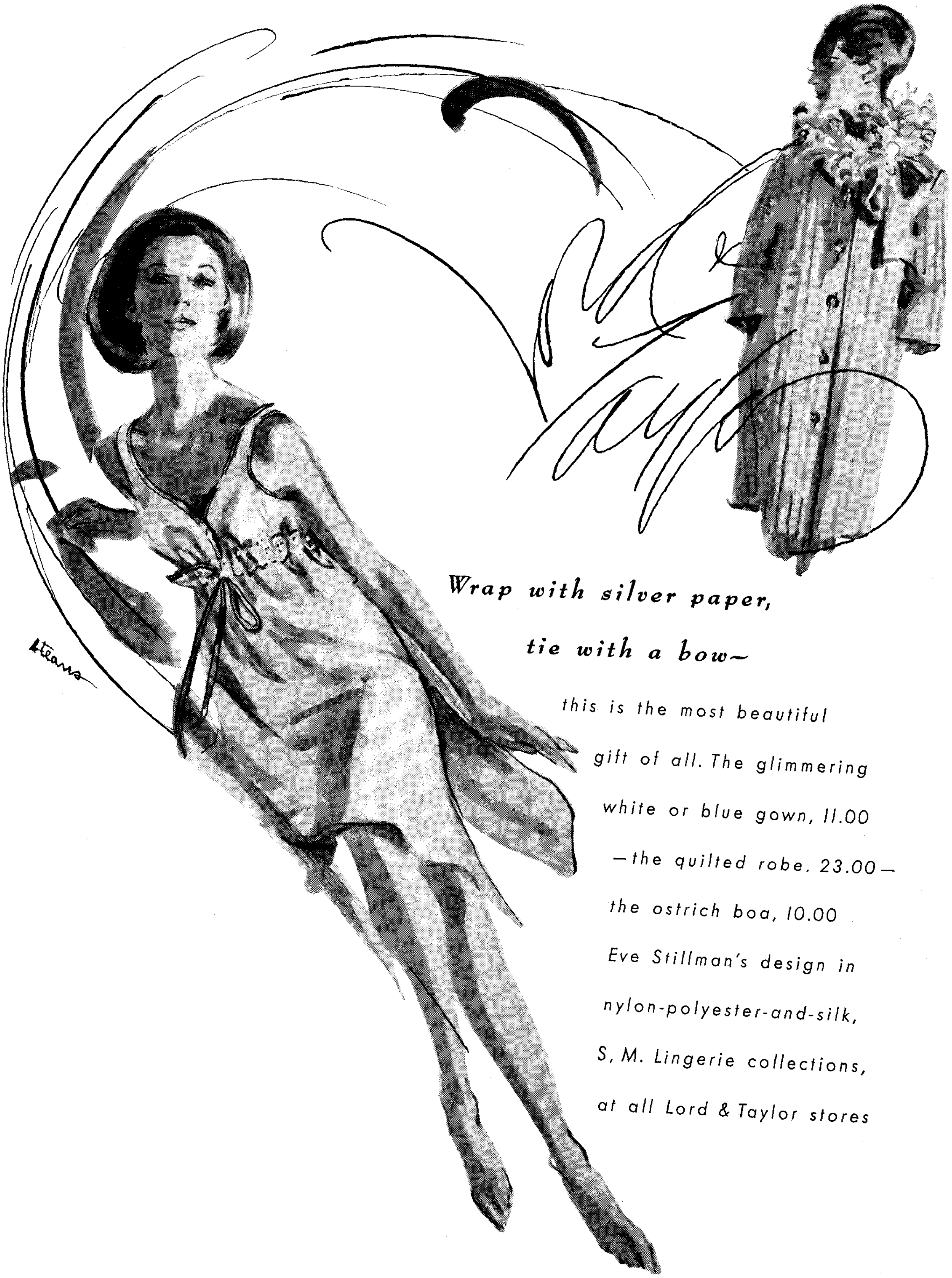

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Devils—Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun" in a dramatization by John Whiting that is totally lacking in significant content. Jason Robards, as a raffish cleric, is not very convincing, and Anne Bancroft is only sporadically plausible as a nun who accuses him of witchcraft. The play was directed by Michael Cacoyannis and has a setting contrived by Rouben Ter-Arutunian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. *Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at* 2:30.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A very noisy but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken lead the cast, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—Concupiscent shenanigans in high political circles in Victorian London. This play, by Michael Dyne, is old-fashioned but well made, and Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, Sarah Badel, and the other players are capable in it. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer cannot be faulted as Pizarro, and David Carradine is a tower of strength as *Atahualpa, the Inca* chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has superb settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It With You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik plays a Jewish grandfather who doesn't believe in apartheid on the loose in South Africa, and Louis Gossett plays a native who is his custodian and his pal. A rather fragile drama, which was written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon and has incidental music and lyrics by Harold Rome. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., *W. JU 2-5340. Nightly*, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's play, imported from London and starring Nicol Williamson. The director is Anthony Page. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to great advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and *Freddy Wittop splendid costumes.* (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—Orson Bean, a small, put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, a big Establishment bully. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 4.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, *46th* St., W. *JU* 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—fiddler on the roof: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 2, at 2.)... **funny girl:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mrs. Gutzon Borglum. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Anya—A musical with a book by George Abbott and Guy Bolton (taken from the play "Anastasia," by Marcelle Maurette and Mr. Bolton). The music and lyrics are by Robert *Wright and George Forrest, and the cast in*cludes Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, Lillian Gish, and Irra Petina. Staged by Mr. Abbott. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Playroom—A thriller by Mary Drayton, with Tom Helmore and Augusta Dabney. Joseph Anthony is the director. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 4. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 5. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Me and Thee—A comedy by Charles Horine, in which Durward Kirby and Barbara Britton head a cast under the direction of Perry Bruskin. Previews through Monday, Dec. 6. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson in Abe Burrows' comedy based on a French original. Mr. Burrows also directed. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Royale, 45th St. W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—The French pantomimist **marcel marceau** in an all-new program. (City Center 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and

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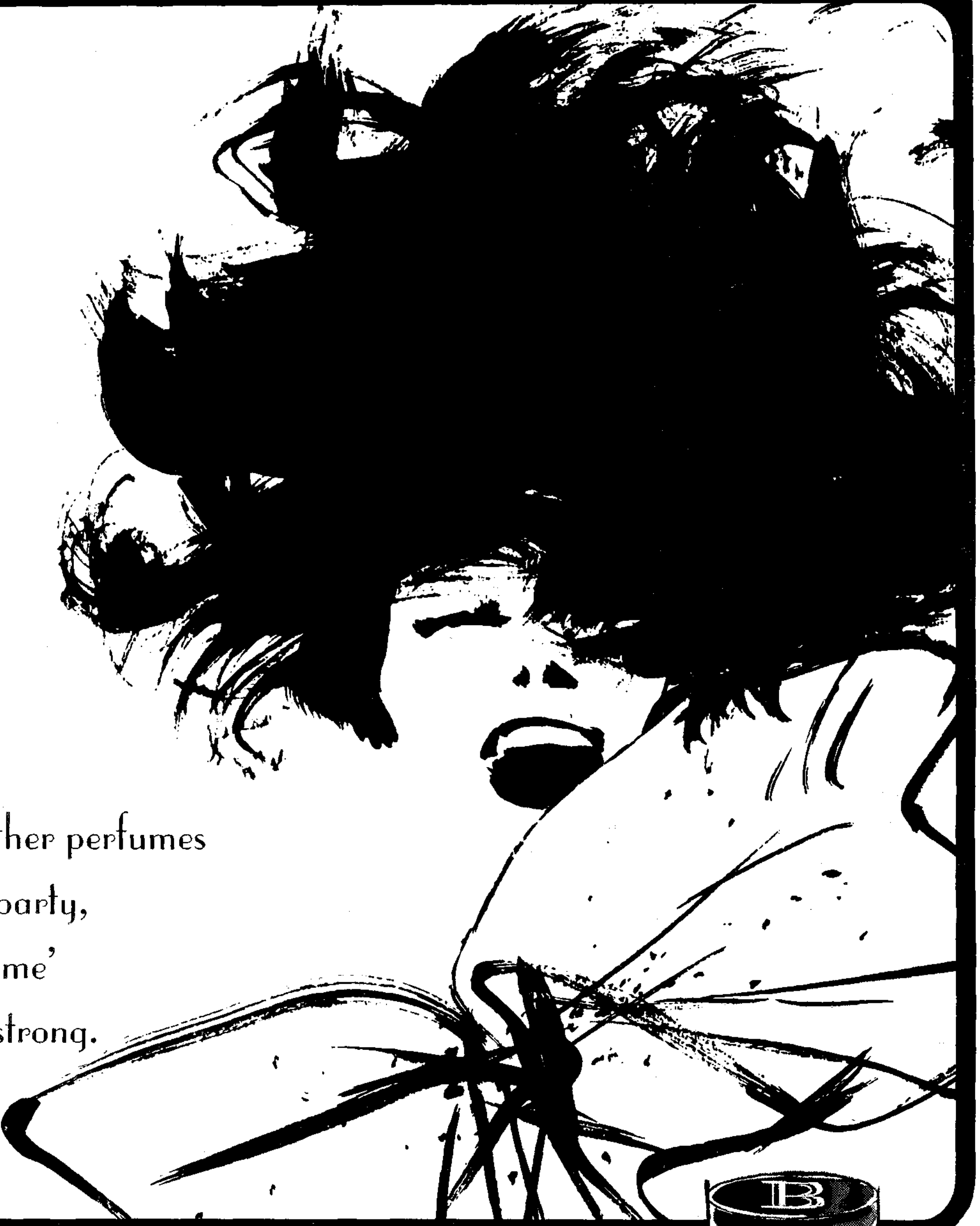

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, Dec. 12.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's second offering will be William Wycherley's Restoration comedy **THE COUNTRY WIFE.** Previews Friday through Sunday, Dec. 3-5, and Tuesday, Dec. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **CARMEN.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 4 and 8:40: **RUDDIGORE.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 5, at 4 and 8: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:40: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10, at 8:40: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 4 and 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love and **Good Day**—In "The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love," Stephen Strimpell is funny as a nervous fellow who tries to shake some sense into his tense, addled Jewish family. "Good Day," the curtain-raiser is a solemn and portentous work, involving an odd young man and an odd old woman. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Great Scot!—Allan Bruce in a musical with a book by Mark Conradt and Gregory Dawson, score by Don McAfee, and lyrics by Nancy Leeds. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—Robert Hooks in a pair of plays by Douglas Turner Ward. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 1.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Bernard Shaw Story—A one-man show arranged and acted by Bramwell Fletcher. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

The Trigon—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Dec. 5.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Royal Danish Ballet—Thursday evening, Dec. 2: "Konservatoriet," "Miss Julie," and Act III of "Napoli." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 3, and Saturday matinée, Dec. 4: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 4: "Coppélia" and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 5: "Coppélia" and Act III of "Napoli." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 5: "The Whims of Cupid," "Miss Julie," and Act III of "Napoli." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 7-8: "The Private Lesson" (première), and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 9: "The Private Lesson" and "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 10, and Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 11: "La Sylphide" and "Moon Reindeer." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Dec. 19. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Dance Theatre Workshop—A second performance of a program of modern dance presented by the companies of Ruth Currier and Jeff Duncan. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, Dec. 6, at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—A couple of people show up onstage at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. One is Felicia Sanders, a sort of fire hazard (her ballads are either candles burning at both ends, or out-and-out bonfires); the other is Myron Cohen, a conversationalist dealing with familiar, familiar topics in a not always familiar fashion. The orchestra of Lee Evans, one of the best in town, is onstage the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Everyone who takes the floor of the sedate restaurant wears a good-conduct medal. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cuban bandsmen execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The Great Society. There is perpetual dance music in the principal salon; in the Champagne Room, people who prefer to sit everything out listen to a non-athletic trio. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The night boat to the nineteenth century, to the era of spare-no-expense interior decorating, and to the days of the big, bold bands. Tito Puente's mainforce Latins end up on Thursday, Dec. 2; next evening, the crew of Les and Larry Elgart arrives. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun-and-games for the customers of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—George Maharis, who has the proper matinée-idol form and face, is now a minstrel, decanting his arias at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—No matter how the trumpet of Jonah Jones is cozened, it goes on barking loud enough to keep the neighbors awake and dancing on the high-in-the-sky dining deck; in the cocktail lounge, it is less, but still cheerily, audible. The sound department operates from eight to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The library into which the Maisonette has been converted stays open hours later than any other in town, but on-with-the-dance, not browsing, is still the principal purpose. The librarians—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

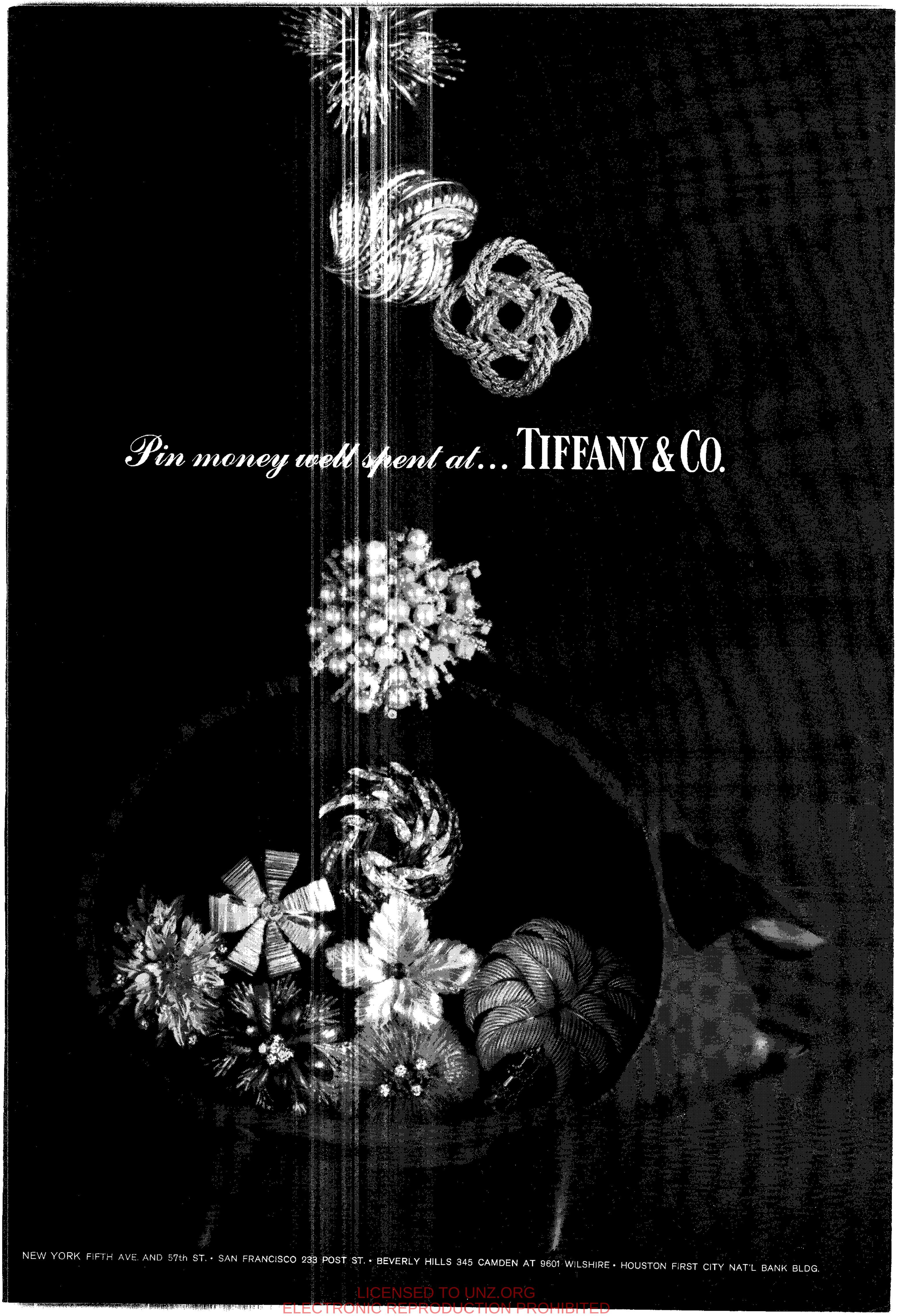
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley is at the keyboard in Peacock Alley, which resounds with his eclectic pianism from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

Note—At **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), traffic regulations are strictly enforced (no Watusi, not even any Barnes Dance), but law-abiding citizens have the run (and fun) of a well-paved field not much smaller than Shea Stadium. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A rallying point for Tom, Dick, and Mata Hari, not to mention other interesting young ladies, all talking at once. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders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and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No great rush disturbs the peace of this residential quarter of Florence, nor does any great sound, except when a tenor and a soprano undertake one of those set pieces by Puccini or other local characters. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The symptoms of love, and the preventive measures to be taken before it reaches the terminal stage, are dealt with, wisely and wittily, by the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the dean of women singers. Sam Hamilton's piano is her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **HUGH SHANNON'S,** on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The present whereabouts of Mr. Shannon, who has kept the night watch in London, Paris, and Capri these many years. His solid piano and heynonny songs arrive in midevening and go on a long time. No dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **FREY'S,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain has set up his portmanteau piano in a corner of a picnic ground for the landed young gentry, their loved ones, and other town and gown characters. He runs well into the lobster shift. No piano Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Steve Iles plays piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a short cut to a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Rumpus-room life. Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. The guitar, which goes on intermittently from dinner until after the theatre, is likewise conscious of both the new and the old. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Opulence, thy name is Spain. The guitar of José Luis Franco whiles away the dinner and supper hours every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but not dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the squadron of peregrinating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): *Lebensraum* for stars of stage, screen, and radar after the theatre, but there is space for mere mortals, too. At nine, Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble with a guitar and a tenor, starts patrolling the premises. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until about two is his speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is now that grand old seigneur Tibor Rakossy. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he must be in the prompter's box when his waiter hastily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella*, into Scarpia or Rodolfo. Closed Mondays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a dulcet dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous, the piano (George Rudolph) is laudably venturesome. The music is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Almost the smallest bar in town, and one of the neatest of the lot. Gustavo Lopez, his guitar, and the décor are cool, correct Iberian. The music goes from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays. No dining.

NOTE—The discothèque, a night-blooming phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and often populated by citizenry of a certain seniority. The appointments are sybaritic, and so is the menu; the music—seven-thirty to three or four during the week, Sundays until one—is insistent and glittery, since it is all freshly squeezed out of a tube. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Caged lions, some of them social, roaring along the dance floor at a pace that chills the enthusiasm of all but the hardiest participants. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): An undergraduate gymnasium. The hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name. The campus of this nondenominational university is only utilitarian, but the athletic program (nine-thirty to three or four, except Mondays) is superb, and the *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers (by Linda Benter in particular) are original and amusing. The music, partly storage battery, and partly real, happens, too, at Saturday and Sunday one-to-six matinées. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Another enterprise in which even the walls have earphones, but the turmoil that issues from them is more subdued than it is in most discothèques. The architecture is sort of homey, and there is a supper menu. Nine to four is the scheme, and all is silence Sundays and Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *"French Dressing"—this simple, in*formative title covers a number of things: a vast extravaganza, a corps de ballet, apache dancers, acrobats, and two or three dozen bouncy young ladies; in fact, it covers everything but the young ladies' beautiful backs. Roberta Sherwood, the fastest gun in the West, is the breakneck leading lady. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Paul Anka's overwhelming song recital is also a physical-fitness program that keeps the spectators' eyes on a dead run; Norm Crosby, the local jester, gets A for effort, X for effect. On Thursday, Dec. 9, a new cast arrives, led by Jimmy Roselli, a *panem-et-circenses* singer. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where the sun rises at ten o'clock in the evening and seems never to set, rumpus music does the same thing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The indivisible and incomparable duchy (Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, Louis Bellson, et al.) of Duke Ellington does the flourishes; Mel Tormé distributes high-style head tones; Joan Rivers, a compulsive talker, suffers out loud, which is paradoxically and frantically funny. All hands disappear on Saturday, Dec. 4. On Monday, Dec. 6, Sam Donahue's heavily staffed orchestra, with the Pied Pipers, Charlie Shavers, and other remembrances of times past, moves in. Frank Sinatra, Jr., a slip off the old block, will do some of the carolling. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, is—like all his other diatribes—sharp as serpents' teeth, swift as swallows. The sharpest of the teeth is Elizabeth Wilson, and the sweetest of the swallows is Lee Beery, girl caroller; Liz Sheridan, Rex Robbins, John Keatts, and Bill Hinnant fill

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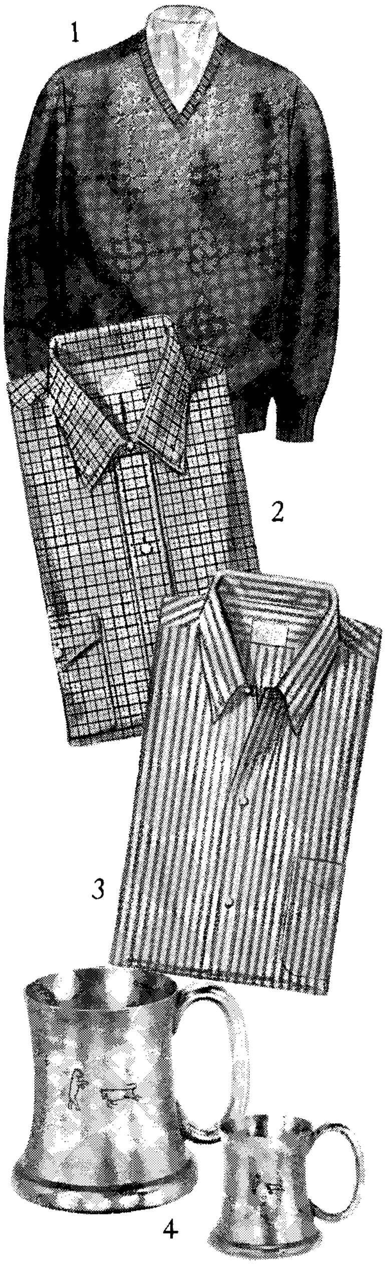

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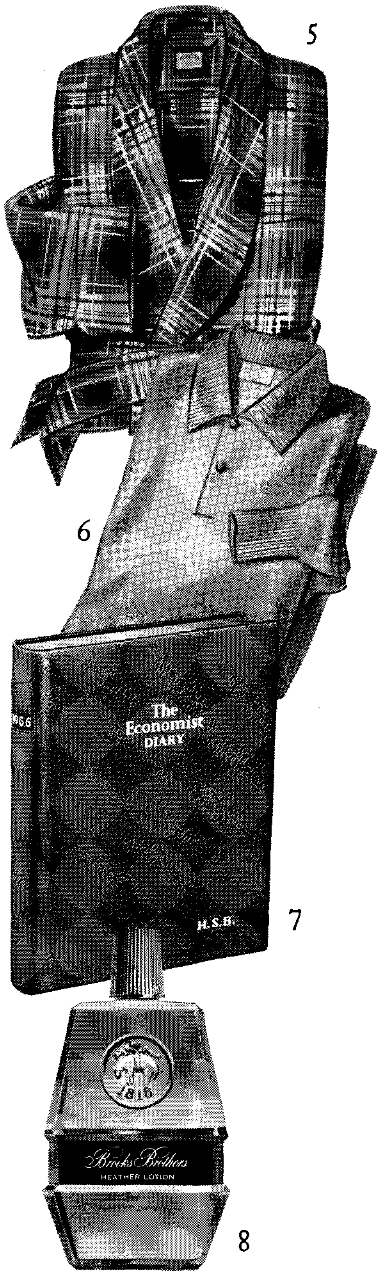

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out a cast of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together zings together, which means that Los Chavales de España (the new boys as well as the old boys) are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The latest scheme for that fine assemblage of Cole Porter works is to relaunch it on Tuesday, Dec. 7, with Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan as the main events. It is to be done at eight-thirty every night but Monday, as well as at eleven on Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the new revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg, Betty Aberlin, and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sonny Rollins, making his points succinctly and one by one, is in charge. His foursome stays home Mondays, when Alan Grant, a human and humane disc jockey, shepherds another assortment of musicians. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): John Coltrane, a soloist so ardent he sometimes forgets he has a quintet, is leading man. On Tuesday, Dec. 7, he and his will be replaced by Herbie Mann and his Latin Jazz Octet. Fridays and Saturdays, Gloria Lynne and her high-pressure songs are added in. Mondays, the place is given over to a collection of Latin bandsmen and to Symphony Sid, who has some forgettable homilies about music always at the ready. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion, one flight above all this, is open from five to two every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses and the one most likely to amuse. The voices are the Bitter End Singers and Mike Settle, good examples of how folk music should be done. The Uncalled-For 3 are the humorists. On Wednesday, Dec. 8, a change of scene: Rod McKuen, singer, and Marshall Brickman, wit, replace all but Mr. Settle. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every sound is fraught, including the quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are filling this Village smithy with anvil choruses. Mondays, another band is in charge. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Shoot the works, but never the Professor at the piano. The nights of yore are recalled in toto by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Zutty Singleton is the springboard; the other operatives are Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Herman Autrey. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and such) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. The Dixieland by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Amid the ruckus, Anita Sheer, an American flamenco guitarist worthy of honorary Spanish citizenship, will be heard on and after Tuesday, Dec. 7.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JACK BEAL—Paintings, mainly still-lifes and interiors; through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD BUFFET—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure and flower paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALVIN DICKSTEIN—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

RAOUL DUFY—A retrospective of oils, gouaches, watercolors, and drawings from the Dufy estate; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

FRANCISCO FARRERAS—Abstract collages by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

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WILLIAM GROPPER—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

MAURICE GROSSER—Paintings of Morocco; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

CHILDE HASSAM—An exhibition of paintings (1904-22) that is running concurrently with his show at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Dec. 18. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Realist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLIAM P. KATZ—Bronze and stone sculptures; through Dec. 18. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL KNATHS—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

YASUHIDE KOBASHI—Sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

JOHN KOCH—Interiors with figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LEONID—New paintings, including landscapes and signs of the zodiac, and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

ISADORE LEVY—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Semi-abstract paintings and ceramics; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

TESS MANILLA—Landscapes; through Friday, Dec. 3. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St.)

ETIENNE MARTIN—Bronze sculptures. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JACK NELSON—Constructions and assemblages; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Abstract panels; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Paintings of upper New York state; through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD SCHULTZE—Objects called "Migofs," by a contemporary German artist; through Dec. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Lithographs; through Friday, Dec. 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARK TOBEY—Recent paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ALAN TOBIAS—Paintings and drawings, mostly figures; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

KEES VAN DONGEN—A survey of paintings (1900-25) of Paris life by the Dutch born artist, who is now eighty-eight; through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—Abstract collages and paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ZAO WOU-KI—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

SCULPTURES—A showing entitled "Sculpture from All Directions," with pieces by David Smith, George Rickey, David Weinrib, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AFRICAN ART—"Style Regions in African Art," an exhibit of statues, masks, and utensils in wood, brass, and ivory, from Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, and so on; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A Christmas exhibition of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur G. Dove, Ben Shahn, and William Zorach; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: "Pop and Op," a show of paintings and sculptures by the leading exponents of the two movements, including Oldenburg, Marisol, Warhol, and Albers; through Dec. 31. . . . **REHN,** 36 E. 61st St.: Oils and watercolors

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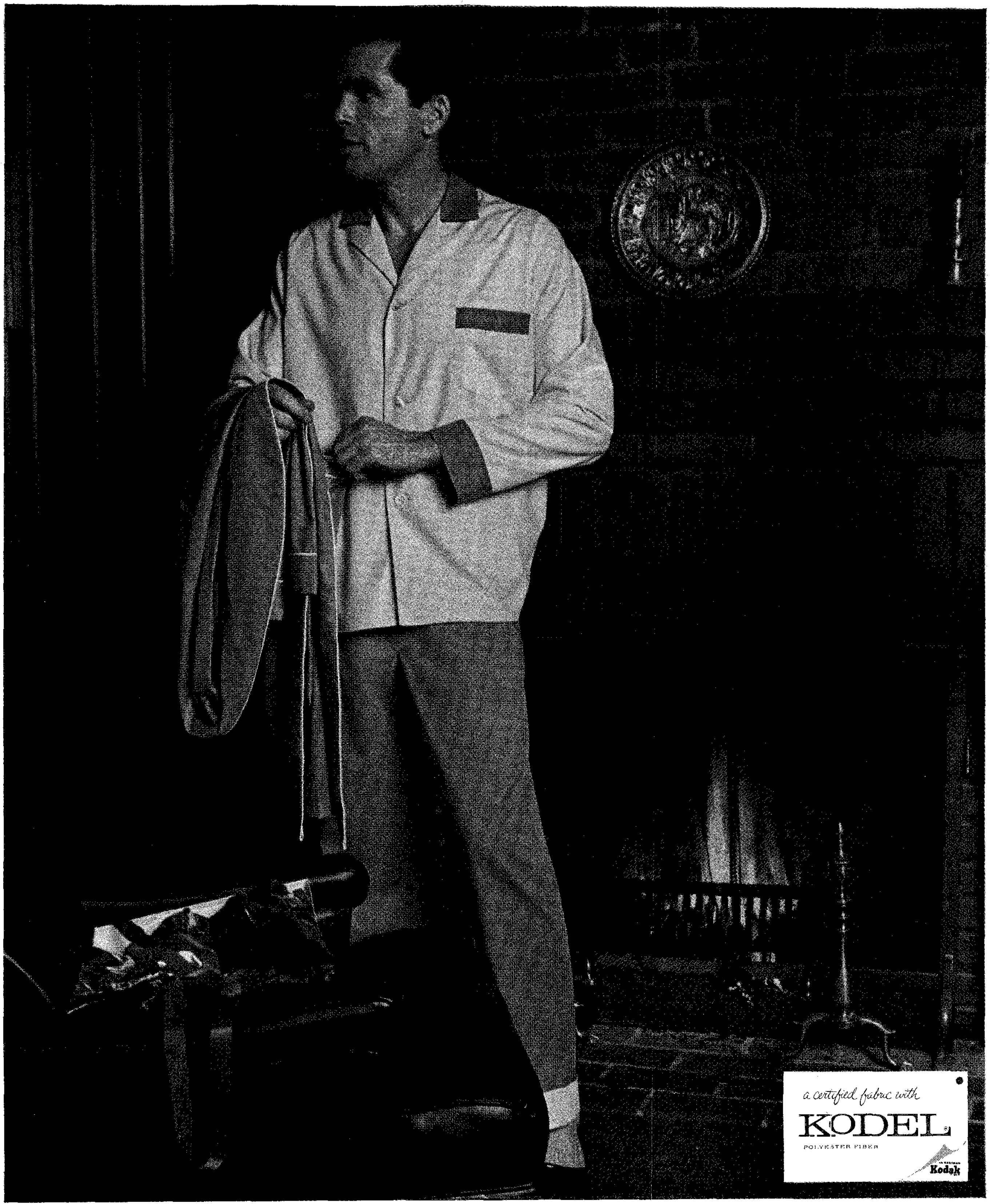

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and Reginald Marsh; through Dec. 18.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Selections for Museum Acquisition," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Sam Francis, Paul Jenkins, Frederick Kiesler, and others; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A Christmas show of drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth are three of the artists represented in "The English Eye," a survey of English paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphic works by Picasso, Dubuffet, Laurens, Matisse, and Miró; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Icelandic Art 1900-65—A travelling show of landscapes, figure paintings, and abstractions by (for instance) Thórarinn B. Thorláksson and Jóhannes Jóhannesson; through Wednesday, Dec. 8. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9.... ¶ A travelling loan exhibition of paintings, miniatures, drawings, and engravings by the Colonial portraitist John Singleton Copley (1738-1815); through Jan. 2. (Except on Mondays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ "Femme Fatale," an exhibit of about fifty lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings by Edvard Munch and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; through Dec. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection ranging from two 1906 Picassos to a 1954 Braque; through Jan. 2. ... ¶ A small showing of objects designed by Arp, Ernst, and Picasso, and made in glass in the factories at Murano, Italy; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings by John Quidor (1801-81), including "Ichabod Crane Pursued by the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow;" through Sunday, Dec. 5.... ¶ The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting; starting Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 6-7, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," a showing of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9.... ¶ Graphics, drawings, and paintings (by, among others, David Siqueiros, Marcel Duchamp, and Richard Anuszkiewicz) from the Josephine and Phillip A. Bruno collection; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the American Impressionist Childe Hassam, and portraits by Earl Hubbard; through Dec. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Hassam showing is his exhibition at the ACA Heritage Gallery, 63 E. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Fifty-five "motion" sculptures, along with drawings and architectural projects, by Nicolas Schöffer and Jean Tinguely; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5.... ¶ Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The newly opened permanent installation of the Dutch Galleries, covering all phases of life in the settlement of New Amsterdam and including a panoramic view of the skyline and harbor as they appeared in 1660. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Cookies and Breads: The Baker's Art," a showing of the uses made of dough, both edible and non-edible, in various European and American countries; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of the Decoy," a display of bird carvings made as wildfowl decoys, and "The Art of the Carousel," a display of early American carousel figure carvings; both through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty sixteen- to twenty-three-year-old American Indian artists representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Faust," with Mary Costa, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, Jon Vickers, William Walker, and Walter Cassel.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Anneliese Rothenberger, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, Clifford Harvuot, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720, before 2 on Friday.)... ¶ Monday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, James McCracken, Gabriel Bacquier, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Jeanette Scovotti, Barry Morell, Donald Gramm, and William Dooley.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Faust," with Mary Costa, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Robert Merrill, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Anneliese Rothenberger, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Clifford Harvuot, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, Ettore Bastianini, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.

Juilliard Opera Theater—Mozart's "The Magic Flute" (in English), staged by Christopher West and conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Dec. 9, and Saturday, Dec. 11, both at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Mozart Opera Festival—"Don Giovanni," performed in English by the Goldovsky Opera Theatre. The last in a series of productions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A Webern-Mahler program on Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 3, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 6, at 7:30; and performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 8 on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Monday, Dec. 13, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30 (all with Ella Lee and Saramae Endich, sopranos; Jennie Tourel and Beverly Wolff, mezzo-sopranos; George Shirley, tenor; John Boyden, baritone; Ezio Flagello, bass; the Westminster Choir; and the St. Kilian Boychoir).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Donald Johanos conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30, a varied program, with John Browning, piano; and Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30, a Prokofieff-Bruckner program, with Mr. Browning.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30, a Mozart-Bruckner program; no soloists.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Claude Frank, piano.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 4-5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Akeo Watanabe conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:40.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn directing Bach's six motets, with Catherine Linville, soprano; Florence Kopleff, con-

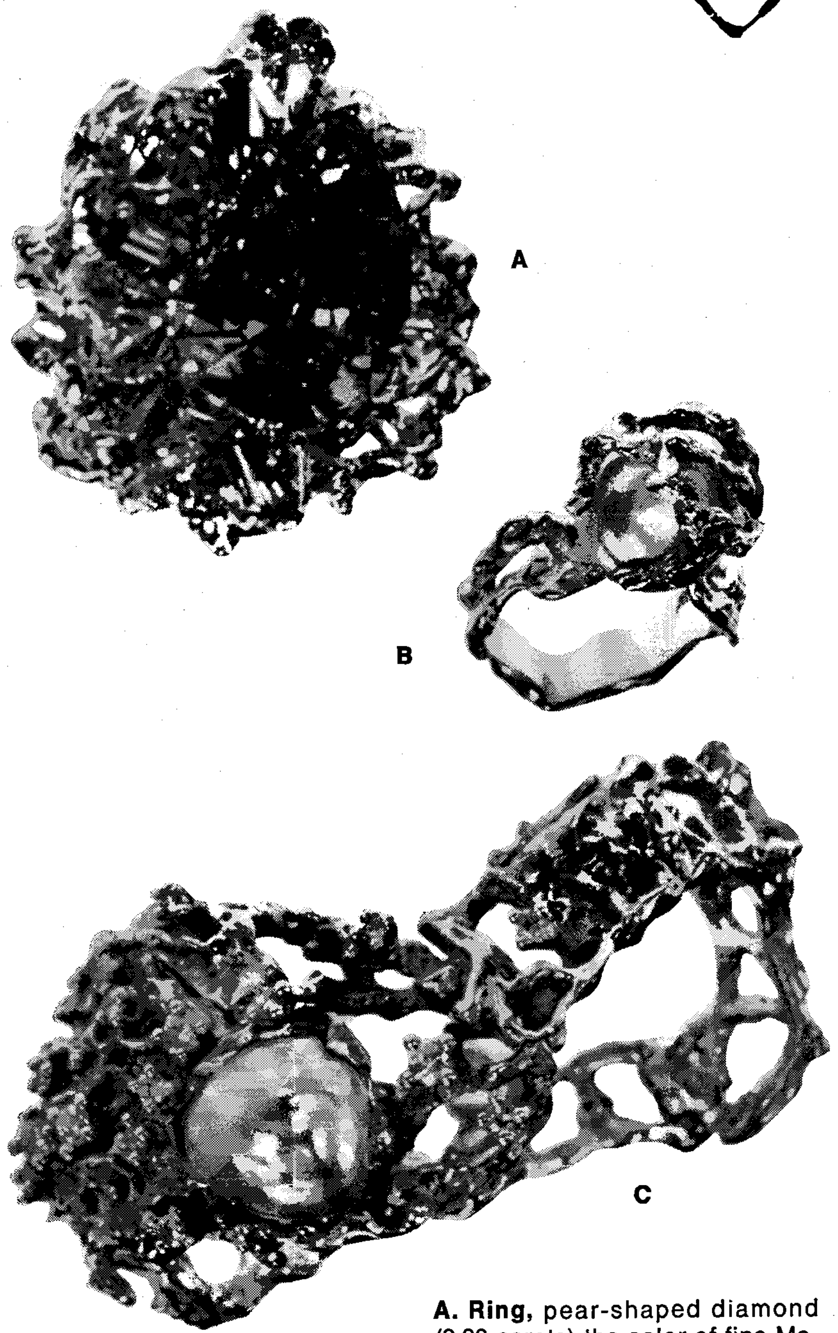

Photo: Ike Vern

A. Ring, pear-shaped diamond (9.80 carats) the color of fine Madeira, mounted in white gold and encrusted with green and white baguettes, $11,500.

B. Ring, shimmering cultured pearl (10mm.), gripped by claws of gold, $225.

C. Bracelet/Concealed Watch, South Sea pearl, diamonds, $1,650. Sans watch, $1,450. Other pieces from $75. All jewelry individually wrought in 18 kt. gold by

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tralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; David Clatworth, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3.)

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Rosi and Toni Grünschlag, duo piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first of two performances of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

American Concert Choir and Orchestra—Alfred Mann directing, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Charles Bressler, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing an *a cappella* concert of Christmas and Folk Settings by Great Composers. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Helsinki University Chorus—Ernst Pohjola directing a chorus of sixty male voices. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of Florentine music. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 2:45. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Renaissance music of Spain and Colonial Mexico. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Contemporary Music Society—The first in a series of four programs of new music, this one performed by Helen Boatwright, soprano; Howard Boatwright, violin; and George Pappastavrou, piano. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—With Frank Glazer, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Jacques Brel—French Pop singer, with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:40.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar, in the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at midnight, and Thursday, Dec. 9, at 9.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:30.)

New School Concerts—A chamber-music program performed by Leon Kirchner, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Madeline Foley and Leslie Parnas, cello; the Cambridge Singers; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3 and 9.)

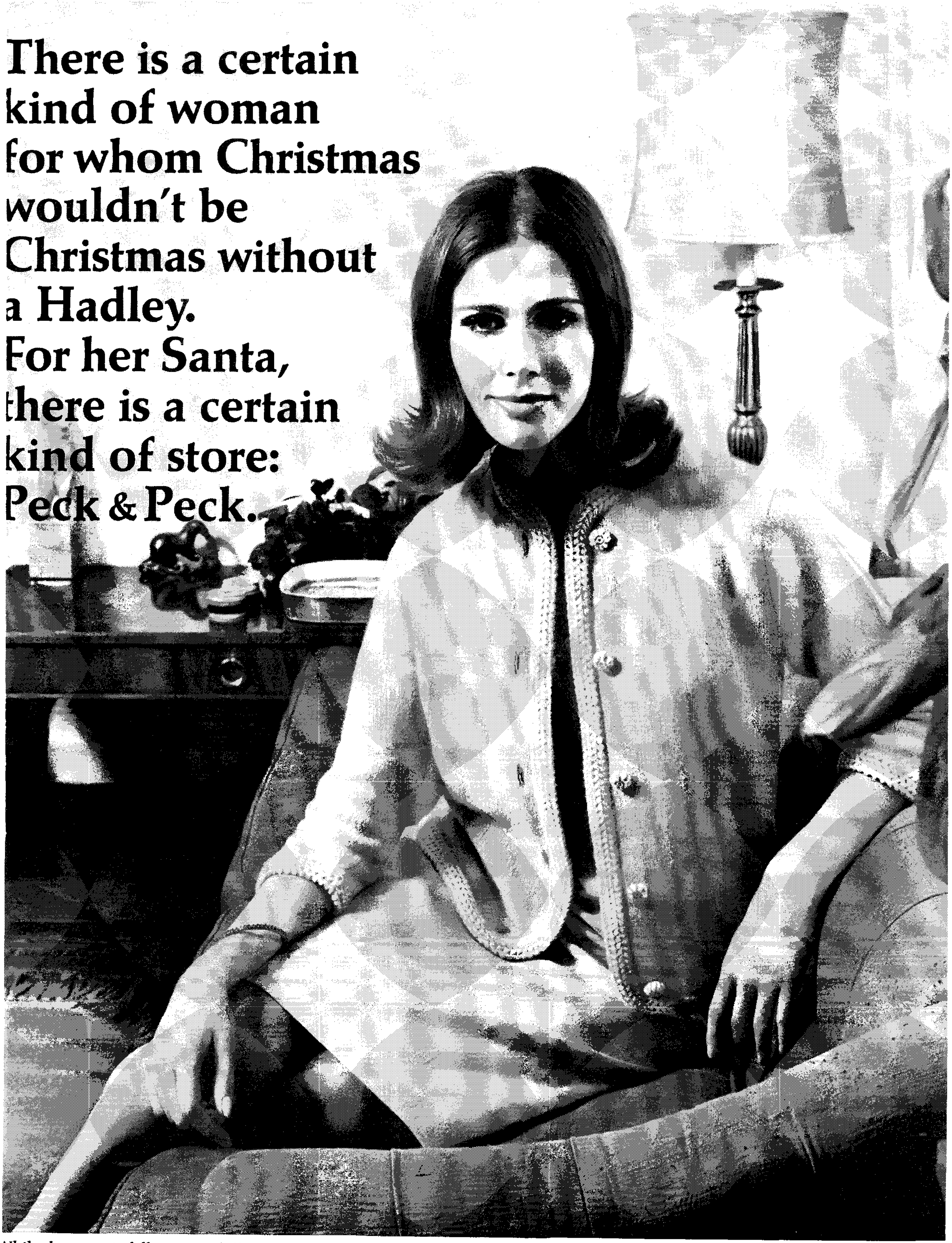
Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Amadeus Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 4:30.) . . . ¶ The Beaux Arts Trio. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, playing twenty-four Scarlatti sonatas. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Michael Oelbaum—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Mirella Freni—Soprano, in a recital postponed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for whom Christmas
wouldn't be
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there is a certain
kind of store:
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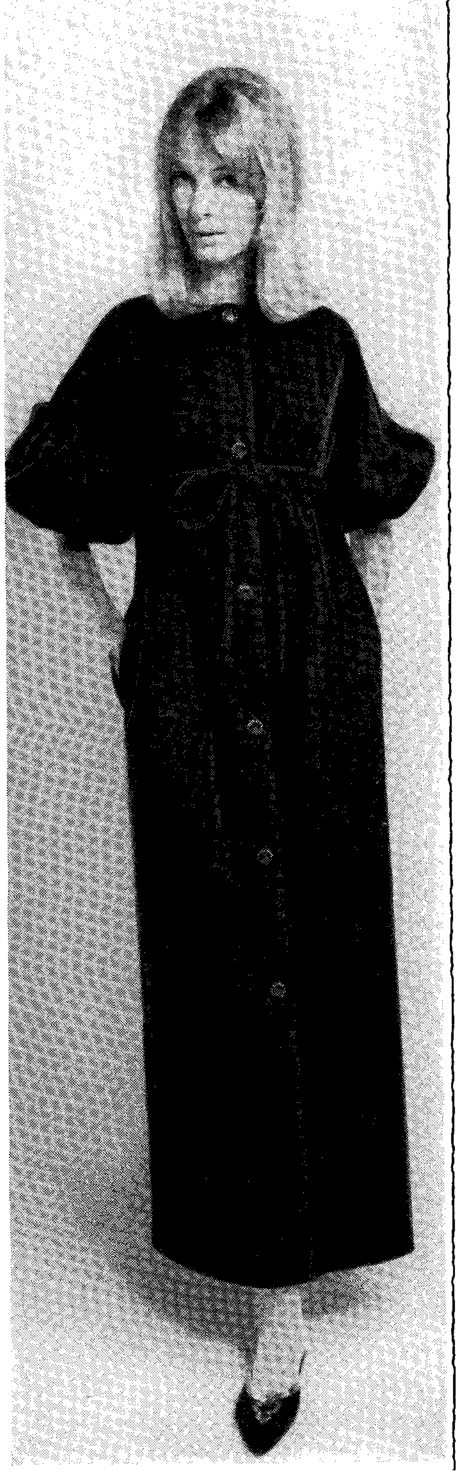


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from Nov. 20. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

LOEWENGUTH QUARTET—A Beethoven-Ravel program. (French Institute, 22 E. 60th St. PL 9-4747. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

TAKAKO NISHIZAKI—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

EDWARD AUER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

WILHELM KEMPFF—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

LEO SMIT—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

DAVID OISTRAKH—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Jeanne-Marie Darré will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 6, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Count Basie's orchestra, Joe Williams, and Chris Connor. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(*The box-office for Madison Square Garden is* CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 6:30: Boston vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Los Angeles.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Manny Gonzalez, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 11.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 1:30.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 5, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: Rangers vs. Detroit.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 11. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 11.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: "Aida," Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Pied Piper" (première), Saturday, Dec. 11, at 11. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . **AMERICAN SAVOYARDS**: "Ruddigore," Saturday, Dec. 4.... ¶ "The Mikado," Sunday, Dec. 5.... ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Dec. 11. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **NANCY COLE'S PUPPETS**: "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 1:30.) . . . **EXPLORE, INC.**: "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "Pinocchio." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **MERLIN**: A program of magic. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS**: "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Maidman Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 524-2465. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "The Indian Captive." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—*The current show is called* "Christmas and the Star." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—James Merrill and Richard Murphy reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)... ¶ Robert Lowell reading from his own poetry. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 8, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Dec. 3, at 1:45: Single-color and decorated porcelains, mineral carvings, snuff bottles, and other Oriental art; the property of M. Drexel Rutherford and others.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 11: African sculpture, belonging to a French private collector.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, owned by Dr. Eugene Traugott Bernstein and others.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 1:45: Rare books and manuscripts, from the estate of Edward M. Crane and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 6:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and bronzes, including works by Braque, Renoir, Gauguin, and Picasso; from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 3.

NOTE—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its four thousand lights and twelve hundred red, green, gold, and blue illuminated bells, and ready to be lighted at about 5:45 on Thursday, Dec. 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 14, 18, 25, and 29, and Jan. 1, 4, and 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Dec. 19.)... ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Dec. 19.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 12, 19, 26, and 29, and Jan. 2, 8, and 9.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 18-19.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory. Jan. 14.)

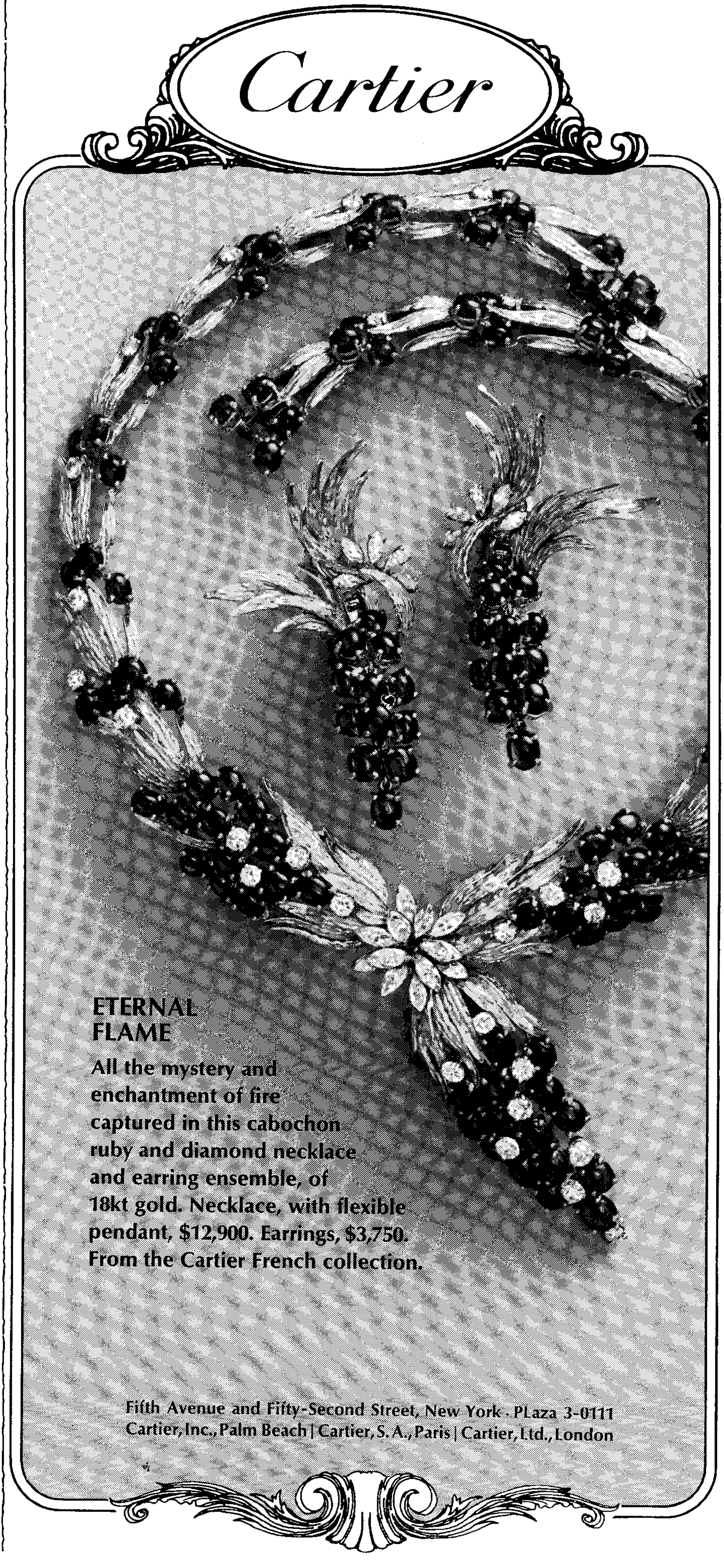
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Jan. 3-March 3.

Music—**metropolitan opera** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 16.... **philharmonic hall** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21.... ¶ Duke Ellington, piano, Dec. 12.... ¶ Gyorgy Sandor, piano, Dec. 14.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 18.... ¶ Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, Dec. 19.... ¶ Christmas Music Festival, Dec. 20-22 and 28.... ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Dec. 26.... ¶ New York Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 26-27.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 4.... ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Jan. 5.... ¶ Washington National Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 9.... **carnegie hall** (CI 7-7459): Byron Janis, piano, Dec. 12.... ¶ Daniel Abrams, piano, Dec. 13.... ¶ American Opera Society, Dec. 14 and 16 and Jan. 4.... ¶ Miriam Makeba, African singer, Dec. 15.... ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Dec. 17.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 19-20 and Jan. 9-10.... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 21.... ¶ Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, Dec. 22, 24, 27, and 30.... ¶ Korean Orphan Choir, Dec. 23.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 28.... ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 29.... ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Jan. 8.... ¶ William Warfield, bass-baritone, Jan. 9.... **town hall** (JU 2-4536): Claramae Turner, contralto, Dec. 12.... ¶ Choral Symphony Society, Dec. 21.... **hunter college** (737-3570): Rafael Puyana, harpsichord, Dec. 13.... ¶ David and Igor Oistrakh, violin, Dec. 22-23.

Ballet and Dance Programs—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, Dec. 24-Jan. 16.... ¶ Antonio and the Ballets de Madrid, at the City Center, Jan. 4-16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "La Grosse Valise," Robert Dhéry's Paris musical (the English adaptation is by Joseph Fields), starring Ronald Frazer and Victor Spinetti. Gérard Calvi wrote the music and Harold Rome the lyrics.... ¶ A three-week revival by the New York City Center Light Opera Company of "Oklahoma!," with John Davidson, Susan Watson, Karen Morrow, Richard France, and Jules Munshin.... ¶ A London import, Peter Weiss's "The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade," in which Patrick Magee and Ian Richardson will appear.... ¶ A musical version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel "The Yearling," with a book by Herbert Martin (who also did the lyrics) and Lore Noto, and music by Michael Leonard; the cast includes David Wayne, Dolores Wilson, Carmen Mathews, and Steve Sanders.... ¶ Tony Randall, Thelma Ritter, and Alan Webb in "UTBU," a comedy by James Kirkwood.... ¶ "Malcolm," Edward Albee's new play based on the James Purdy novel of the same name, with Matthew Cowles and Ruth White.... ¶ Bob Cummings in "The Wayward Stork," a comedy by Harry Tugend.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Tuesday, Dec. 21.... ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Saturdays.... ¶ Salzburg Marionette Theatre, at Town Hall, Dec. 28-Jan. 8.... ¶ Ice Follies of 1966, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 11-23.... ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Saturday, Jan. 15.... ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Jan. 15-23.



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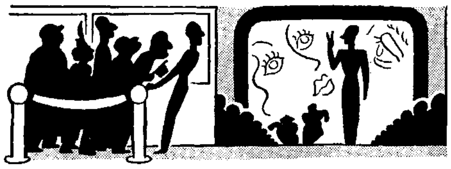
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A comic and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 8, tentative.)

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Dec. 7.)

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Il Federale—A modest and funny Italian satire about the adventures of a dogged Army sergeant and an elderly leader of the underground, whom the sergeant is ordered to capture and bring back to Rome. The time is 1944. Ugo Tognazzi and Georges Wilson play the sergeant and leader, respectively, and they couldn't be better. Formerly called "The Fascist." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 7.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Ably directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Leather Boys—An immaculately executed study of a pair of post-adolescent newlyweds. Shot in and about London and starring Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton. Sidney J. Furie was the director. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—Seventy-eight years of a truly exemplary life, covered in astonishing detail and with an able narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 7.)

Il Successo—An Italian comedy about how to get rich quick and be sorry, starring the great Vittorio Gassman and Anouk Aimée. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 7.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 3-6.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 4-5.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 7.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Dec. 3.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 8.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 4-5.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 8.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 2.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 4-5.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Dec. 4.)

Long Day's Journey into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 3.)

The Love Goddesses (1965)—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 5.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Dec. 8.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Dec. 8.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 8.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. With Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 7.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 7.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 6-7.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 7.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 8.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 2.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Dec. 8.)

Yanco (1964)—A picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 3-6.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 8.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 4-5.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." Through Dec. 4: "Dishonored" (1931), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Dec. 5-8: "An American Tragedy" (1931), with Sylvia Sidney. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Dec. 2: "Stars Over Broadway" (1935), with Pat O'Brien and James Melton. . . . ¶ Dec. 3-5: "Fashions of 1934" (1934), with William Powell and Bette Davis. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 7: "Garden of the Moon" (1938), with Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOM JONES, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson. (Private showing of another picture on the evening of Monday, Dec. 6.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
CAT BALLOU; and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 7: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Dec. 8: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 7: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "Strange Bedfellows," revival, Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Dec. 8 (tentative): **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Dec. 7: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.
Dec. 8-9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOM JONES, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kwaidan" (in Japanese).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 7: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Dec. 3: "The Freaks," revival, Olga Baclanova; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
Dec. 4-5: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
Dec. 6-7: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Dec. 8: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE MAGICIAN** (both in Swedish and both revivals).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 7: "The Nanny," Bette Davis; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," revival, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 7: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James; and "Fanny Hill," Leticia Roman.
From Dec. 8: "Red Line 7000," James Caan, Laura Devon; and "Beach Ball," Edd Byrnes, Chris Noel.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 7: **CAT BALLOU**; and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
Dec. 8-9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 2: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; "Ordet" (in Danish), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
Dec. 3-6: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Dec. 7: **SHADOWS**, revival; and Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Dec. 4: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.
Dec. 5-7: "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi; and "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi.
From Dec. 8: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 5: **THE LOVE GODDESSES**, revival; and "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Dec. 6: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers; and "China!," a documentary film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 7: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.
From Dec. 8: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton; and "Sex and the Single Girl," revival, Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Dec. 2: "Salt of the Earth," revival, Will Geer.
From Dec. 3: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 7: "The Nanny," Bette Davis; and "Return of Mr. Moto," Henry Silva.
Dec. 8-9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 7: **IL SUCCESSO** (in Italian); and **IL FEDERALE** (in Italian; formerly called "The Fascist").
From Dec. 8: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Johnny Nobody," Nigel Patrick, Aldo Ray.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Grand Substitution" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

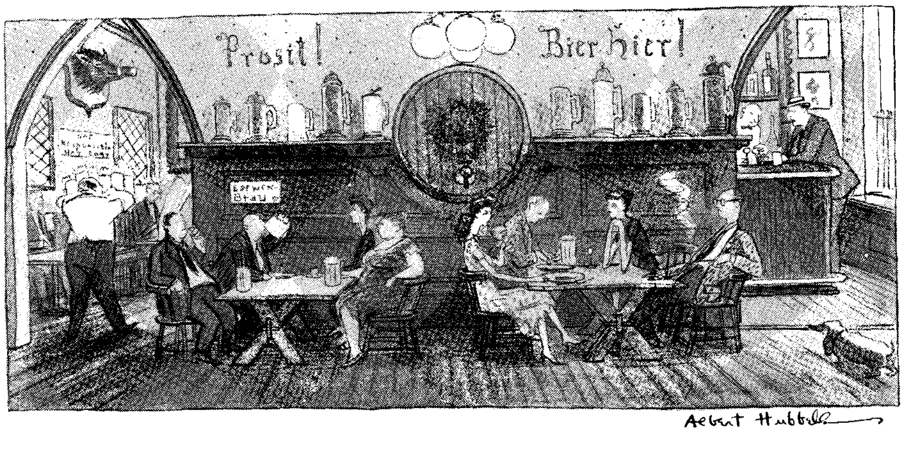
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Swedish Wedding Night" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 3: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival.
Dec. 4-5: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revival; and **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival.
Dec. 6-7: "Desk Set," revival, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn; and "Vigil in the Night," revival, Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne.
From Dec. 8: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600.)
Through Dec. 7: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and "Genghis Khan," Omar Sharif, Stephen Boyd.
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 2: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and "The Visit," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
Dec. 3-6: **YANCO**, revival, a Mexican film; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From Dec. 7: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 7: **IL SUCCESSO** (in Italian); and **IL FEDERALE** (in Italian; formerly called "The Fascist").
From Dec. 8: **8½** and **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (both in Italian and both revivals).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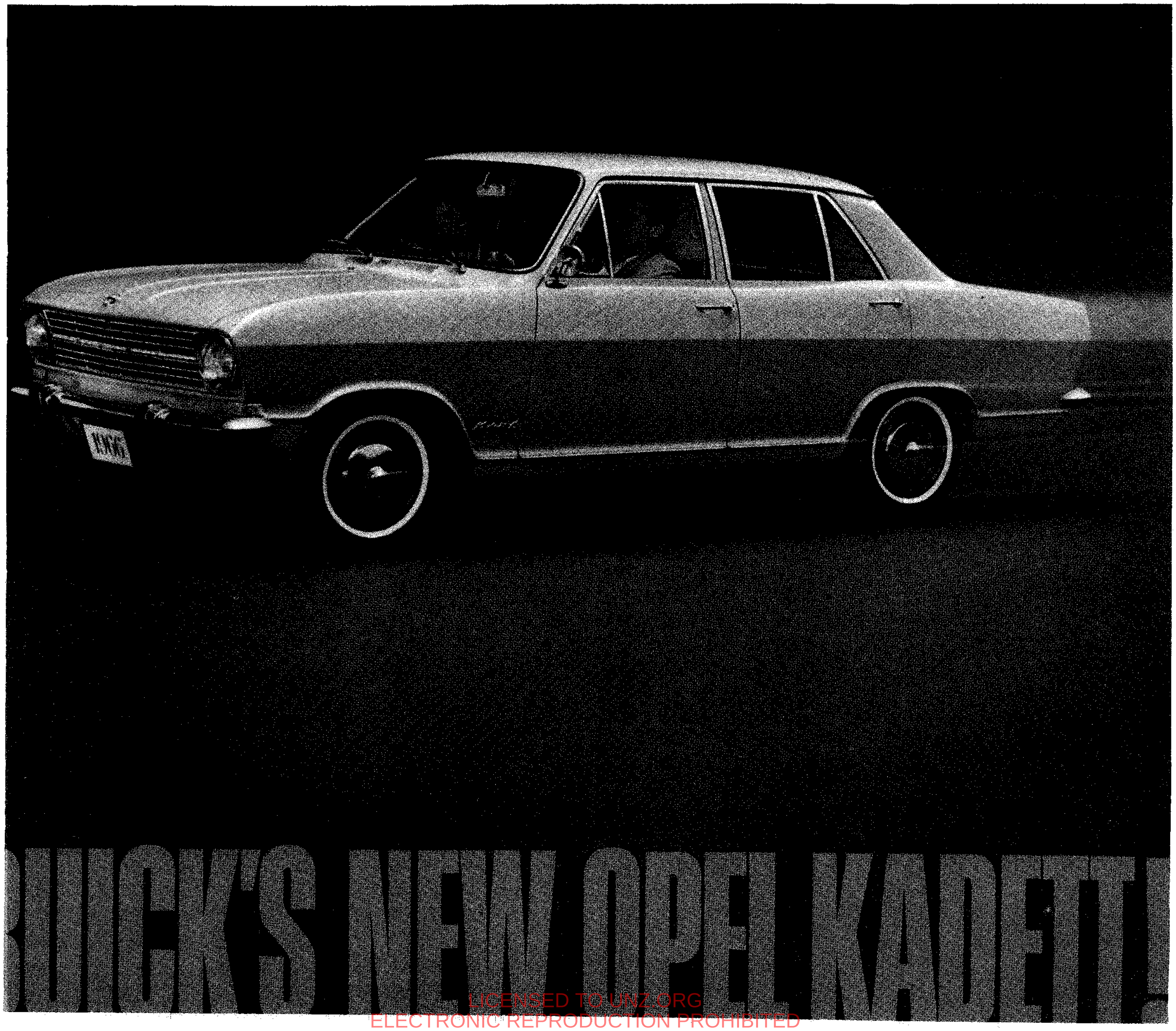
Drive Buick's new Opel Kadett. You'll look good doing it.



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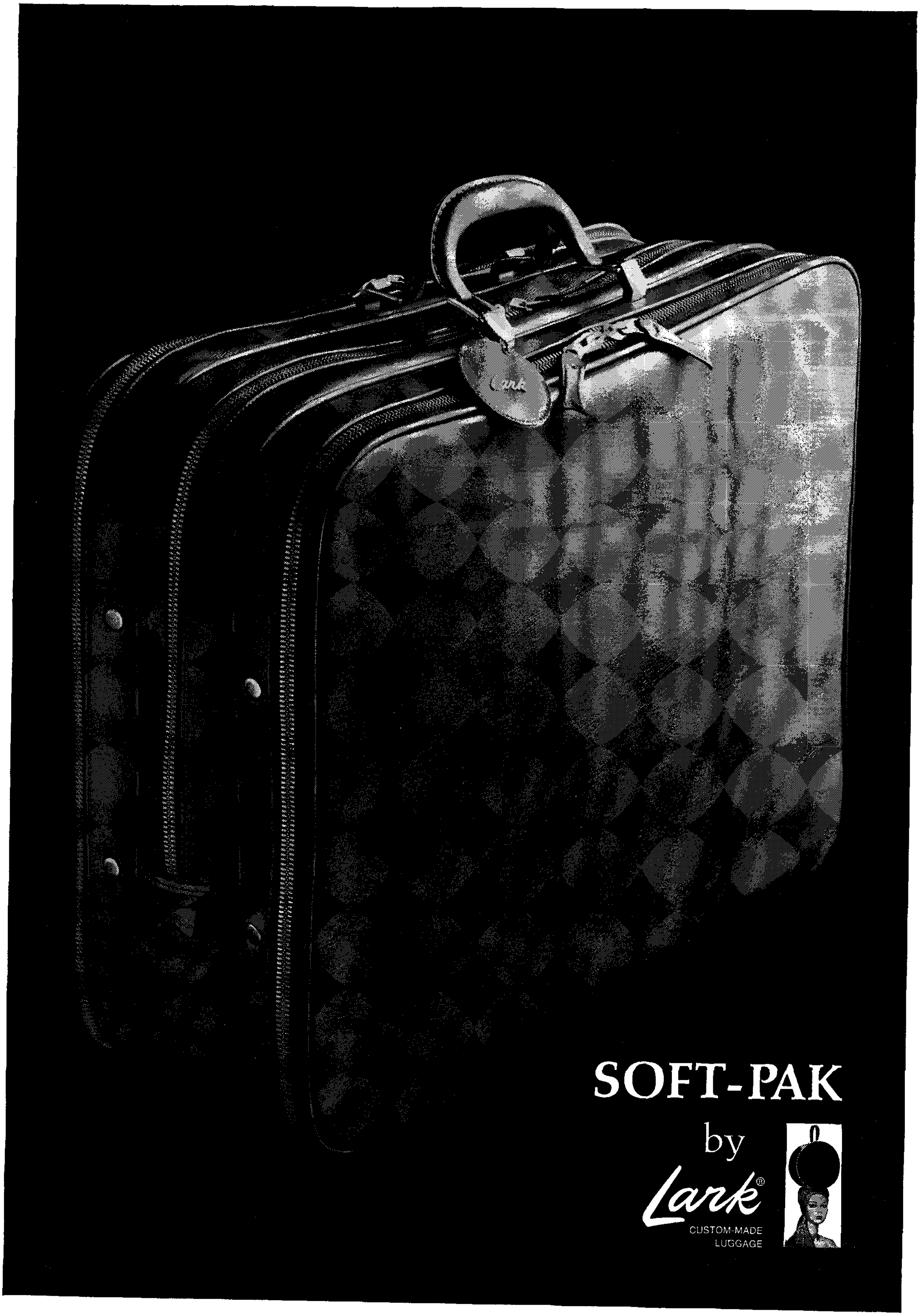
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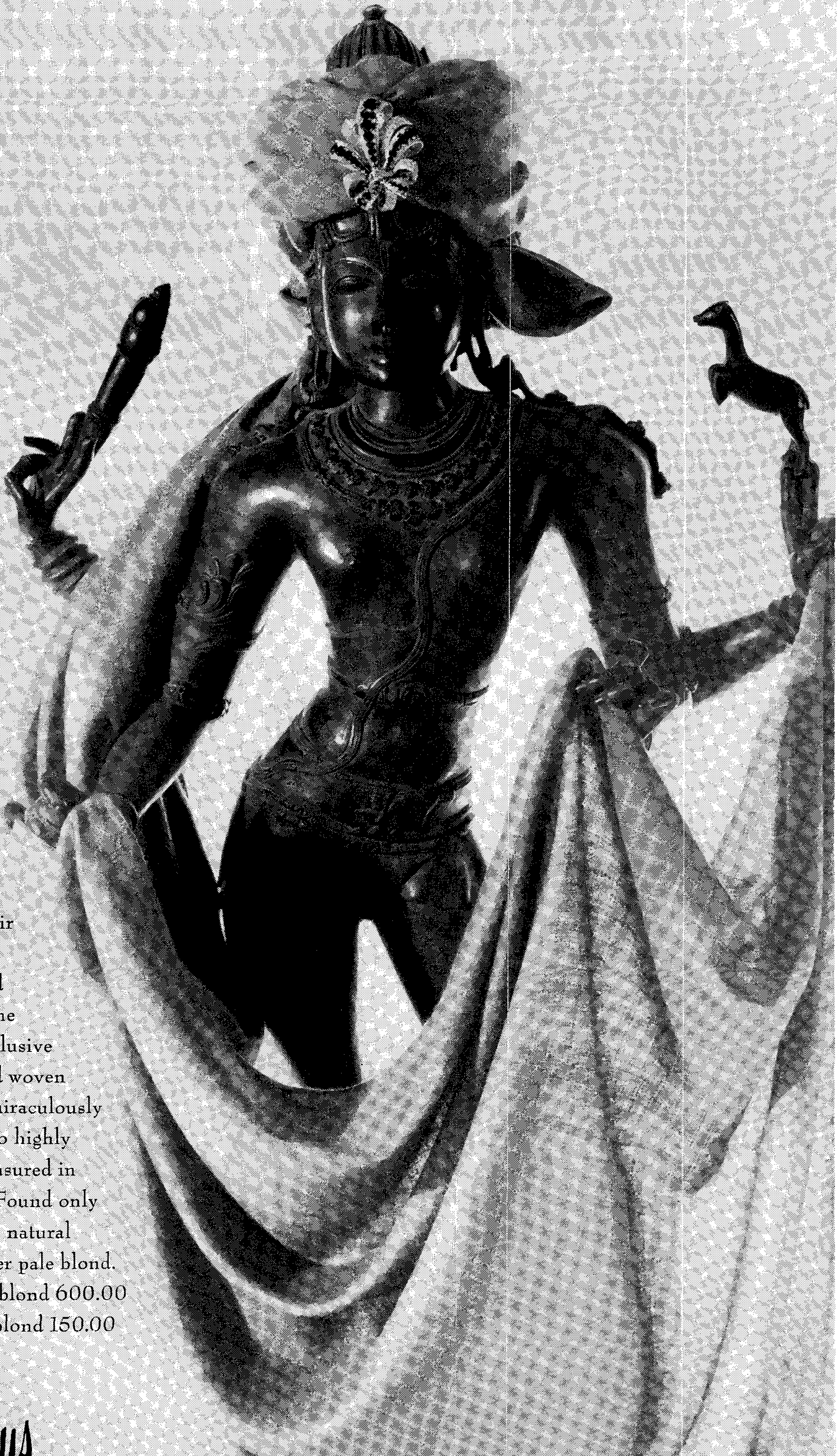

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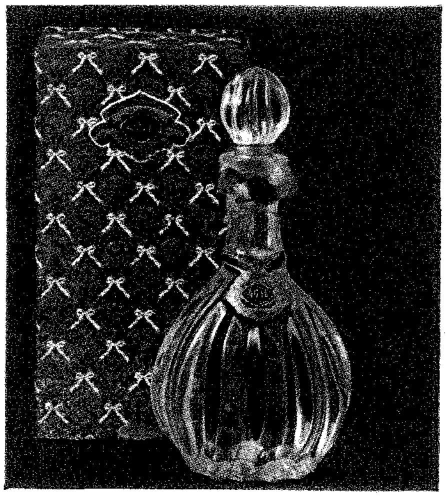
Once again this Christmas, there'll be nothing new from The House of 4711.



Presents from The House of 4711 aren't op or pop or even au go-go. They're a tradition. Like white lights and silver tinsel. They have been for 173 years.

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Instead of our beautiful classic bottle, we funnel our fragrance into a beautiful sculptured decanter. A decanter-full of 4711 Cologne like this costs $10. (The smaller size is only $6.50.)

Or we add a few bars of soap to make a handsome package. It makes a great thank-you-for-the-Christmas-dinner present. And at $5 it can be a last-minute life saver.

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CREAM SOAP
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CREAM SOAP
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4711

And one last suggestion. If you're the kind who always needs a last-minute gift for someone with critical taste, keep a few classic bottles of 4711 Cologne around this year, so you won't be caught off guard.

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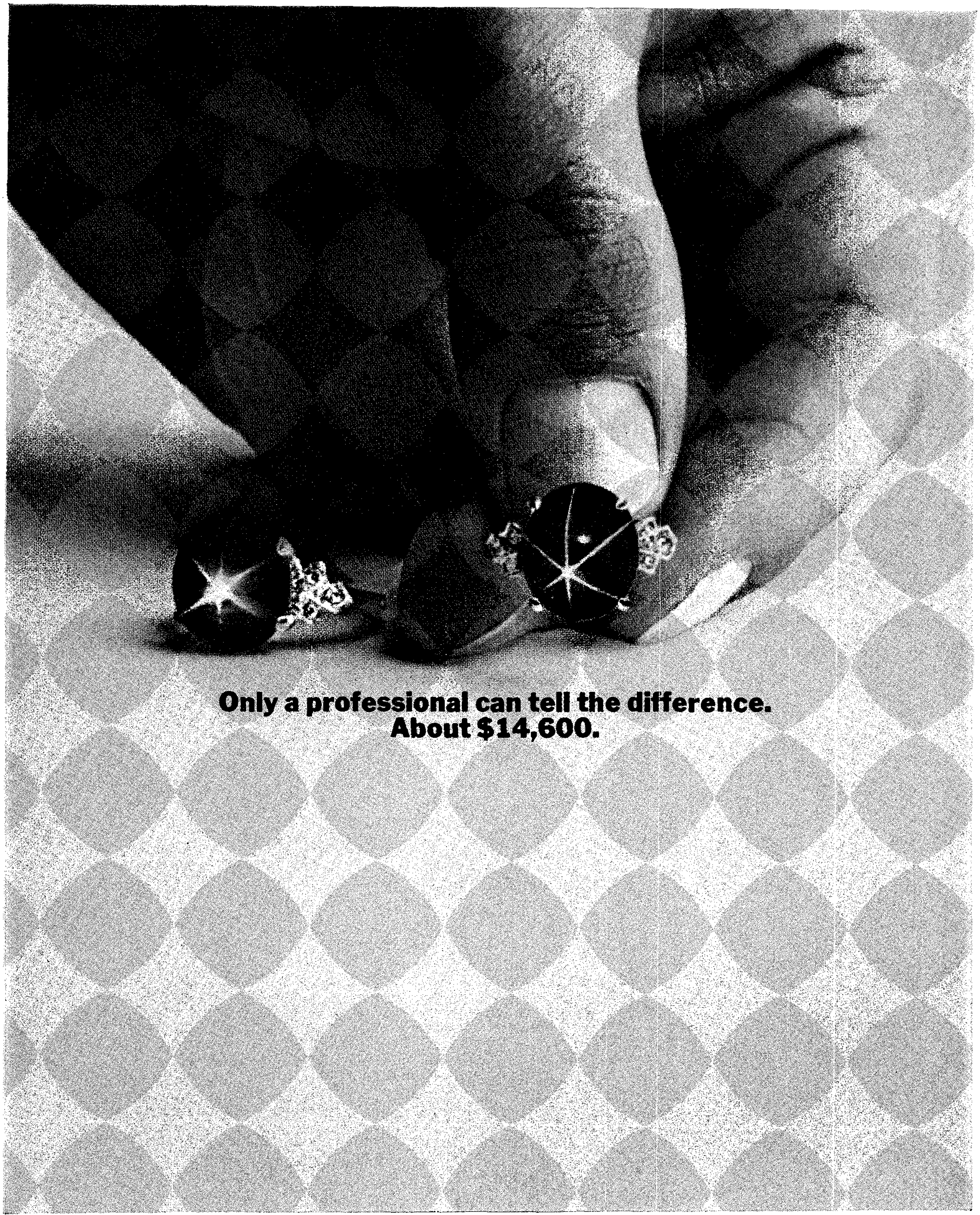

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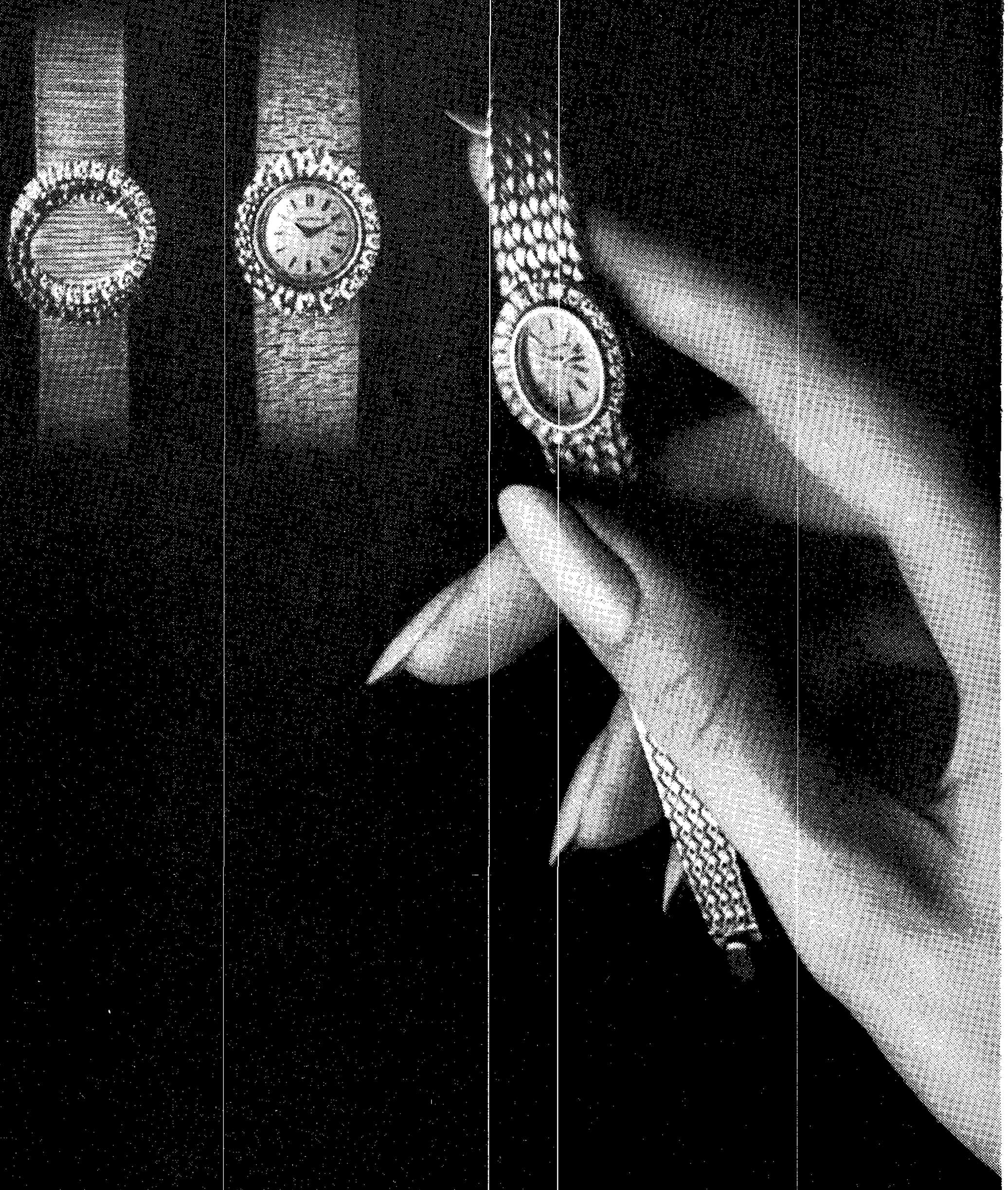

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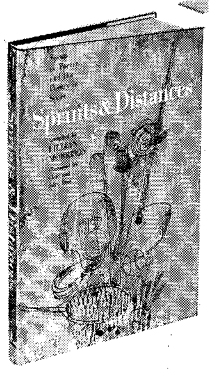
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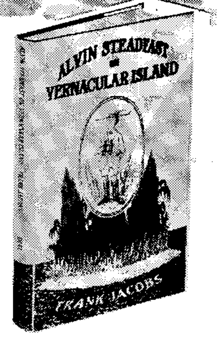
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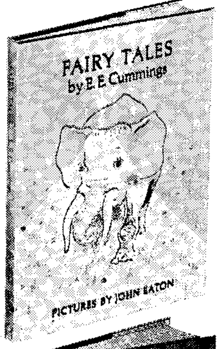
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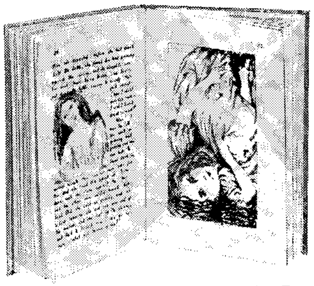
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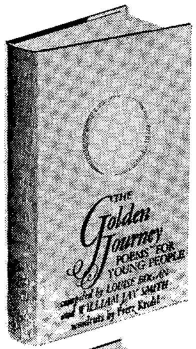
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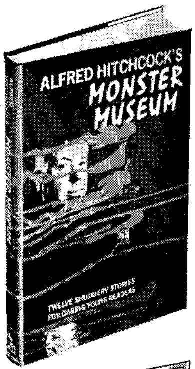
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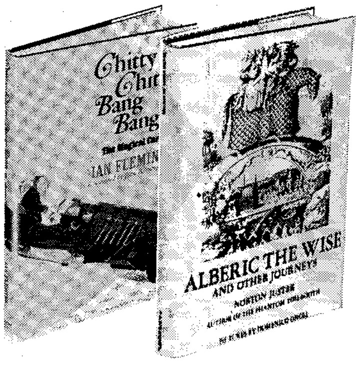
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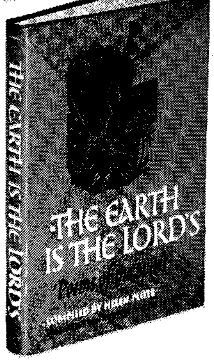
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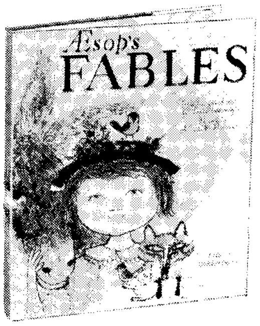
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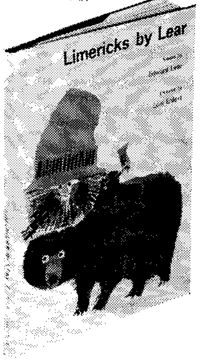
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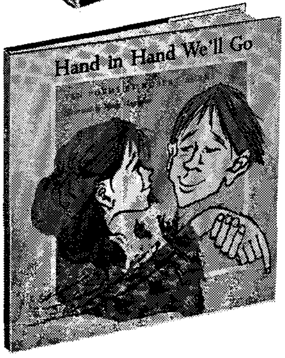
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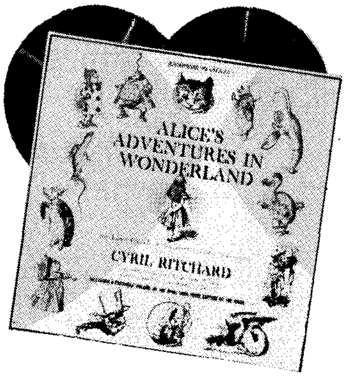
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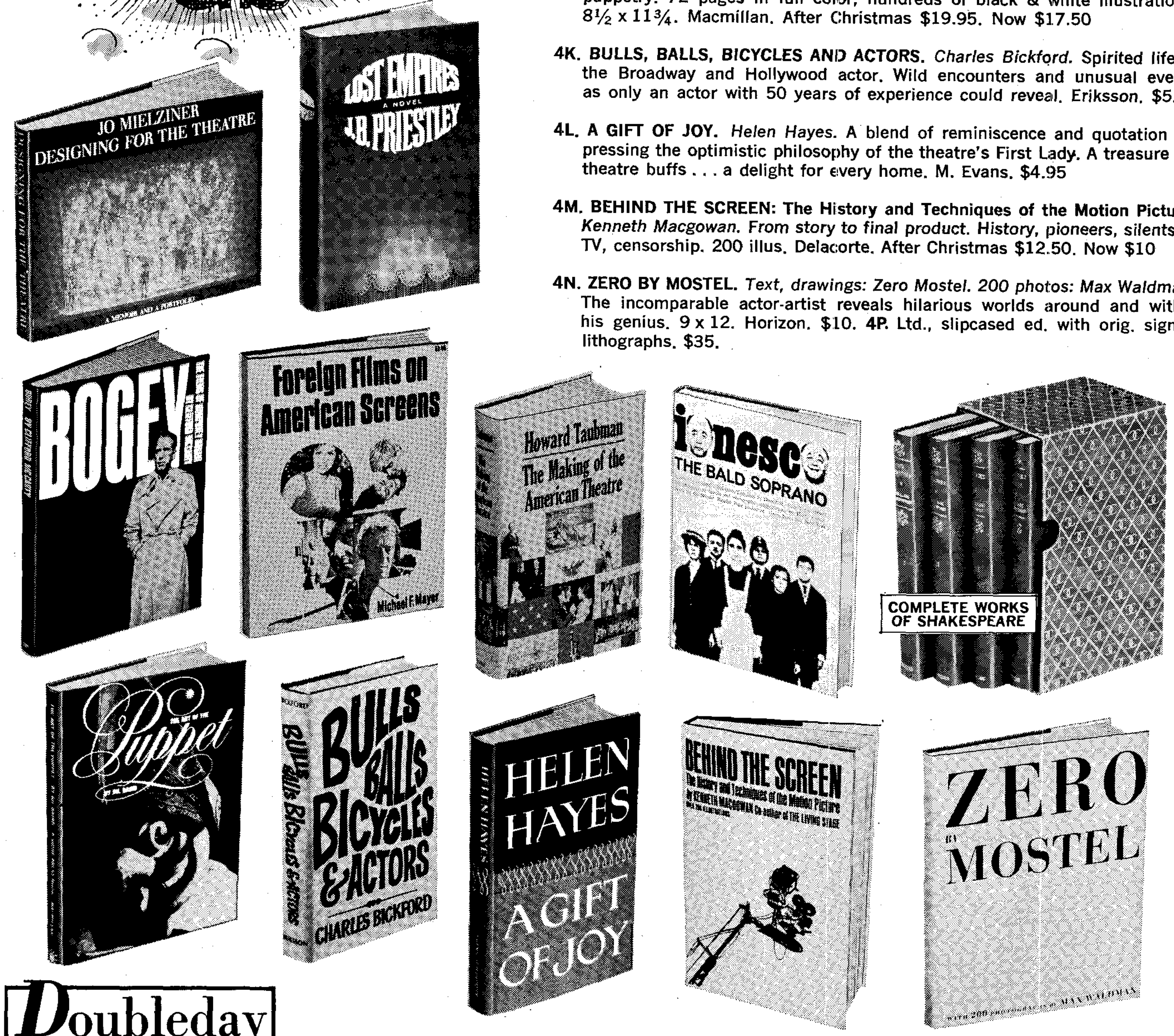
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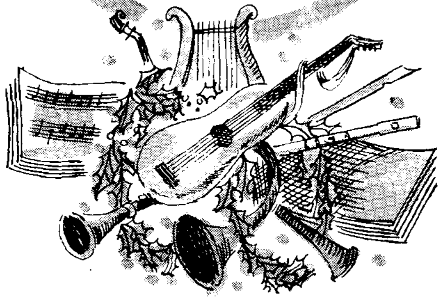

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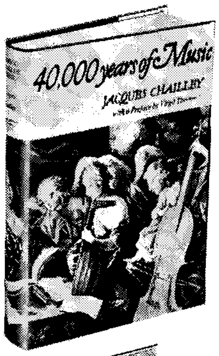
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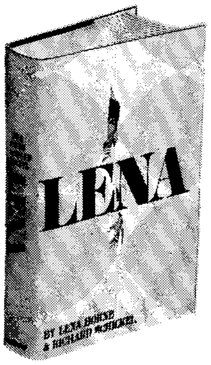
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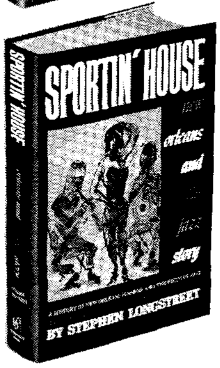
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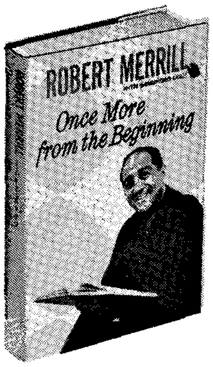
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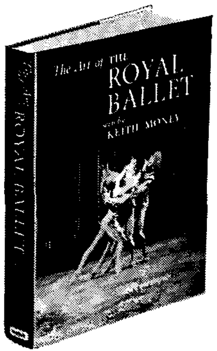
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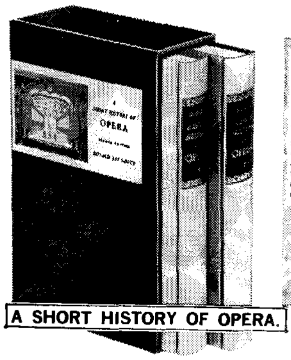
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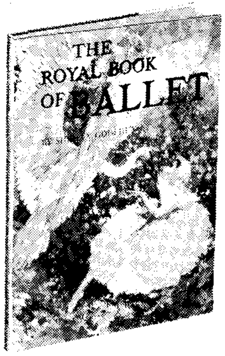
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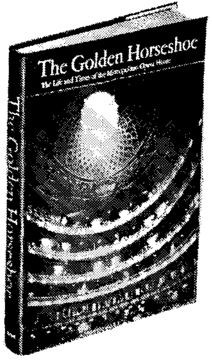
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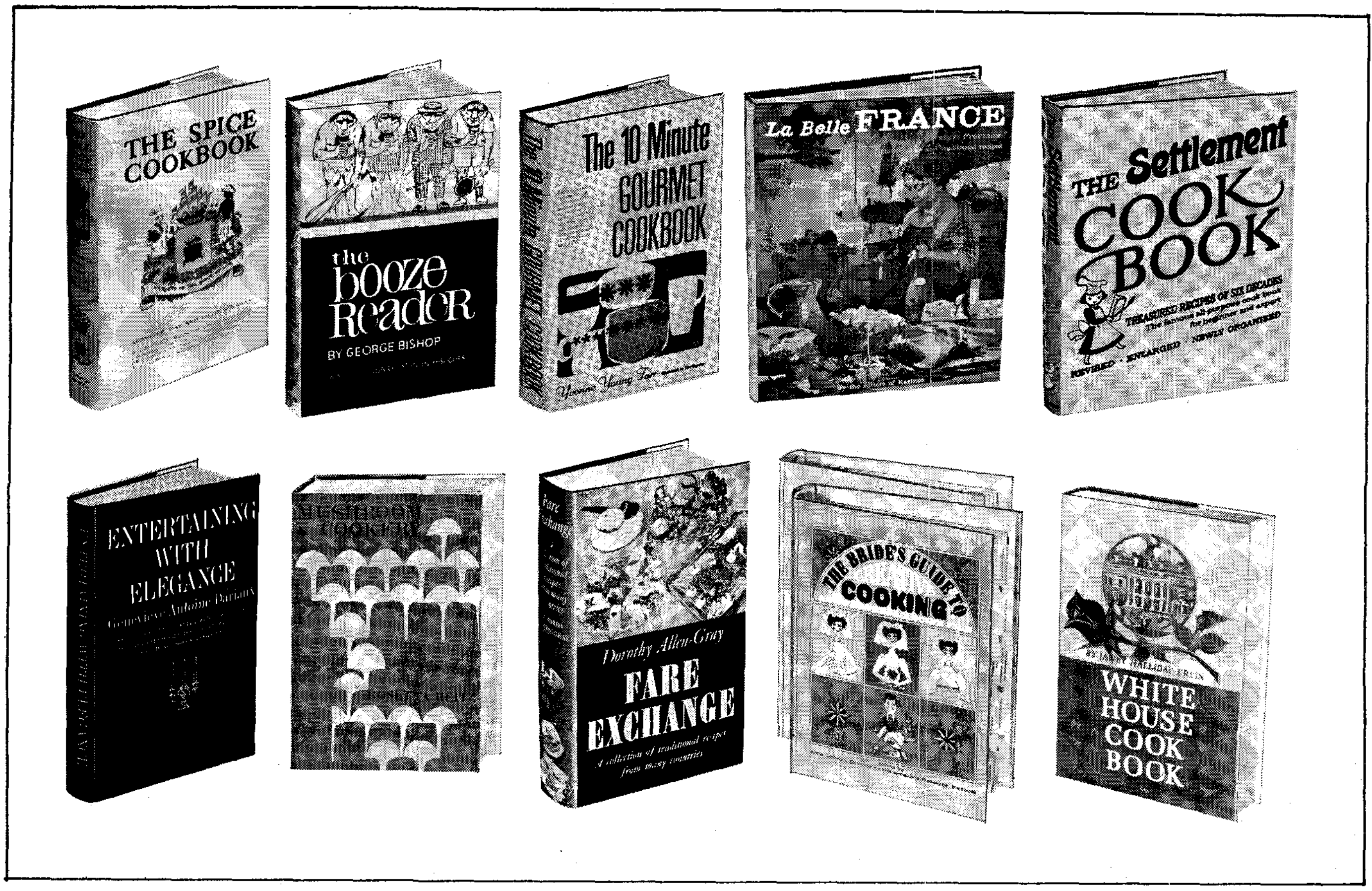
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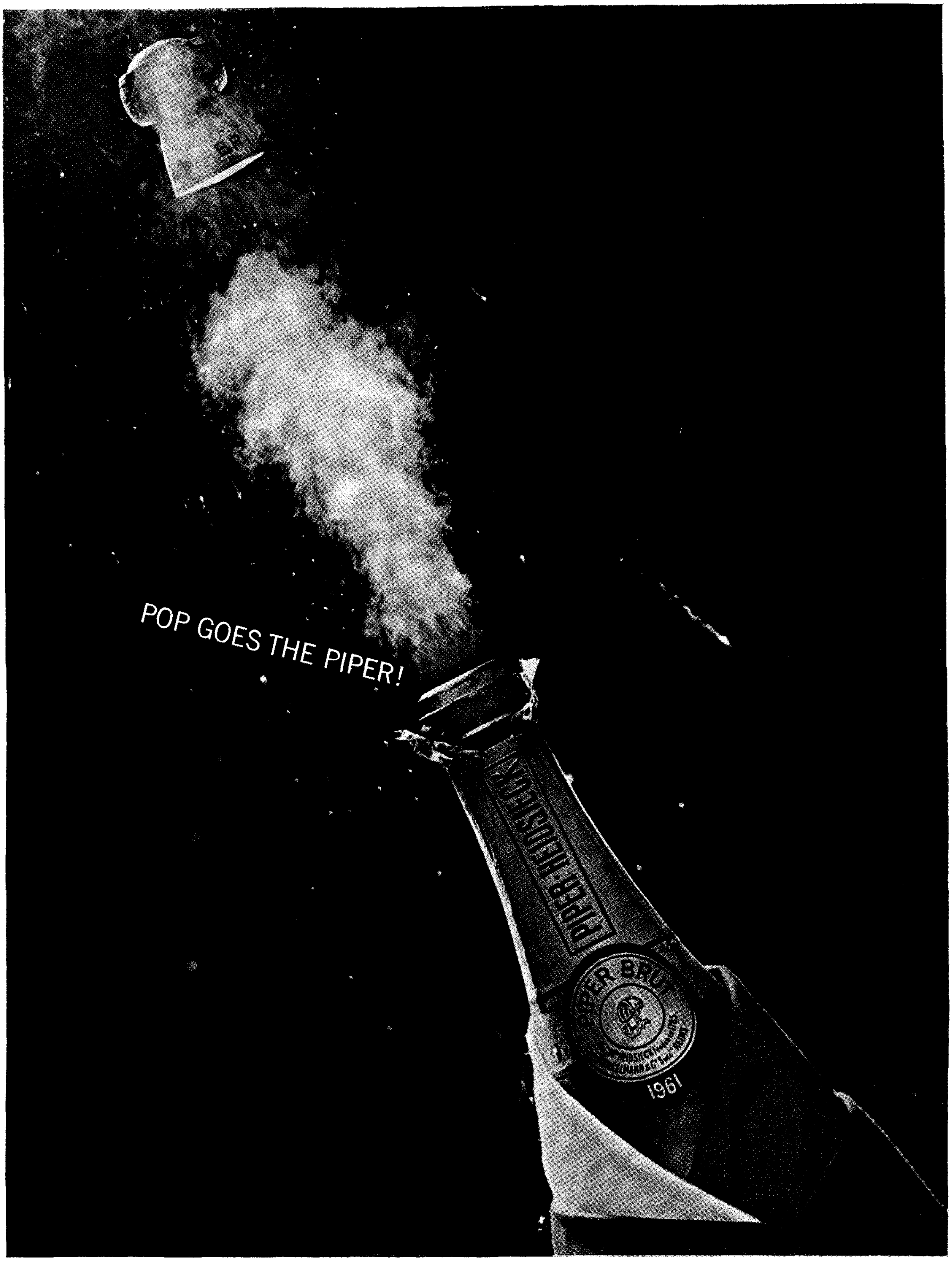
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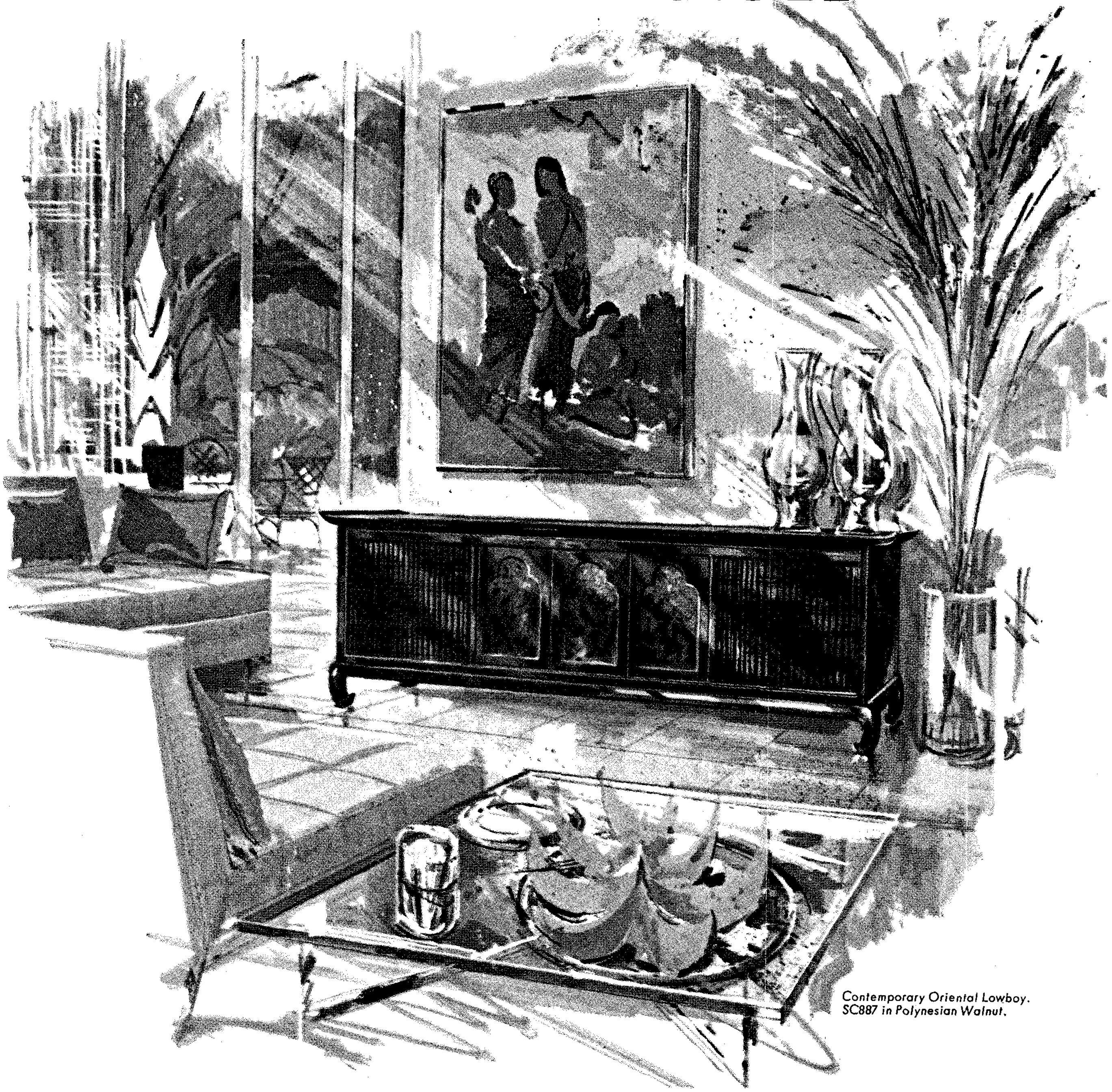

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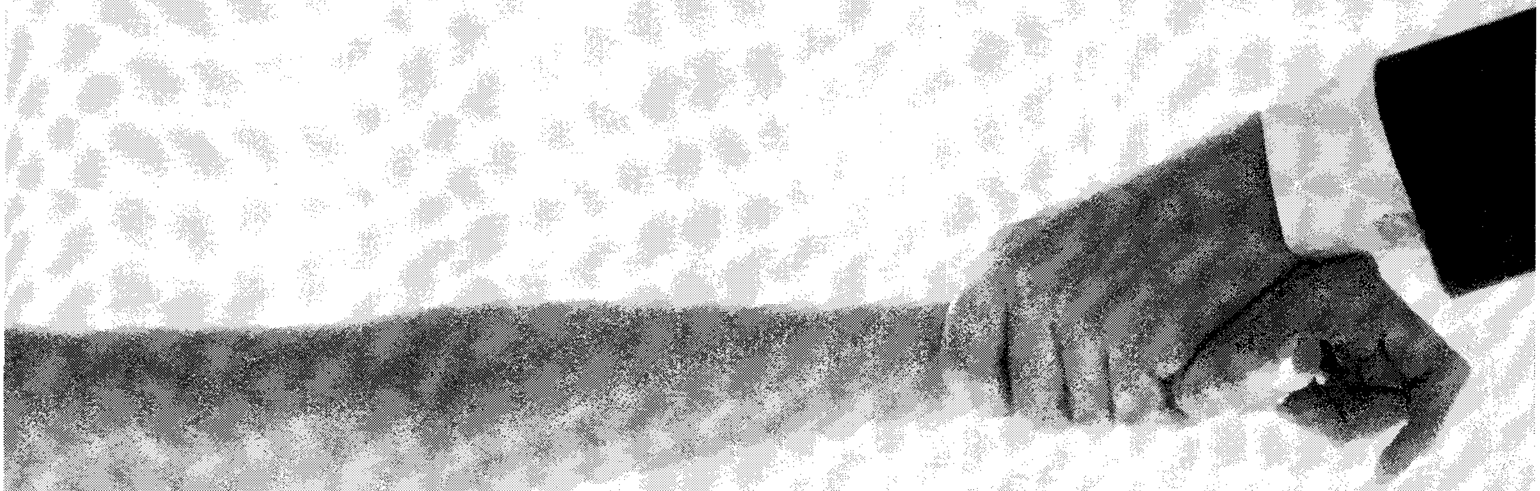

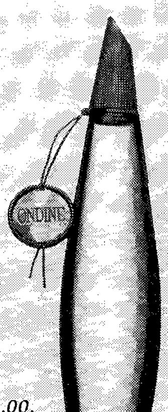

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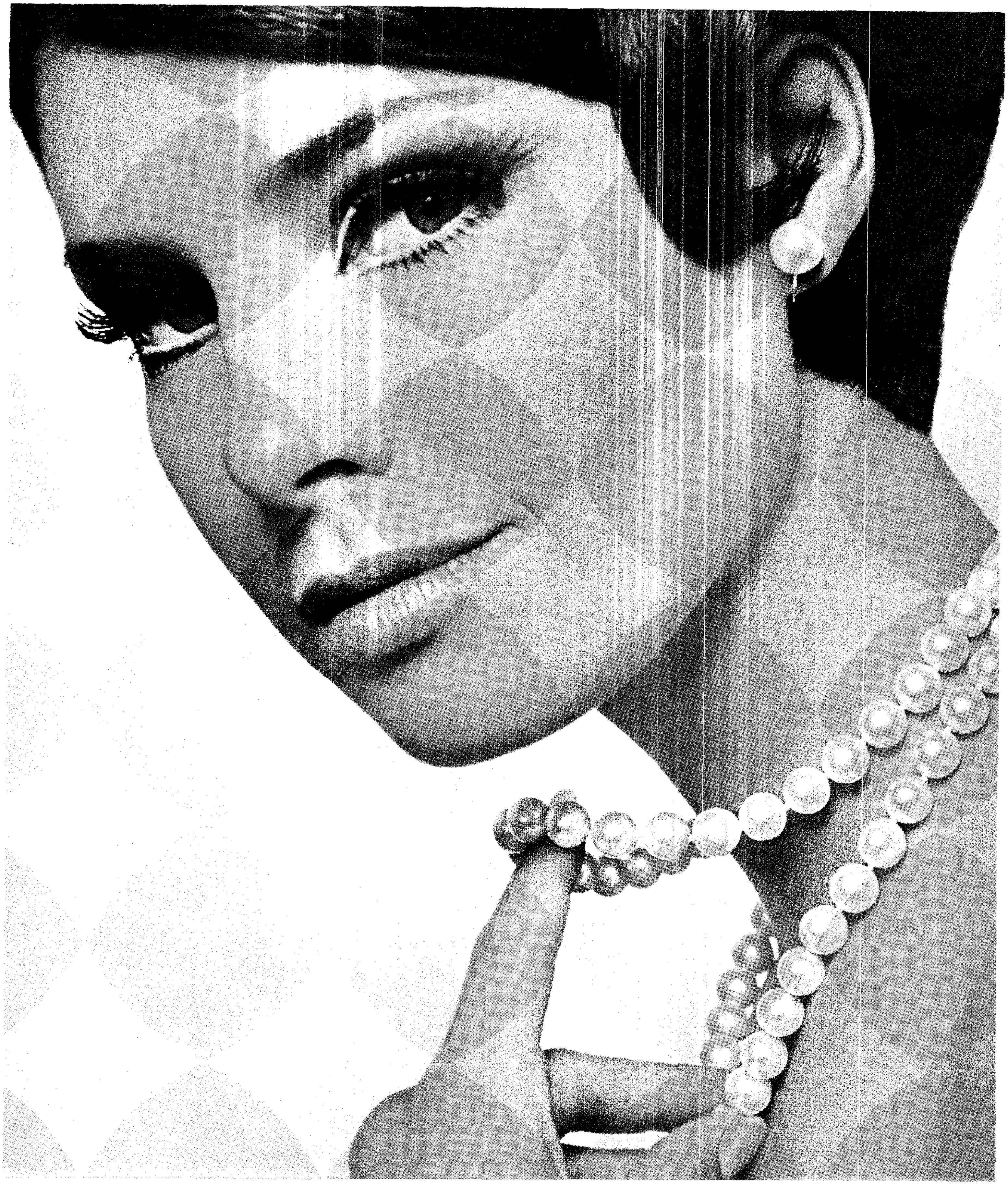

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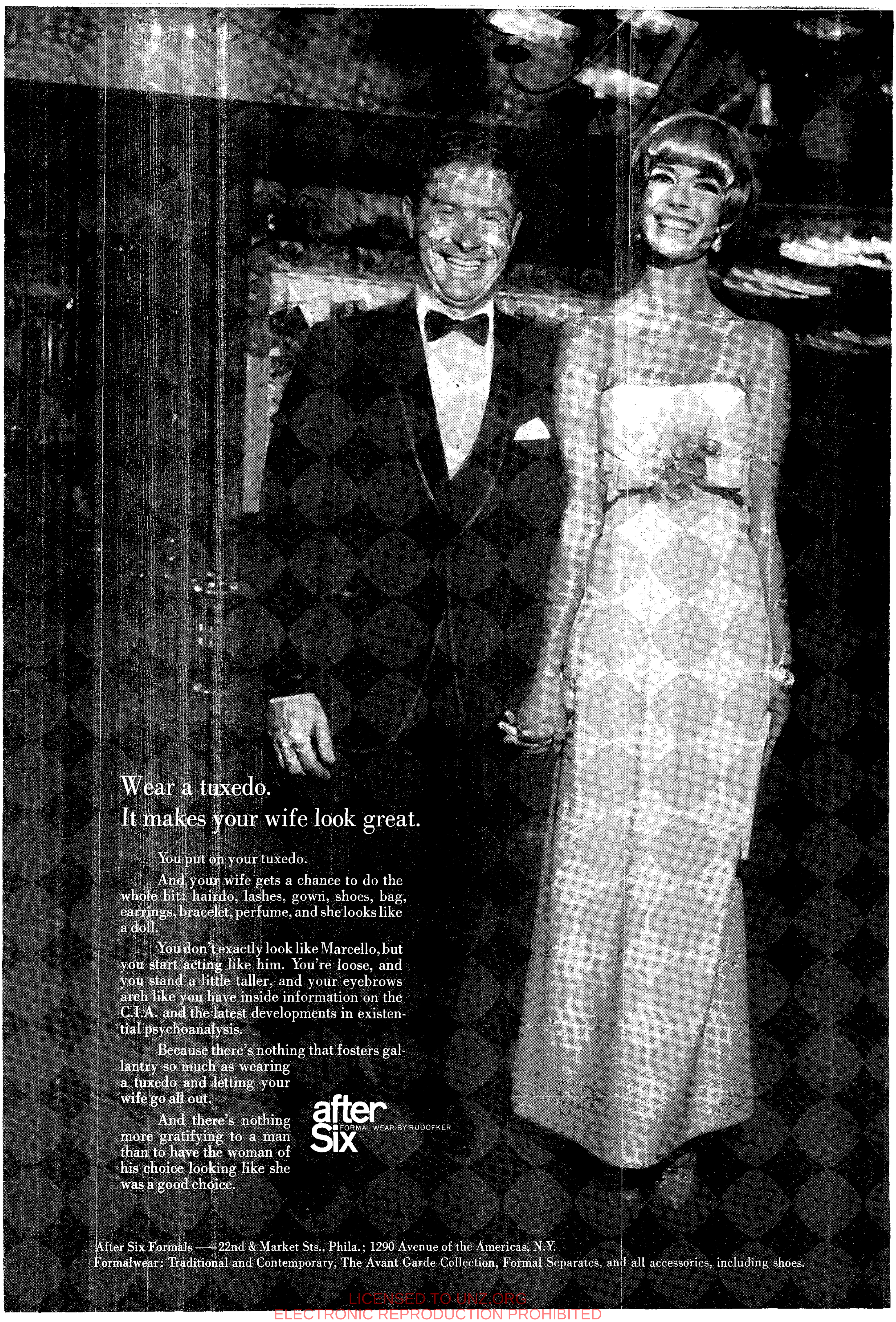

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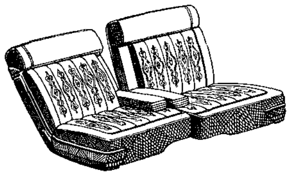

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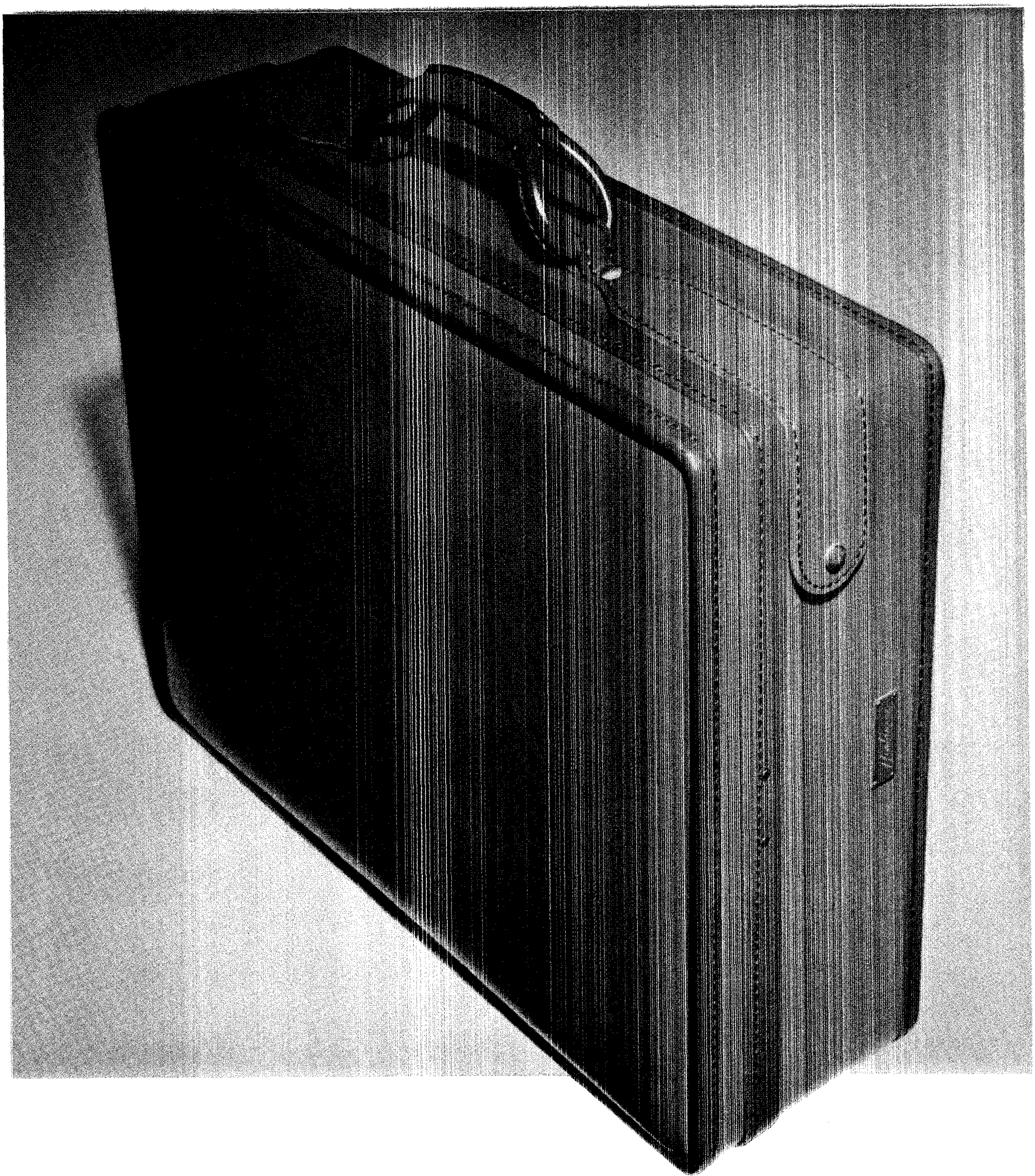

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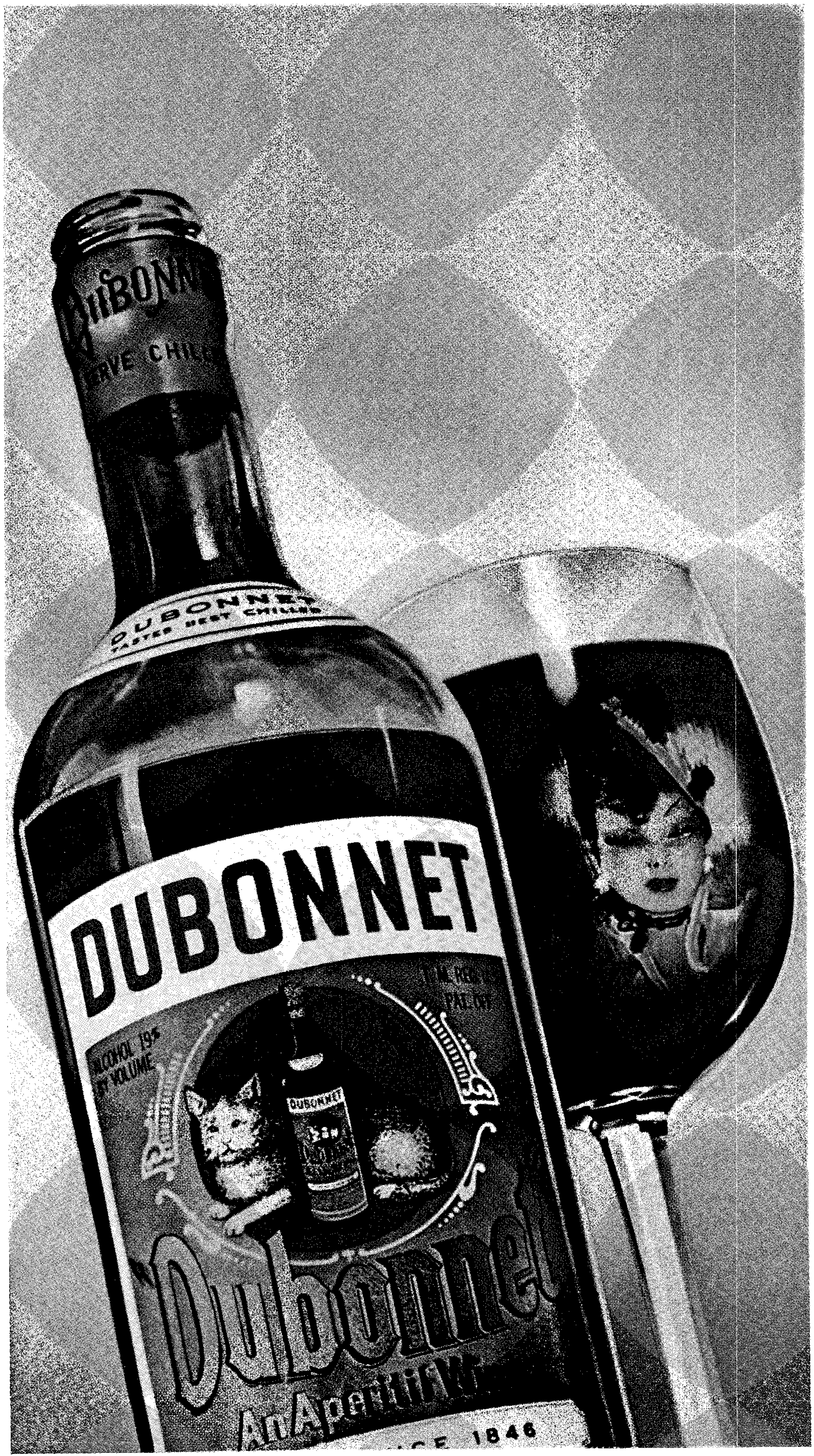
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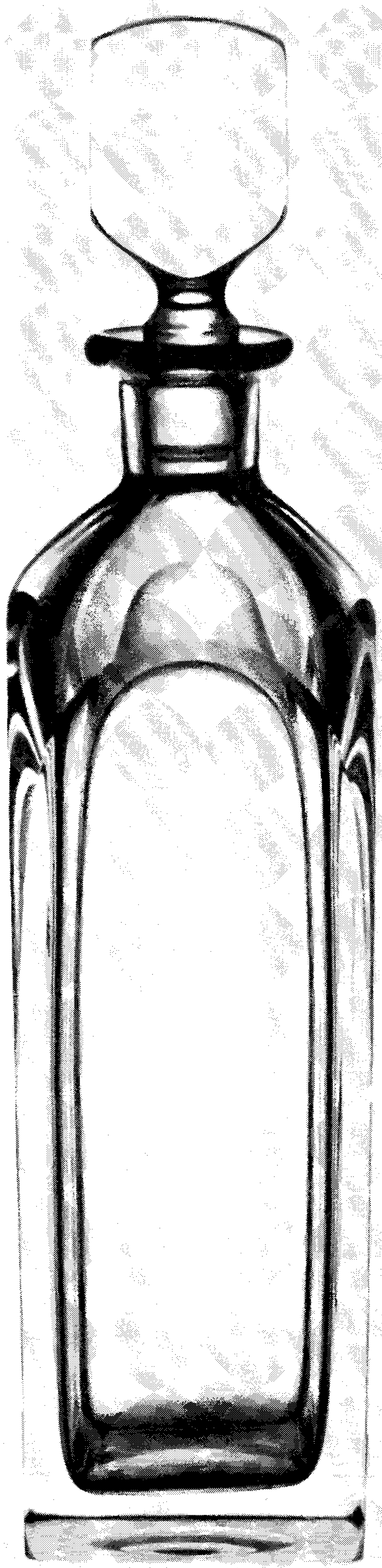

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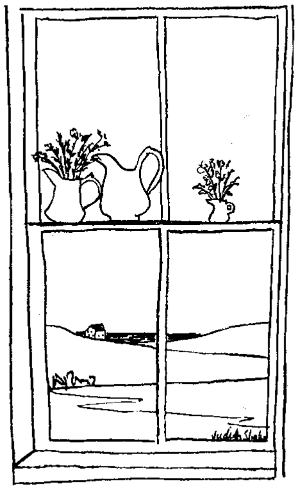
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

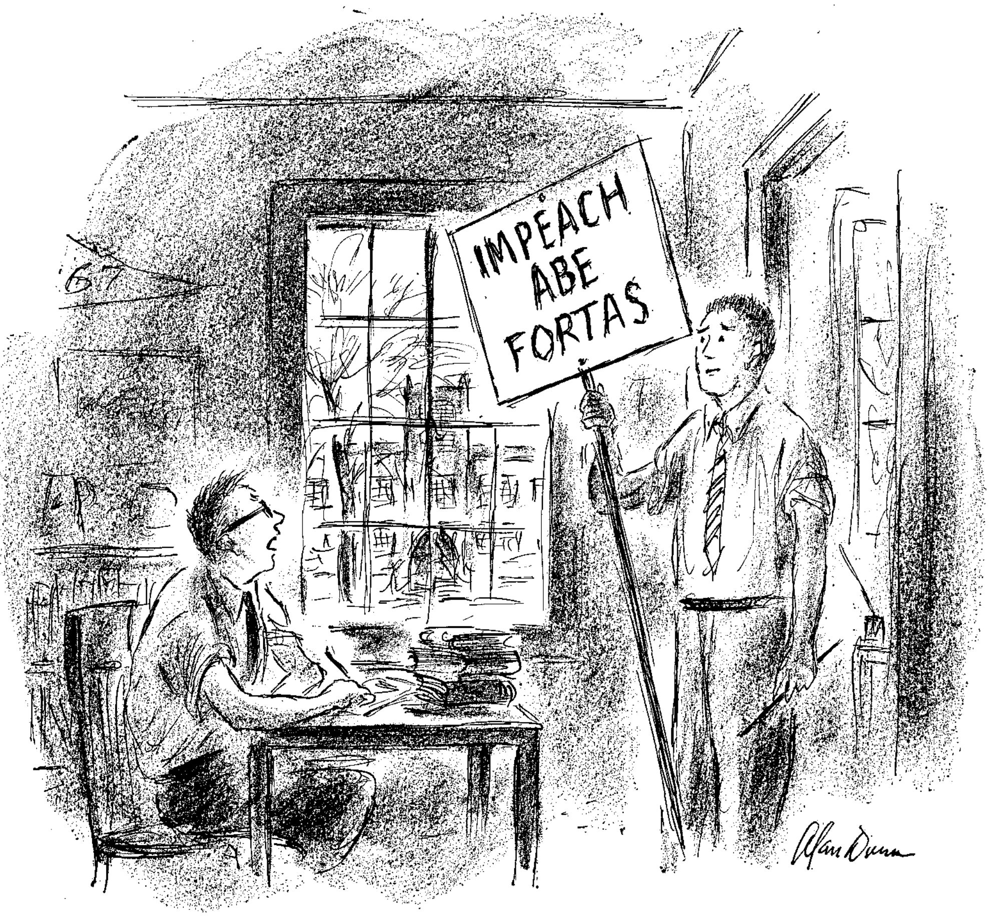
Notes and Comment

WE sat at home this morning—a bright, cold morning, with the weak November sunlight coming in low across the rooftops, the sky above the rooftops a bright, cold blue, and clean: a handsome sky, a handsome day. A cup of coffee in our hand, the sounds of skillets in our kitchen, and of children being stuffed into overcoats, the coffee in a smooth yellow mug and not yet too cold, we sat at home for several minutes looking at the front page of the newspaper (Lindsay, transit, Rhodesia, heiress, Congress) and at the photograph just above the middle of the page: a gray rectangle of dots—gray dots, black dots, white dots—that, when looked at, blend together into shapes; in this instance, shapes of ground and trees, two trees, a soldier standing with a rifle, and bodies lying on the ground, and bodies lying upon other bodies. The photograph was of the aftermath of a battle in Vietnam, and, having looked at it, we went off to (where else?) the office. Each day, we hear that men—nine thousand miles away—kill, men die, men are hurt, maimed, bombed, burned. Some children die, too, and women, and other bystanders. Who is a bystander, who is not? A story we read in the paper the other day still sticks in our mind. It was of a company of American soldiers in Vietnam who had been advancing on patrol through a field of elephant grass, which, they say, is yellow-brown this time of year, and ten to fifteen feet high, and stands as thick as corn. At the far end of this field of elephant grass (so the story went), there was a small clearing, and in the clearing there was a tree, and from the tree there hung a pair of black pajamas, and when the point man in the company reached the clearing, he pulled at the pajamas, and at that moment, or just afterward, four machine guns opened fire and cut him literally in two, and then other guns fired and killed eighty-three men in the company, which had numbered a hundred and forty-five earlier that afternoon. We cannot find the meaning in this story. Then, in *Life* recently, there were some good photographs (we suppose they were good; they seemed good) of men fighting, and one, in particular, of a Marine running with a hideously bleeding baby. The caption said that the baby had been hit by gunfire from one of our planes, and that the Marine, who seemed a nice fellow (nice eyes; probably eighteen or nineteen years old), was trying to save it. The baby died. There appears to be no point to this story, either. And, meanwhile, the big planes fly in from Guam (great darkish things with huge tails), their bomb-bay doors swing open, and the bombs drop out. We watch them fall across the pages of *Life* (each plane, we are told, carries fifty-one seven-hundred-and-fifty-pound bombs), but we see no banners waving. We strain our ears, but we hear no bugles, no sound of fifes and drums. A little while ago, after the violent fighting in the Ia Drang Valley, it was announced that in one week we had killed twenty-two hundred and sixty-two Vietcong. This morning, we read that the Vietcong had killed two hundred and forty of us. That makes a total of twenty-five hundred and two lives, not counting bystanders. According to several "Asian analysts" quoted recently in the *Times*, the increase in Vietcong fighting has been directed chiefly at killing as many Americans as possible, in order to persuade us to quit the war. On the other hand, we fight a ground war, but not, it would appear, in order to possess the ground. And so the Vietnam war goes on, and we walk, all of us, along a bloodstained road. Fortunately, amid the growing lists of dead, we still seem to take note each time an individual man, woman, or child is killed. And, taking note, we flinch, which perhaps in itself can bring us closer to a cease-fire.



THE most telling, if inadvertent, comment on the confused and profoundly uneasy state of race relations in this country that we've heard in a long time was the one uttered by Harry Krause, the referee of the Clay-Patterson fight, as he explained, after the bout, why he had had to admonish Clay several times to keep quiet. "He was calling Patterson a 'white American,' " Krause said, "and that's something I don't approve of."

THERE'S a good deal too much unbridled activism around these days, if you ask us. This thought occurred to us after we read a dispatch in today's *Times* datelined Tobay Beach, L.I., and headed, "INFLUX OF OWLS IS NOTED ON L.I." The owls in question are Acadian owls—or saw-whet owls, if one wishes to be less formal about it. ("Saw-whet" is the sound they make, or something like it, anyway.) They are tiny, woolly things that stand eight inches high (imagine standing eight inches high), and fifty-five of them, which is apparently an unusually large number, recently, on their way somewhere else, flew into Tobay Beach, where they were chased, caught, banded, weighed, measured, and released by members of the Linnaean Society of New York—an "amateur ornithology society," according to the *Times*, that



"*Not yet!*"

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"is participating in Operation Recovery, a nationwide bird counting and banding program." The *Times* is clearly on the side of science, owl weighing and measuring, and the Linnaean Society. The report continues, "Tom Davis and Fred Schaeffer, two members of the . . . society, set up fifteen Japanese mist nets of fine black thread, forty feet long and seven feet high. . . . The owls, seeking a place to roost, blunder into the nets at dawn." Blunder, we imagine, is about right. As a matter of fact, you set up fifteen or so Japanese mist nets of fine black thread, forty feet long and seven feet high, at dawn, and you can figure on catching just about anything or anyone who is around at that time of the morning. There is no mention of whether or not the birds will be back.

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THE General Putnam Inn, in Norwalk, Connecticut, lists among its desserts "Jello du Jour."

Messages in Bottles

ROMANCE hangs longer from bottle post, as the sending of messages in bottles is called, than seaweed from the oldest drifting bottle, though since the age of wooden ships came to an end, its users have been mostly homesick sailors, lonely hearts, the plain curious, a few cranks, and a number of practical jokers. In the last few years, however, bottle post has been flourishing. A printed message was passed on to us recently by a friend who had found it, embottled, on Fire Island. The correspondent was Dean F. Bumpus, senior scientist of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, and he wrote:

REWARD

REMOVE CARD FROM BOTTLE,
PLEASE FILL IN INFORMATION AS
INDICATED, AND SEND BY MAIL.

Where found (name of beach or place on shore, near what Coast Guard station, Lighthouse, or other prominent reference point) ....
When found, date ....
Your Name (print) ....
Your Home Address (print) ....
Your return will assist the addressee in a study of coastal circulation.
Fifty cents plus location and date of release will be sent to finder on return of this card.

How else, we said to ourself, should a modern oceanographic institution study the vagaries of the sea than with a few crates of pop bottles, a gross of corks, and some self-addressed cards? We phoned Mr. Bumpus, who informed us, in a matter-of-fact voice, that he was dropping bottles now at a rate of almost twenty thousand a year and getting eleven per cent back—bad news for castaways, it seemed to us. "Come on up," he added cheerfully. "I'll be going out on a friend's schooner for a few weeks, but not right away." We agreed to come in a few days, and in the meantime we did some reading.

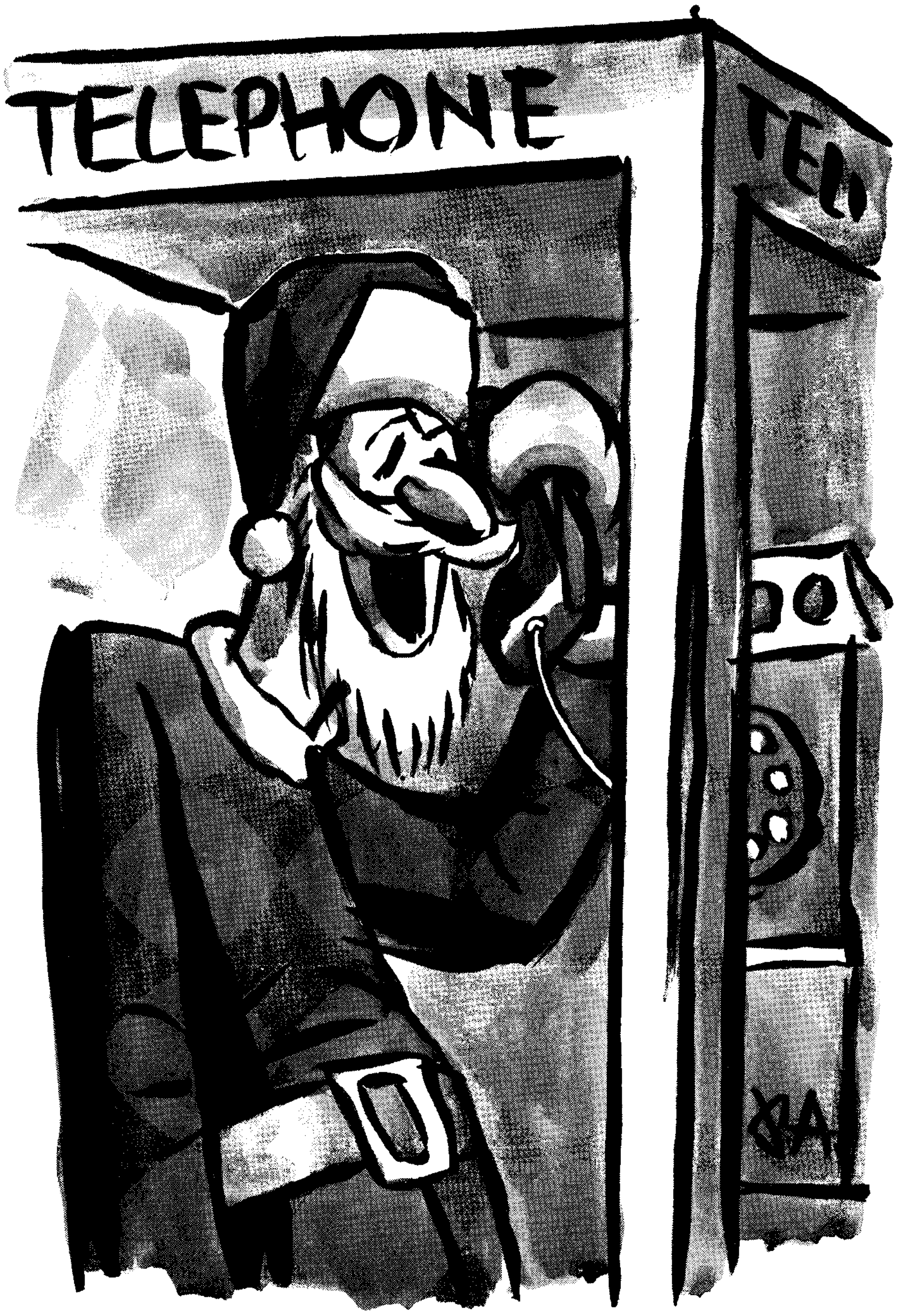
In 1560, we read, the first Queen Elizabeth of England appointed an Uncorker of Bottles, a vital political secret having been uncorked by a boatman on the beach at Dover. Some bottles have travelled far and long. In 1929, a German scientific expedition dropped one in the South Indian Ocean west of Tasmania. It was seen and reported several times during a voyage that took it east until, having circumnavigated the globe, it was picked up in Australia 2,447 days and sixteen thousand-odd miles later. Another bottle, found in Japan in 1935, bore a message from a sailor named Matsuyama saying that he and forty-four shipmates had been wrecked on a bare coral reef; the year was 1784. In 1825, a Major MacGregor dropped the following message off the British East Indiaman Kent into the Bay of Biscay: "Ship on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna, and myself commit our spirits in to the Hands of our Redeemer. Whose grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering Eternity." This news was washed ashore in the Bahamas a year and a half later, by which time it was somewhat dated, the Major and his party having found an earthly redeemer.

Woods Hole, to which we travelled in response to Mr. Bumpus's invitation, is a salty small town with small clapboard houses and a small harbor containing small yachts. It also has several large institutional brick buildings, and we looked for Mr. Bumpus in one of them. From behind it, where one of the Institution's research ships was tied up at a pier, a salt breeze brought whiffs of red lead and tarred hemp, and sounds of much activity. Mr. Bumpus, when we found him, was neat and precise in appearance and manner. He was dressed in khaki and had a neatly clipped gray mustache. Greeting us heartily, he led us into a large, light, rambling office divided by several screens. There was a clutter of charts, papers, books, and bottles on all surfaces, and on one table there were also several clusters of yellow-and-red plastic objects that looked like small Frisbees with long tails. "Those are bottom drifters," Mr. Bumpus said. "They do the same thing as drift bottles but circulate along the bottom. They are weighted and are released in 'bouquets,' held together by a collar of salt, which is called a salt spool. It's just an ordinary salt lick, designed to be fed to mink, but with a hole drilled in it. By the time the bouquet reaches bottom, the spool has melted. Eventually, a few bottom drifters are washed ashore or come up in fishermen's nets. We're releasing quite a few now—thirty-five thousand since 1961. In time, we'll get the same kind of charts the bottles have given us."

We asked how the bottle research had been going.

"We've just put out an atlas, published by the American Geographical Society, that shows the current patterns in coastal waters from Newfoundland to Florida, with a chart for each season of the year and one for each month," Mr. Bumpus said. "It's something of a best-seller. There was a double-size printing, of a thousand copies, and they're going very quickly. It is of interest to yachtsmen and fishermen as well as scientists—to anyone affected by currents. For instance, every few years the cod or the haddock disappear. No one used to know what happened to them; it was assumed that they migrated somewhere, for some reason. But the bottles show that a storm in the spawning season may generate currents that sweep the whole crop of larvae out to deep water, where they'll die, so there simply is no class of '65, or whatever the year is. I think we've also satisfactorily settled a long-standing controversy between the inshore and the offshore lobstermen, who have been fighting for years over whether the big lobsters caught offshore are the parents of the small, inshore ones, and whether catching the big ones has caused the present scarcity of small ones; our bottles indicate that the drift doesn't carry the larvae into Gulf of Maine waters. The other day, I got a call from an engineer who is planning a Nassau County sewer outlet for the year 2025; I told him he would have to dump his sewage farther out or it would end up on the beach in the summer."

We asked Mr. Bumpus just how the bottles had contributed to all this, and he said, "We got the data for the atlas between 1948 and 1962. We released 156,276 bottles and got 17,024 back, 356 of them from overseas. Quite a number of groups are sponsoring our research—the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Institutes of Health, the Fisheries Research Board of Canada, and the International Passamaquoddy Fisheries Board—and we've had even more coöperation in launching our bottles. They are dropped regularly from Texas towers, from Coast Guard patrol ships and planes, from almost every lightship along the coast, and from any research vessel on the East Coast that you can name—the Albatross IV, the Rorqual, the Eastward, the Oregon—as well as from our own ships, and even a few private yachts. I'll release some bottles myself during my schooner trip. We get back cards giving data on the launching and file them away. Then, if the bottle is found and we get a card on the recovery, we dig out the launch card and compare the two—I spent a couple of weeks learning to program a computer. A drift bottle has a birth notice and an obituary and no biography, but from the network of bottles that we lay out we can construct a group biography. Three cards came in today, one out of a bottle launched in February from Portland Lightship and picked up in Buzzards Bay. Last week, we had a bottle from Portland end up where the Nantucket bottles do. The two other cards were from bottles launched in July from Ambrose Lightship; one ended up at Rockaway, the other at Atlantic Beach. Most of those bottles, however, have been going easterly this year, some as far as Bellport. The drift has been most atypical. If there were no drought, the bottles from all these lightships would be going with the land on the right, with a slight con-



"Hi, Kitten. This is Oogie."

vergence toward the coast. Fresh water comes out of river mouths and turns to the right—something called the Coriolis effect—and the faster it flows, the sharper the turn it makes. It's one of the main sources of ocean current. But when it gets below a certain level—we're thankful for the drought, in a way, because we'd like to find what that level is—the wind takes over as a cause of surface currents. By and large, there's a southwest wind along this coast. I suspect that a lot of our bottles are blowing out to sea, but it takes between twelve and fourteen months for them to go from here to Europe, so we won't know for a while."

Mr. Bumpus smiled, and went on, "It's amazing how many folks aren't interested in the reward—just in where their bottle was launched. A lot ask for pamphlets and charts, or for answers to questions. On the other hand, here's a copy of a note we got from a man in North Uist, Outer Hebrides."

He handed us a sheet of paper, and we read the following: "50 cents is promised to the sender of the enclosed card, but a small amount of cents is of nae much use here. The Bank will charge 1/- to cash them, and as the bank is 16 miles fra here, it twa hae to be posted, and they would send the change back in a registered envelope costing a 1/- so there would nae be much left. So I would prefer the equivalent of 50 cents in English currency."

"We sent him four bob," Mr. Bumpus said. "And here's one from a young lady with similar problems."

The young lady had written, "I found one of your bottles used for the studying of ocean currents—Everybody says my findings are worth much more—but if 50¢ is all you can afford that's O.K. with me. Please hurry in sending it to me since my parents (cheap skates) give me an allowance so small that I'm continually borrowing from my younger sister. From the reward I will receive only 46¢ since I owe 4¢ to my sister for the stamp."

"Some kids send us specimens for identification, and some old people send their family histories," Mr. Bumpus went on. "A seventeen-year-old sent her measurements and phone number. One card came with a hole in it and the explanation 'My husband broke the bottle by shooting it with his forty-five.' We also got a long poem. The bottles have been fun, and they were the only way of doing the job. There's some information they can't give, but we have a new instrument that, if it works, will overcome this. Unfortunately, it will be electronic."

Team Spirit

AT the furious height of the Ivy League Waterloo—the Dartmouth-Princeton football game (Dartmouth 28, Princeton 14), in Palmer Stadium—an Old Princetonian was carrying on a bit in the stands, overcome by the unfolding tragedy. His wife, a self-contained matron, was overheard to say that she wished he would consider his age and simmer down. The heartbroken alumnus paid no attention to his mate; indeed, he increased the volume of his despair. "If you don't stop that shouting this minute, I'm going to go," his wife said, just as a Princeton back dropped a pass. Her husband groaned loudly. With that, she inched her way out of their row, and presumably left the Stadium. A few moments later, the man noticed that his wife had departed. He turned to an adjacent stranger and explained, "The old girl just can't stand to see Princeton lose. Never could."

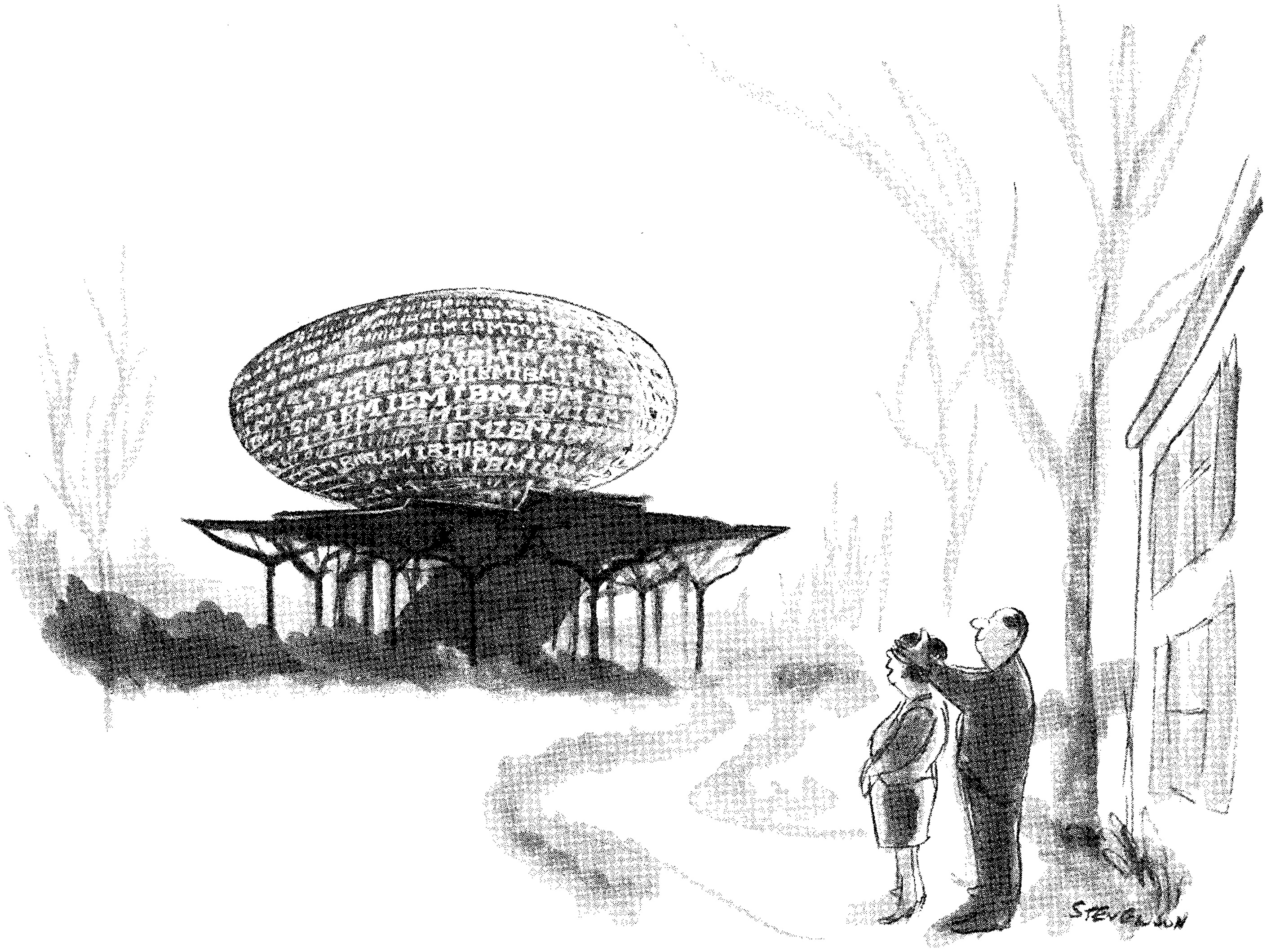
Festival I

THE Film-Makers' Cinematheque, a society of avant-garde film-makers, with headquarters at the Astor Place Playhouse, devoted last month to something called the New Cinema Festival I, which was described in a prospectus as "a survey of recent experiments to expand the dimensions of cinema" through the use of "multiple screens, multiple projectors, multiple images, inter-related screen forms and images, film-dance, moving slides, kinetic sculptures, hand-held projectors, balloon screens, video tape and video projections, light and sound experiments."

We have always had a weakness for ambitious prospectuses, so when we read this one we headed for the Astor Place Playhouse to take in a representative sample of Festival programs. We came away convinced that the Cinematheque is fulfilling all its promises, and then some.

The Playhouse is in the basement of 434 Lafayette Street, which was constructed in 1831 and was occupied by both John Jacob Astor and Washington Irving. The Cinematheque, by contrast, was founded only in 1963, and already it has had six homes and is planning another move, according to John Brockman, its new managing director. Mr. Brockman is a clean-shaven, well-scrubbed man of twenty-four who graduated from the Babson Institute in 1961 and took an M.B.A. in finance at Columbia Business School in 1963; his taste in clothes runs to dark three-piece suits, white shirts, and muted ties, and makes him easy to find in the lobby of the Playhouse, where most of the patrons dress just about the way struggling film-makers might be expected to dress. "We've signed a year's lease on the Forty-first Street Theatre, which is between Sixth Avenue and Broadway," Mr. Brockman told us. "All this moving around has got to stop. I took this job to bring some sanity to the experimental-film world. The Cinematheque has been too inefficient, too incestuous up to now. Which doesn't mean it hasn't had a great impact. This is a festival that wouldn't have been possible five years ago. Everybody *knew* what a film was then. Not anymore. We've invited people from all the creative arts. We're trying to break down people's ideas of what film is. Film doesn't have to be movies. We don't define it at all, except as 'a visual experience.' "

We understood Mr. Brockman's difficulties with definition when we saw our first program, which turned out to be Part III of a week-long presentation entitled "Rites of the Dreamweapon" and "coördinated" by Angus MacLise. Part III, "The Mysteries of the Essence Chamber," was set on a stage that resembled the inside of a bombed-out church being used for a rummage sale. An assemblage of objects, dimly lit by a revolving red-and-green beacon, was separated from the audience by a gauzy, see-through screen, on which two movie projectors were trained. One projector had no film in it, and the other had a short loop of film and kept repeating a few unrecognizable images. The operators of the machines occasionally held colored filters in front of the lenses; sometimes they swivelled the machines around the room, so that the light from them shone briefly on the ceiling and walls. The effect that we found most pleasing was a tattoo of brown spots beamed, possibly by accident, onto the neck of a man sitting in front of us. While the projectors were going their own way, a number of people walked or danced around the stage, accompanied at times by a group of musicians known as The Velvet Underground, who specialize in "mystical rock-'n'-roll"—a form of music that, they have explained, is attained primarily through the use of "amplified distortion." Later, Angus MacLise, a tall, ascetic-looking man of twenty-seven with a wispy brown beard, recited some of his poetry. During most of



"Now, don't tell me. You say it's very big, you aren't positive I'll like it, but you know I'll be surprised."

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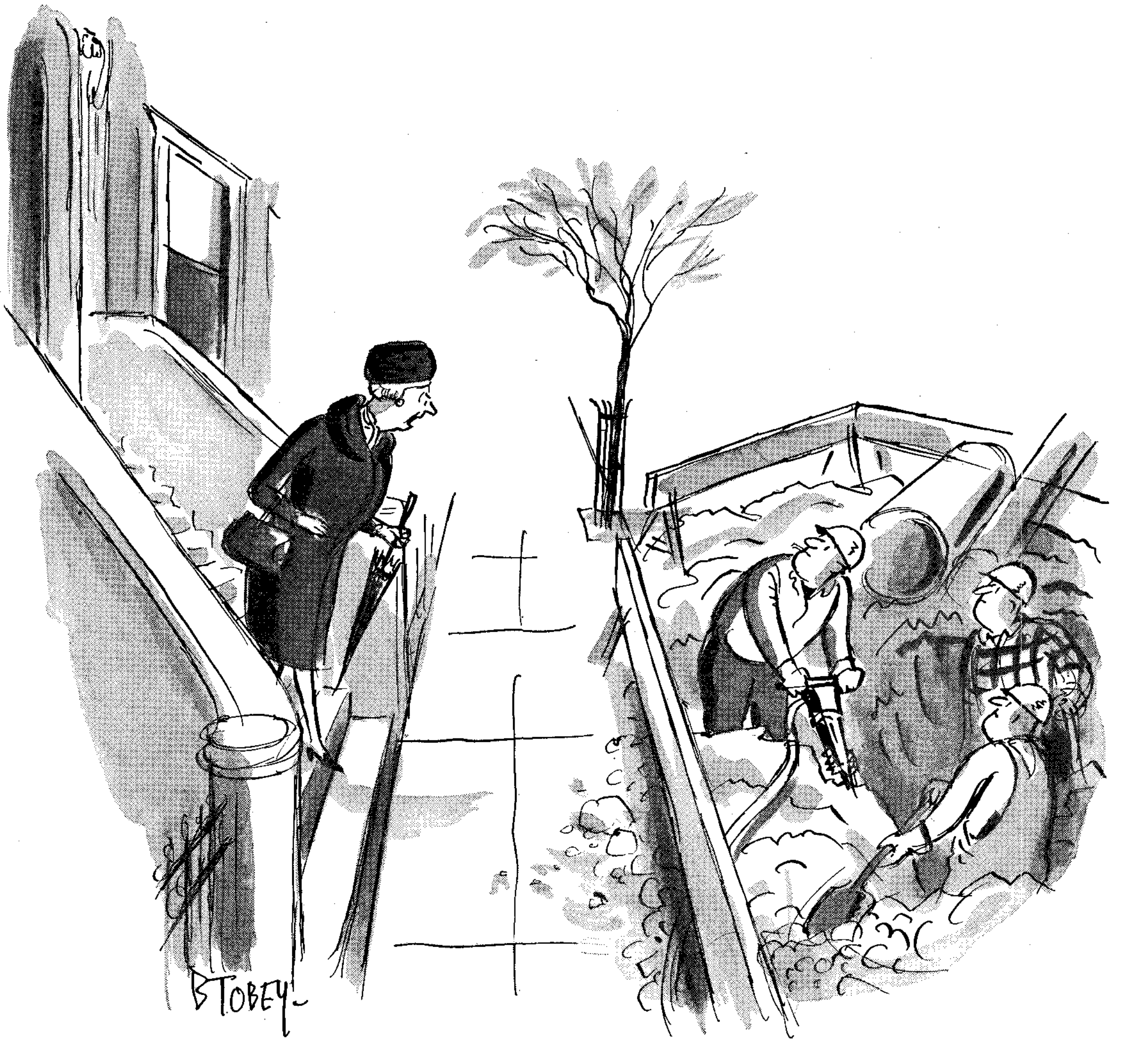
the performance, the noise level—abetted by a demoniacally programmed tape recorder—was literally deafening, yet no one left the theatre except a young couple in the front row who seemed to be having a private argument.

After the program, we went backstage to ask the coördinator if he was satisfied with the evening. Mr. MacLise said that several people had told him they found the experience painful, but that he thought this could be attributed to tension caused by an inability to participate directly in the proceedings. "What I'm trying to do is blend as many elements of existence in our time as possible with the whole stream of ritual motifs developed through history," he explained. "For me, the rock-'n'-roll dancer is an archetypal figure. The fashion model is an archetypal figure." He went on to say that much of his work had been influenced by his travels—especially a recent hitchhiking trip from Istanbul to Benares. He arrived in Benares in time for the Festival of the Great Goddess and, in the courtyard of a Brahman house, saw a celebration in which an attempt was made to "overload the senses" with a barrage of noise and motion. "The theory is that the senses have to be got beyond, because they stand in the way of contact with ourselves," he said. "It's the opposite path to meditation. Only when we batter down the threshold can we hear other things, including the proverbial still small voice within."

When our own senses had returned to normal, we paid another visit to the Festival and saw a performance of "The March of the Garter Snakes," by Standish D. Lawder, who, we had been informed, is an instructor, at Yale, in the history of art. What we saw was a lively, if garter-snakeless, kaleidoscope of colorful patterns created entirely by the use of hand-painted slides. The most exciting effects were achieved with what Mr. Lawder calls "sandwiches"—an amalgam of such substances as lipstick, fingernail polish, butter, and Unguentine pressed together between two glass slides. Upon being heated by the lamp of the projector, the contents of the sandwich begin to melt, at different rates, throwing a constantly changing image on the screen. Lawder (clean-shaven, twenty-nine years old, baggy brown tweed suit) told us that he began as a painter and started working with glass slides while he was in the Army. "My wife and I lived in a series of tiny apartments for two years, and working on small slides, instead of on canvases, solved the space problem," he said. "The present sequence was first assembled in 1961, but it keeps changing. For one thing, sandwiches are used up in a single showing, and I have to make new ones." He has a vague idea of how each sandwich will look on the screen, he says, but a lot of "accident" is involved. "For instance, I know that butter will turn brown, and the more volatile substances will bubble with a nervous twitching, while lipstick, say, will give a bubbly-mud rhythm," he told us. "But I'm just as curious as the audience to see how the combination will turn out." Mr. Lawder said that despite his success with "The March of the Garter Snakes," which has already been seen in New



"Just you wait until John Lindsay takes over!"

Haven, Munich, Frankfurt, and Paris, his real passion is film history. He is completing a Ph.D. dissertation on "The Relation Between Modern Art and the Silent Film in Europe," and next year he will conduct Yale's first course in the history and art of the cinema. "There's no question but that films are the most important art today—the uniquely twentieth-century art—and it's absurd for universities to provide courses in the appreciation of painting and just ignore films," he said. He added that his main problem at the moment is the enthusiasm of his students. "They keep calling up—sometimes in the middle of the night—to ask about the course," he said.

A FEW days later, one of the Old Masters of the New Cinema, Stan Vanderbeek, showed some specimens of his recent work, including four films made with the help of a grant from the Ford Foundation. Mr. Vanderbeek (heavily bearded, thirty-one years old, baggy brown corduroy suit) has developed a technique of animation involving a subtle, almost imperceptible transition from one static image to the next: a closeup of a face dissolves into a pattern of dots, which resolves into a landscape, which turns into a woman's torso. A huge eye socket becomes a stone bridge arched over a river; then the eyeball appears under the bridge. The slow procession of images sometimes achieves the haunting quality of Surrealist poetry. But Vanderbeek has also been experimenting with what he calls "ethos-cinema," or "combine-cinema," or "movie-murals." "An artist has to get out of private aesthetics," he explained to us in the lobby during an intermission. "Lately, I've been thinking that everything in life and art is a form of collage. What we may get someday is the idea of the film-maker as performer, rearranging images from the immense world stockpile, like an orchestra conductor." Vanderbeek said that he is building a "movie-drome" in the back yard of his house, in Stony Point. When it is completed, people will be able to lie on the floor and watch a display of moving images covering the entire ceiling, which will be a dome. "I started out as a painter, but painting is dead now," Vanderbeek said. "Even motion pictures have been leading us along in basically nineteenth-century thinking, and the twentieth century is almost over." For a preview of what visitors to the movie-drome may expect, he conducted several uninhibited performances at the Playhouse. One was called "Feedback #I," and involved five movie projectors and three slide projectors operating simultaneously on a variety of white surfaces; another, "Move-Movies," called for volunteers to wander around the stage and up and down the aisle pointing very small hand-held projectors at all four walls, the ceiling, the floor, the audience, and each other.

As the New Cinema Festival I was getting into full swing at the Playhouse, another survey of work by independent film-makers was being screened uptown in the Museum of Modern Art. Many of the best-known experimental film-makers were represented in both places, but the Museum's selections went back as far as 1957, and all were shown on a single screen, from a single projector, and used either black-and-white or color film. Many of the movies, already regarded as classics in the field, have been giving fits to local police, college authorities, and conventional audiences for years, and the Museum's monthly calendar for members carried a special warning: "These films are not suitable for children." But, compared to what was happening downtown, the films looked as old-fashioned, as early-twentieth-century, as all those paintings by Picasso and Matisse on the walls upstairs.

Better Late

A TINY masked tatterdemalion wearing a witch's costume of orange-and-black rags accosted us on our way home the other evening. "Trick or treat!" it said. We informed the apparition that Halloween, at least for this year, had come and gone. "I know," it said, "but I've been away."

AFTERNOON WITH A PINT-SIZED FAUN

> Two lucky youngsters . . . are Michele Farr, 11 years of age, and Bruce Zahariades, 14, who created the roles of the evil children Flora and Miles in the New York City Opera Company's recent production of Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw." Offstage, however, they proved to be more enchanting than enchanted, at least on the morning when they sat in a City Center office and chatted about themselves. . . .
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> "If I had all the money I needed," he [Bruce] speculated, "I'd build a ranch, with about twenty horses and a big car and a chauffeur who always smiled. Most chauffeurs are sour. Then I'd build a restaurant with big old beams like an English pub, and I'd buy a year's supply of Dover sole. That's my favorite dish. I'd have a swimming pool big enough for a motor boat and a huge grand piano that I'd have tuned every week."—*The Times*.

I'VE driven them all in my time, brother, and I don't know which are worse—the ones that made it overnight or those that inherited it. You stay behind the wheel long enough and nothing surprises you. I once worked for an old battle-axe in Bala-Cynwyd, I won't say she was rich but every time a gas bill was paid in Philadelphia she siphoned off nineteen cents, and it kept two gardeners busy just shovelling the loot out of the driveway. Twice a month like clockwork, she used to get blind on apricot cordial at the Rittenhouse Club while I froze outside in her town car. So this perishing cold night I was gone five minutes, no longer, scrounging a cup of coffee, when her nibs staggered out. She started to rip into me—you never heard such language—but I fixed her. I shoved the old crock in a snowbank, threw the ignition key after her, and headed for Reading Terminal. My people come from Fox Point, Rhode Island, where George M. Cohan grew up. He never took any lip from anyone, and neither do I.

The exact same thing happened with Ben Kornflake, the head of Ben-Ko Teenfrocks. There wasn't a nicer, more considerate guy in the whole garment center till he fell for one of his models, an Oriental. Oriental, my eye, unless Newark suddenly became part of Asia behind my back. Anyhow, inside two months Ben divorces the woman he's lived with twenty-eight years, dyes his hair red, and marries the doll. Well, from that moment on, he was like Jekyll and Hyde, a changed man and no wonder, the fur coats and jewelry she racked up and mousing around the saloons every afternoon with a different Brazilian. By rights he should have blacked her eye, but instead he took it out on me. The chrome was rusty, I drove too slow, I was chiselling on the gas—nag, nag, nag. I finally got a snootful. "You know what's eating you, Pops?" I told him. "You're too chicken to face facts. Let me tell you about that tsotsky of yours."

Being as how there was no job hanging over my head the next morning, I slept late, did the crossword puzzle in the *News*, and went around to the chauffeurs' room at the garage to chew the fat. They said the Regency had just called, asking for someone to drive a guest of theirs, a prominent TV personality. The type individual they specified—a settled party with a calm, cheerful disposition—sounded like me, so I hustled over. When I get to the suite the bell captain told me to contact, a kid about twelve years old opens the door. He has on one of these fancy smoking jackets with watered-silk lapels and a meerschaum pipe hanging out of his face.

"Hello, bub," I said. "Is Mr. Claud Fragonard here?"

"You're looking at him," he said. "Didn't you ever see the Nailheads on TV?"

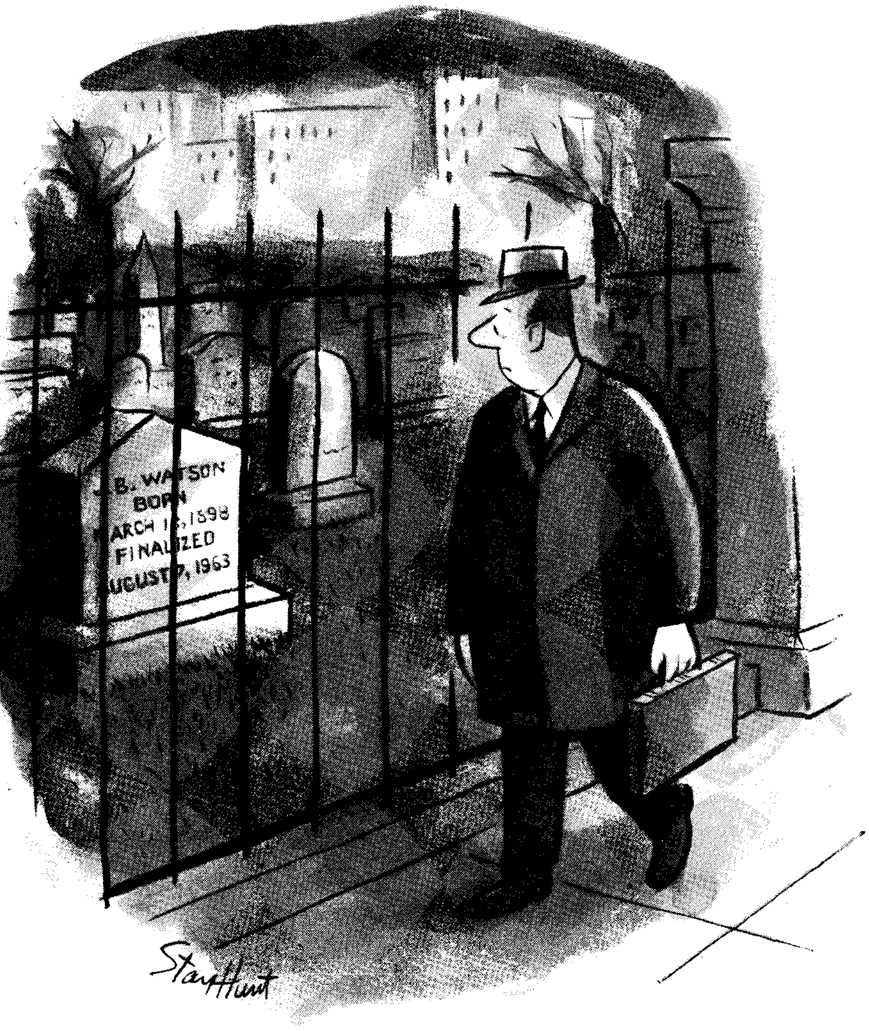
"No," I said. "I'd just as lief watch the garbage in the Jersey Meadows. Are you the one that needs a chauffeur?"

"I want somebody can smile, not an old crab," he said, starting in to shut the door.

"I guess I spoke out of turn, Mr. Fragonard," I said. "That pipe you're smoking kind of startled me."

"Oh, there's no tobacco in it," he said, warming up. "My doctor ordered me to cut down on cigars—I smoke maybe twenty a day when I'm working. Well, come in, come in," he said, twitching like a bullfrog. "I'll be with you in a minute. I'm on a long-distance call."

He went in the bedroom, and I had a gander at the joint. It sure was a lulu—a big concert grand, gold-colored, with a TV set and a tape recorder to match, and bookcases full of TV scripts bound in gilt with his initials stamped on the back. And everywhere you turned, dozens of photographs of babes, all with mushy inscriptions like



"Hold me, tiger" and "To Claud, with a million kisses." It reminded me of those pictures of Lou Tellegen's den and Nat C. Goodwin that you used to see in Hearst's *American Weekly*. I was just checking on whether Lina Cavalieri was there, or Gaby Deslys in her milk bath, when I caught him studying me in the doorway.

"Not bad, eh?" he said, rocking back and forth on his heels. As I live and breathe, it was Rockcliffe Fellowes in his hunting lodge. "Those are only the show-biz characters and the swingers. I keep the débutantes inside."

"It must be a drag, that many heads pursuing you constantly," I said.

"Between you and I, it is," he said. "Still, you can't hardly blame them—my average income is more than Lucille Ball's."

"Yes, but how much does that leave you after taxes?" I said. I like to sympathize with rich people's problems; it gives me the feeling I belong.

"I do all right," he said. "My accountant invested in a couple of carpet stores and retail shoe outlets over in Paramus. We're making so much dough they sometimes have to burn the money at night. That's what causes your present smog conditions in Manhattan."

"It figures," I said. "Well, you certainly have everything here a red-blooded boy would want."

"Did you take note of the piano?" he said. "I had it specially built to my specifications, of solid gold. . . . You don't believe me, do you? You think I'm strictly full of hot air."

"Look, Fragonard," I said. "I'm only a workingman, just trying to make both ends meet. You say it's solid, that's O.K. by me."

Be damned if he doesn't whip out a gold Scout knife. "Don't take my word for it," he says. "Go ahead and gouge out a chunk. Stab it."

Well, it was the McCoy, all right, so now he's proved what an operator he is, he says will I begin pronto, on account of he has to inspect his holdings in Paramus. I did guess wrong on the car. I thought it'd be a zebra-striped Rolls or something flashy, but it was an ordinary Cadillac limo. I suppose with all those dames chasing him, he didn't want to be too conspicuous. Anyway, in a half an hour's run we're at this cockamamy shoe store wedged in between a diner and a plumbing supply, and he makes me go in with him. The guy in charge was one of these fat little fusspots with a purple nose like a grape that's always giving their hands a dry wash. Claud ticked him off toot sweet.

"Very well, Follister," he said. "On your way. Take five."

"Five what?" said the manager.

Claud gives me a disgusted look. "The kind of squares I'm up against, is it any wonder I have an ulcer? Listen, useless," he hollers at the guy, "vamoose—beat it!"

"I'm waiting on a lady—"

"I'll handle her," says Claud. "Go on, get lost!"

Follister took off, and Claud sits down beside the customer, a middle-aged woman twice his size wearing a pinkish derby hat trimmed with a veil. He asks if there's any particular style

• •

SCALA COELI

We do not see them come,
Their great wings furled, their boundless forms infolded
Smaller than poppy seed or grain of corn,
To enter the dimensions of our world
In time to unfold what in eternity they are,
Each a great sun, but dwindled to a star
By the distances they have travelled.

Higher than cupola their bright ingress;
Presences vaster than the vault of night,
Incorporeal mental spaces infinite,
Diminished to a point and to a moment brought.
Through the everywhere and nowhere invisible door
By the many ways they know,
The thoughts of wisdom pass;
In seed that drifts in air or on the waters' flow,
They come to us down ages long as dreams
Or instantaneous as delight.

As from seed tree, flower, and fruit
Grow and fade like a dissolving cloud,
Or as the impress of the wind
Makes waves and ripples spread,
They move unseen across our times and spaces.
We try to hold them, trace on walls
Of cave, cave-temple or monastic cell their shadows cast:
Animal-forms, warriors, dancers, winged angels, words of power
On precious leaves inscribed in gold and lapis lazuli,
Or arabesques in likeness of the ever-flowing.
They show us gardens of Paradise, holy mountains
Where water of life springs from rock or lion's mouth,
Walk with us unseen, put into our hands emblems,
An ear of corn, pine cone, lotus, looking glass or chalice;
As dolphin, peacock, hare or moth or serpent show themselves,
Or human-formed: a veiled bride, a boy bearing a torch,
Shrouded or robed or crowned, four-faced,
Sounding lyre or sistrum, or crying in bird-voices.

Water and dust and light
Reflect their images as they slowly come and swiftly pass.

We do not see them go
From visible to invisible like gossamer in the sun;
Bodies by spirit raised
Fall as dust to dust when the wind drops,
Moth-wing chrysalis.
Those who live us and outlive us do not stay
But leave empty their semblances, icons, bodies
Of long-enduring gold or the fleet golden flower
On which the Buddha smiled.
In vain we look for them where others found them,
For by the vanishing stair of time immortals are forever departing;
But while we gaze after the receding vision
Others are already descending through gates of ivory and horn.

—Kathleen Raine

shoe she's after. Coming from a twelve-year-old kid, the question must have surprised her, because she just gawked at him.

"Oh, well, plenty of time for that later," says Claud, and takes her hand. "I'm Chicken Inspector Number 23. How's about a little kiss first?"

The woman let out like a screech. "How dare you!" she says. "I ought to smack your face, you hoodlum!"

"Yeah?" says Claud. "Well, get this straight, picklepuss—I'm one of the top TV stars in the business. You lay a finger on me and I'll have you pinched for assault and battery."

The woman turned so red I thought for a minute she was going to explode. Then she grabbed up her pocketbook and ran out the door.

"Hey, we better clear out," I said. "She's liable to call a cop."

"A lot of good it'll do her," he said. "I got every shamus in Paramus on my payroll. But we wasted enough time here—there's more important stuff to do. Drive me to the Fulton Fish Market."

Shoe stores, fish markets—maybe I ought to keep a knotted towel handy in case this joker gets ugly. Still, I seen my share of eccentrics, like I said, so I held my tongue. On our way down Ninth Avenue, we had to stop several times to hand out autographs. I personally didn't hear anyone ask Claud for them, but it could be they used sign language. We trekked all over the blessed market until he found the salesman he wanted.

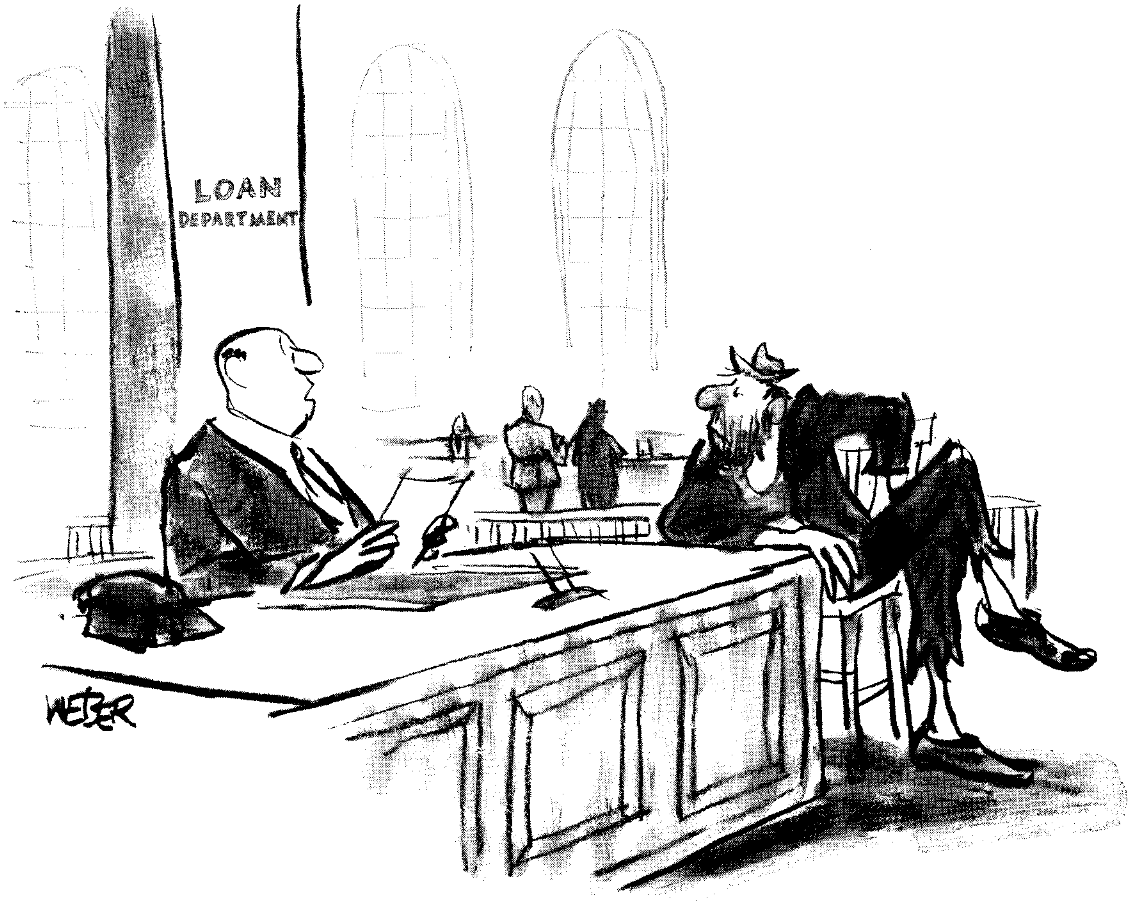
"Hoskings here is the only one that knows a scup from a flounder," he says. "Well, what's the news? Did my favorites arrive?"

"The pompano?" the fellow says. "Yes, sirree—absolute beauties. Nearly six hundred pounds, which they should last you well over a year."

"Great," says Claud. "My chauffeur'll give you an assist. Pile them up on the back seat of the car."

"Wait a second," I says. "You can't put raw fish in there, for God's sake. It'd ruin the upholstery."

"So what?" he says. "I was throwing the car away anyhow."



"You have some mighty impressive references here, Mr. Davis, but the fact remains that you still look like a bum to me."

• •

"Oh, boy," I said to myself, "if this was France in the olden days, they'd be carrying that head of yours on a pike," but what the hell, it wasn't my dough. By the time we finished loading, the back was almost full and he rode the jump seat uptown. I could see he was dying for me to ask questions, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

Pretty soon he started in to fidget. "Aren't you curious what I intend to do with these fish?" he said.

"No," I said. "The type people I usually work for can afford to use them for fertilizer."

That stopped him, but not for long. "All right, wise guy, I'll tell you," he said. "I'm having a private seafood restaurant built, up on Third Avenue, with red leather benches like a French café. The idea is, I'll be sitting inside eating pompano and nobody else will be able to get in, because the place'll be locked." He let out a guffaw. "Can you imagine those yaps hammering on the door? I break up just thinking about it."

"You fracture a lot easier than I do, pal," I said. "To me it's as funny as a cry on the moors."

"I thought you had a sense of humor when I hired you," he said.

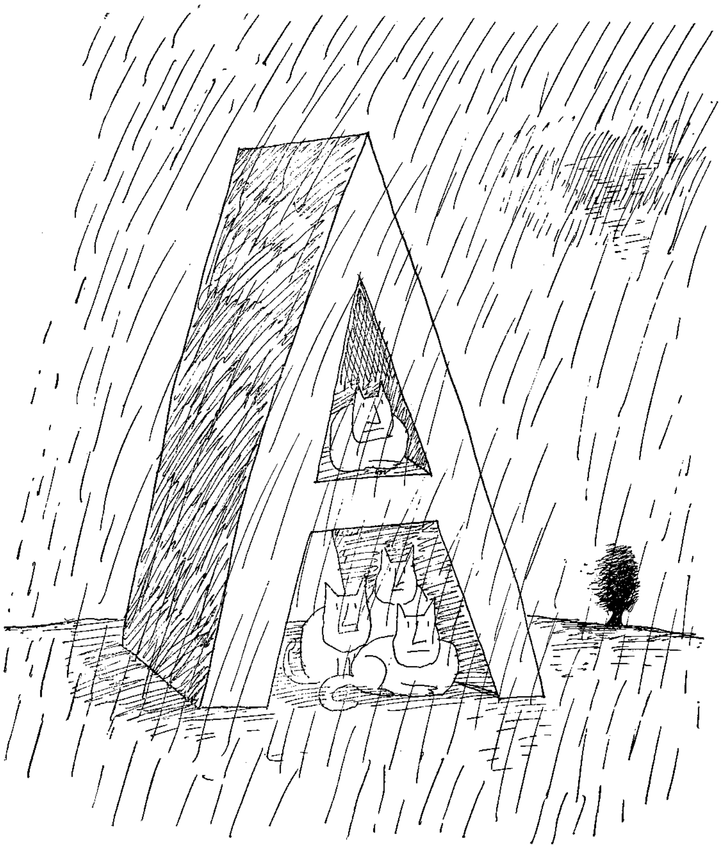
I was about to tell him I was a chauffeur, not a straight man, when suddenly, in the rearview mirror, I see him blow some kind of dust at me from the palm of his hand. In practically the next second, I'm sneezing so hard that before I could help it the car jumped the curb, missed a couple of pedestrians by inches, and landed smack up against a hydrant. I turn around with my eyes smarting, and this bloody loogan is doubled over laughing.

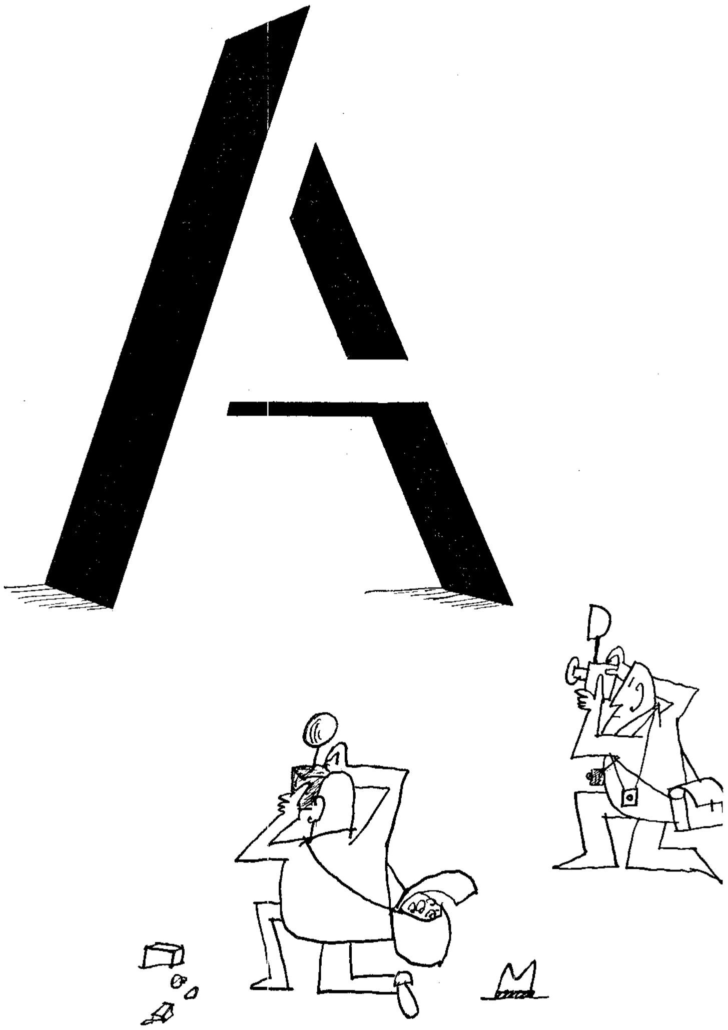
"Are you crazy?" I said. "What in God's name was that?"

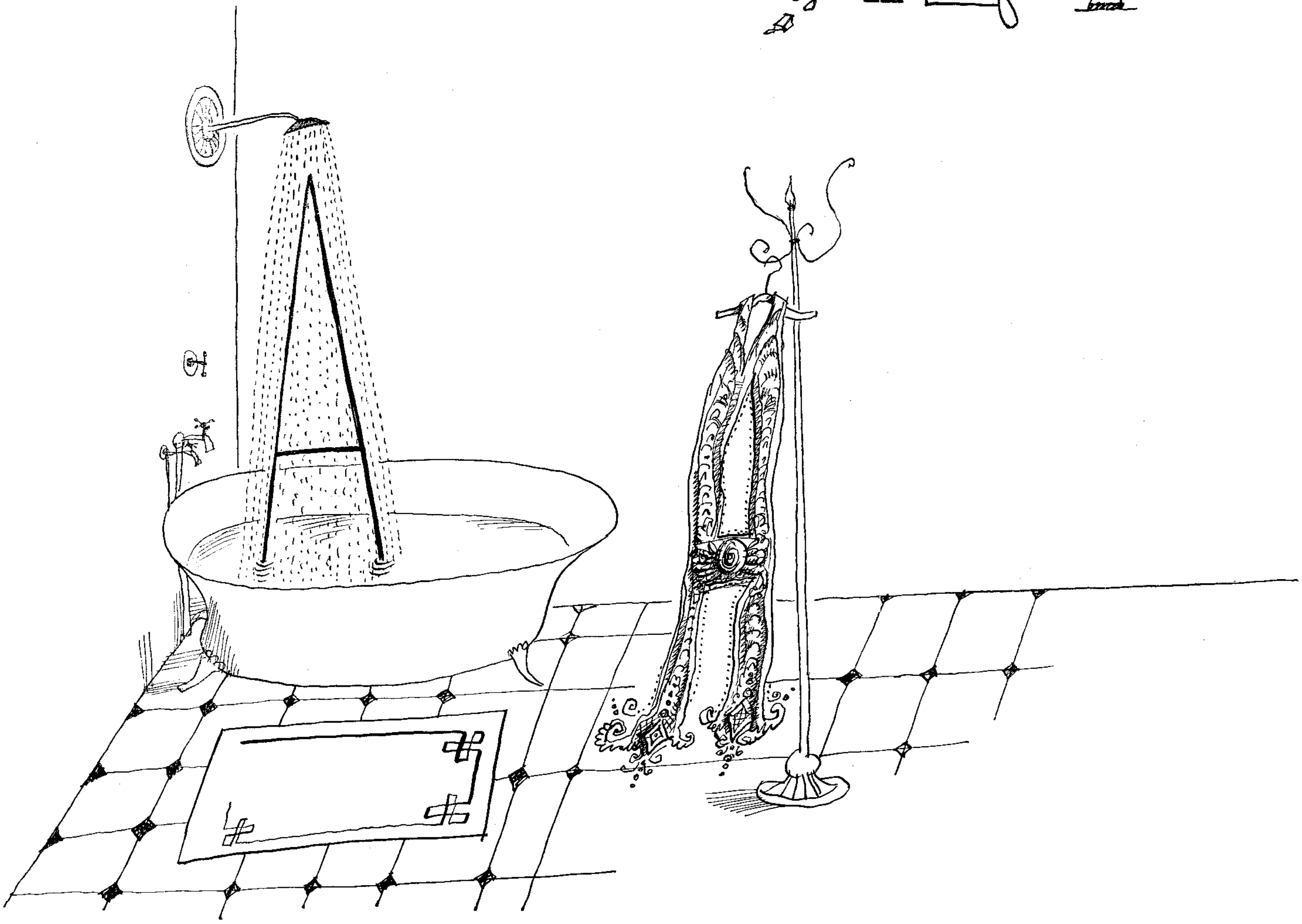
"Sneeze powder," he says, hardly able to get the words out. "Isn't it the greatest? Listen, let's try it on the guy that brings the tow car."

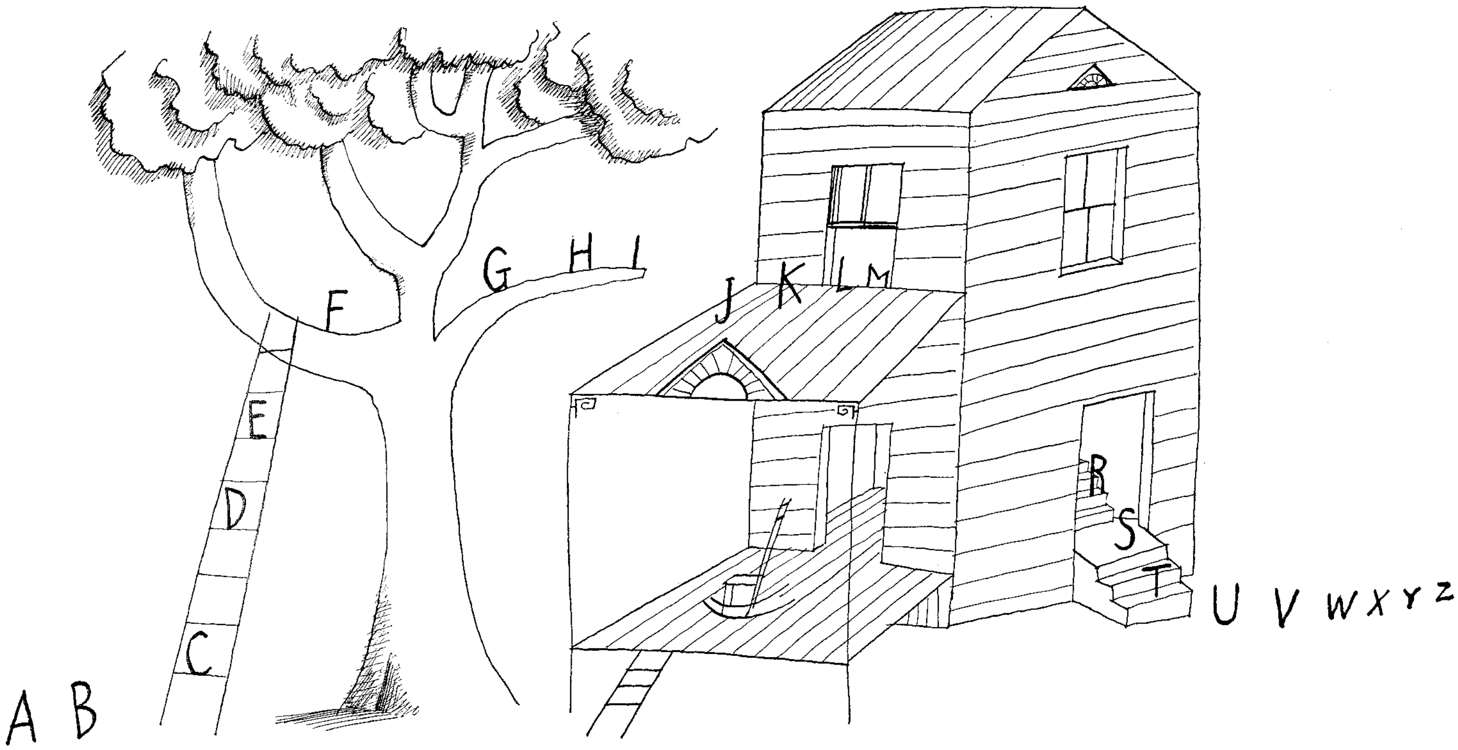
I got out from behind the wheel and opened the rear door. I crooked my index and middle finger, took the little crumb's nose between them, and twisted until he dropped down on his knees, whinnying in torment like the Three Stooges. Then I straightened my tie with that warm, cozy glow you get from a job well done and went down the subway.

—S. J. Perelman





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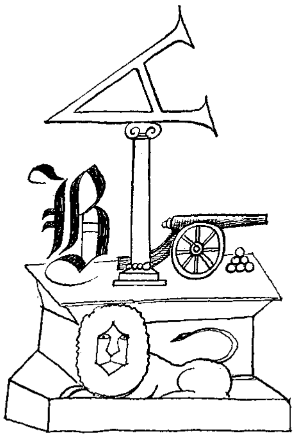

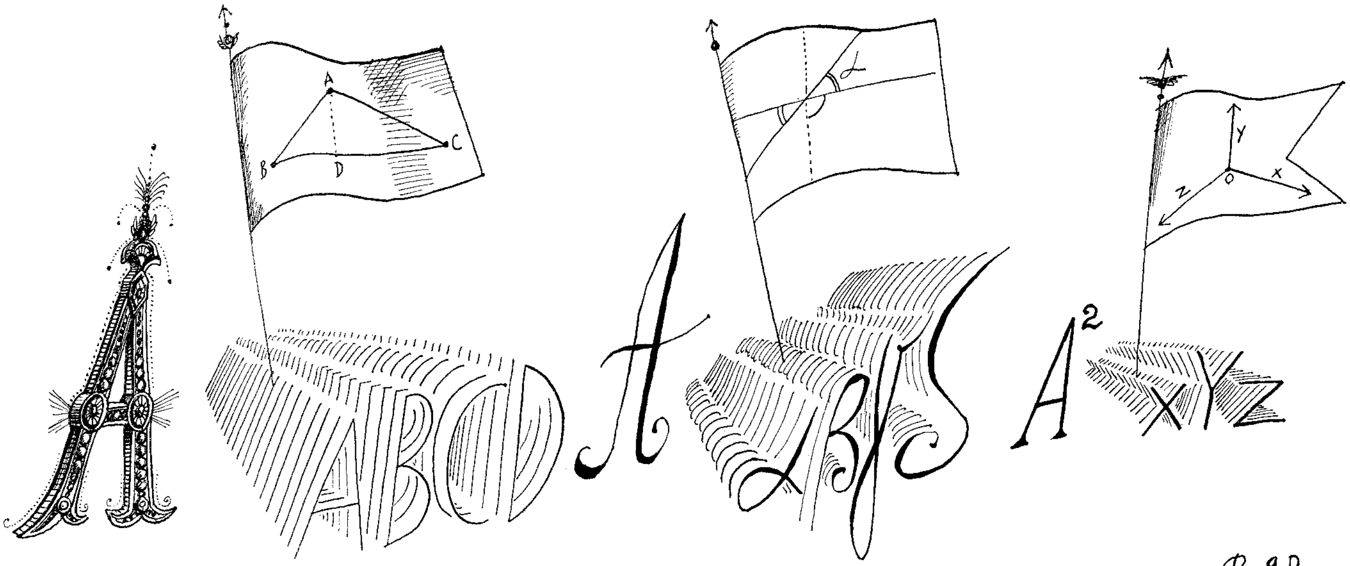
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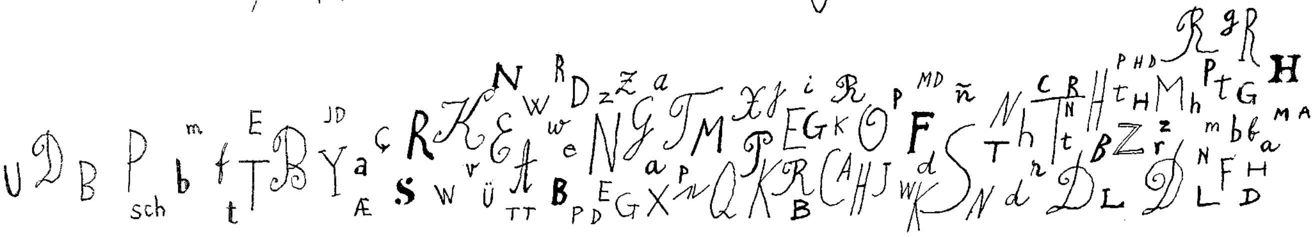

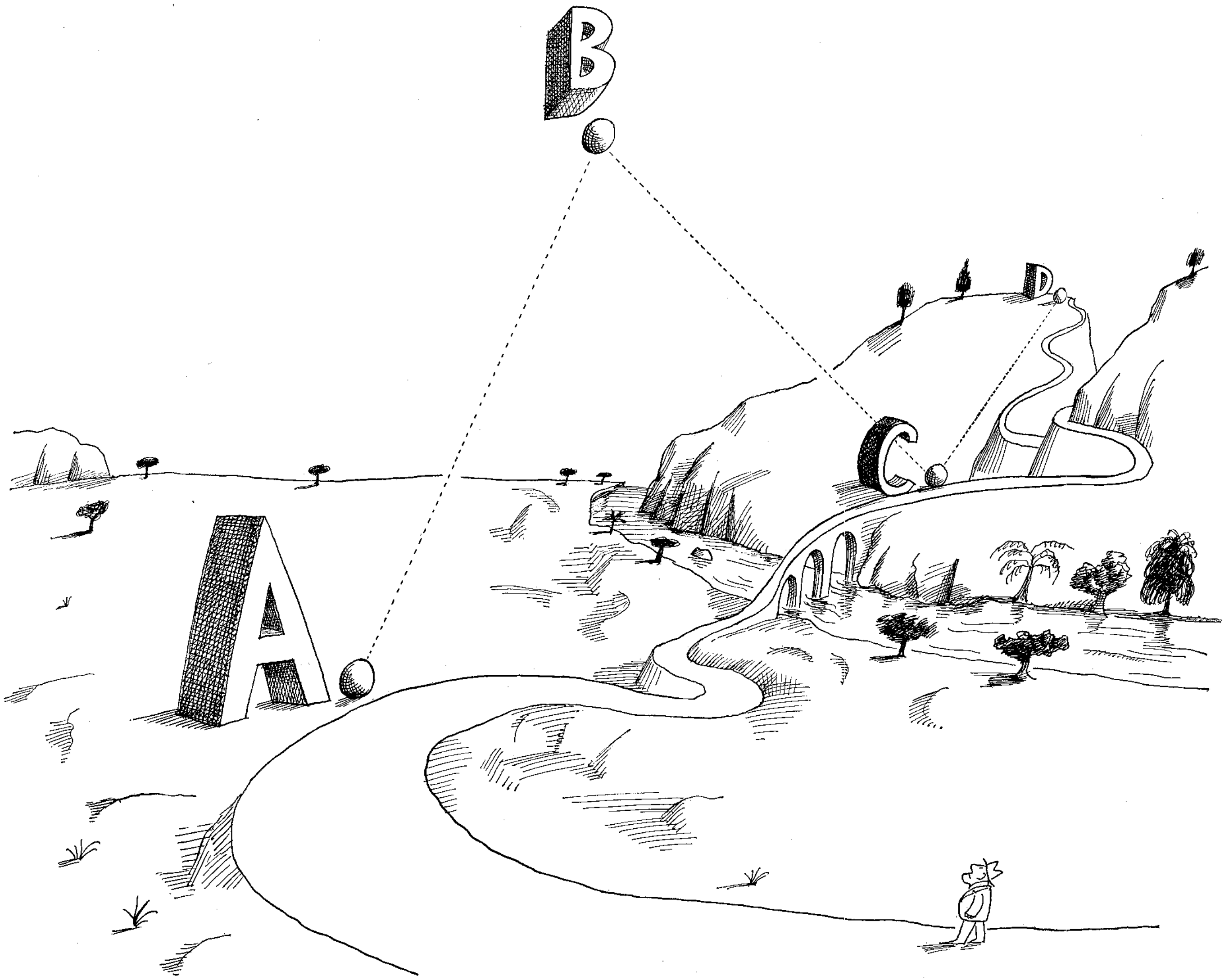
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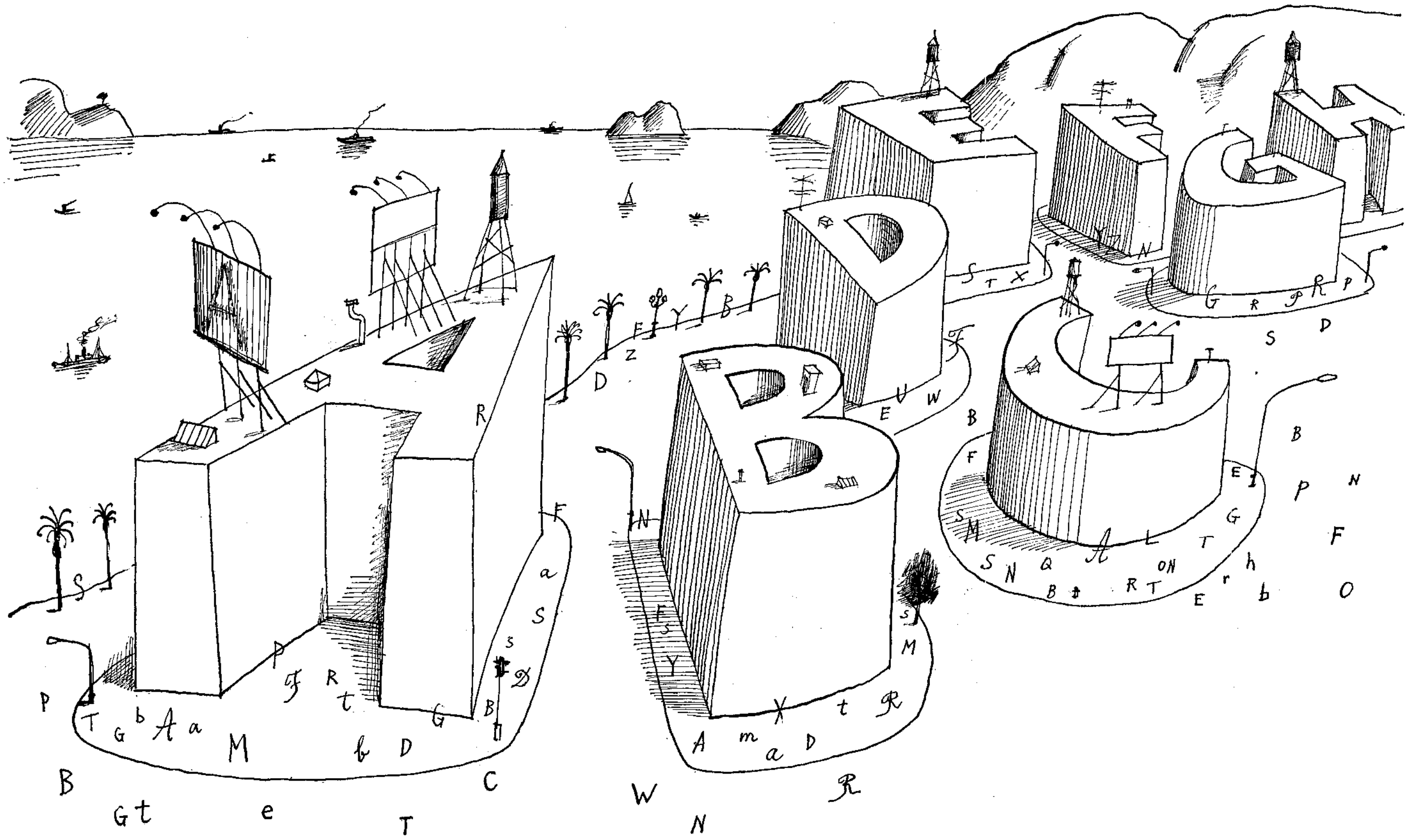
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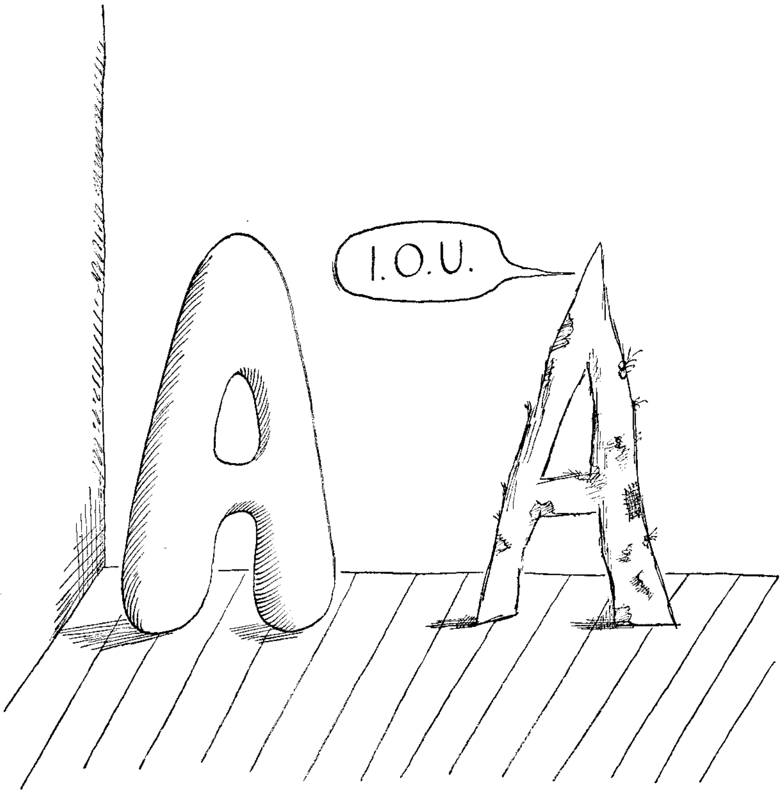
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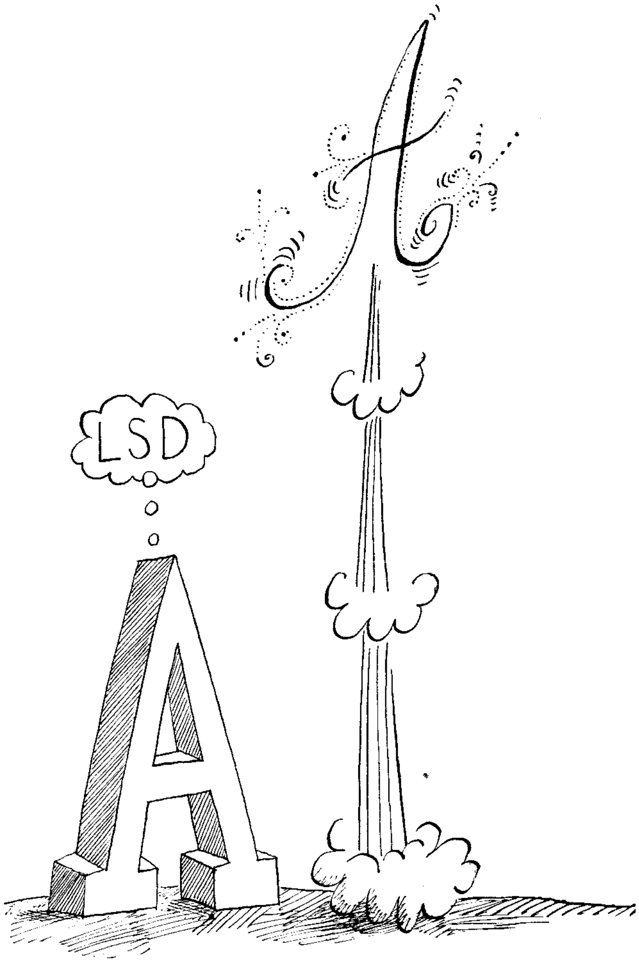
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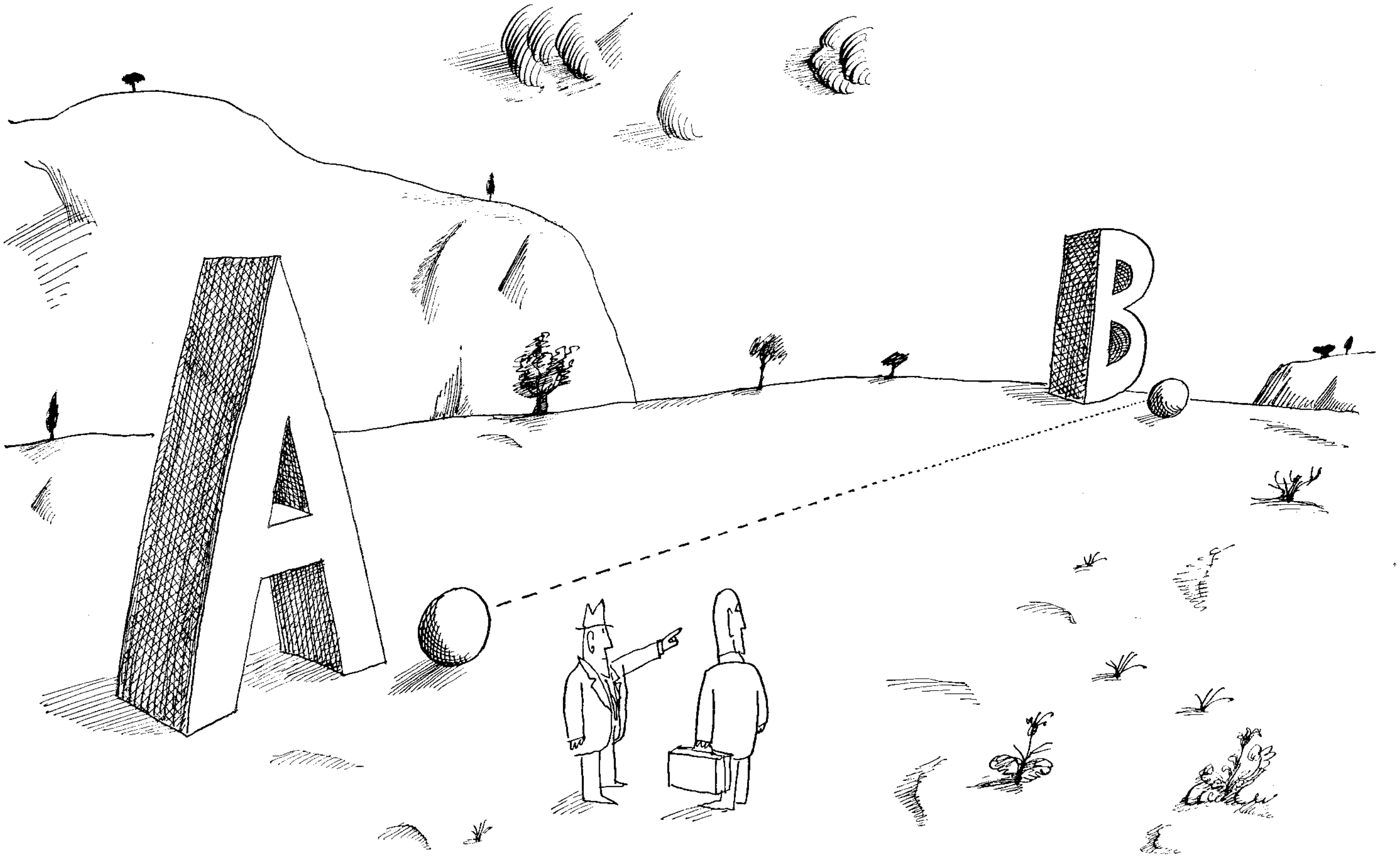
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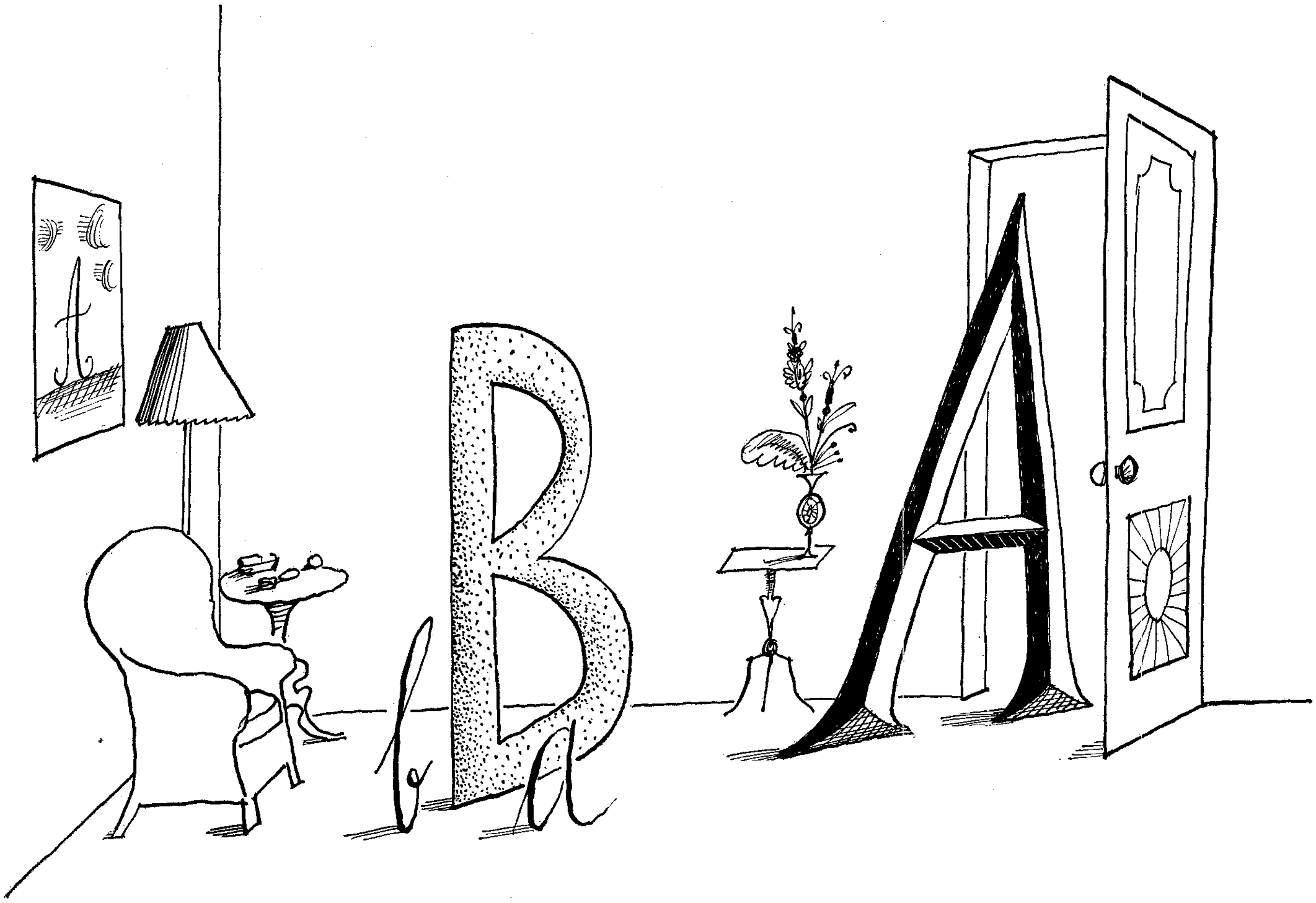

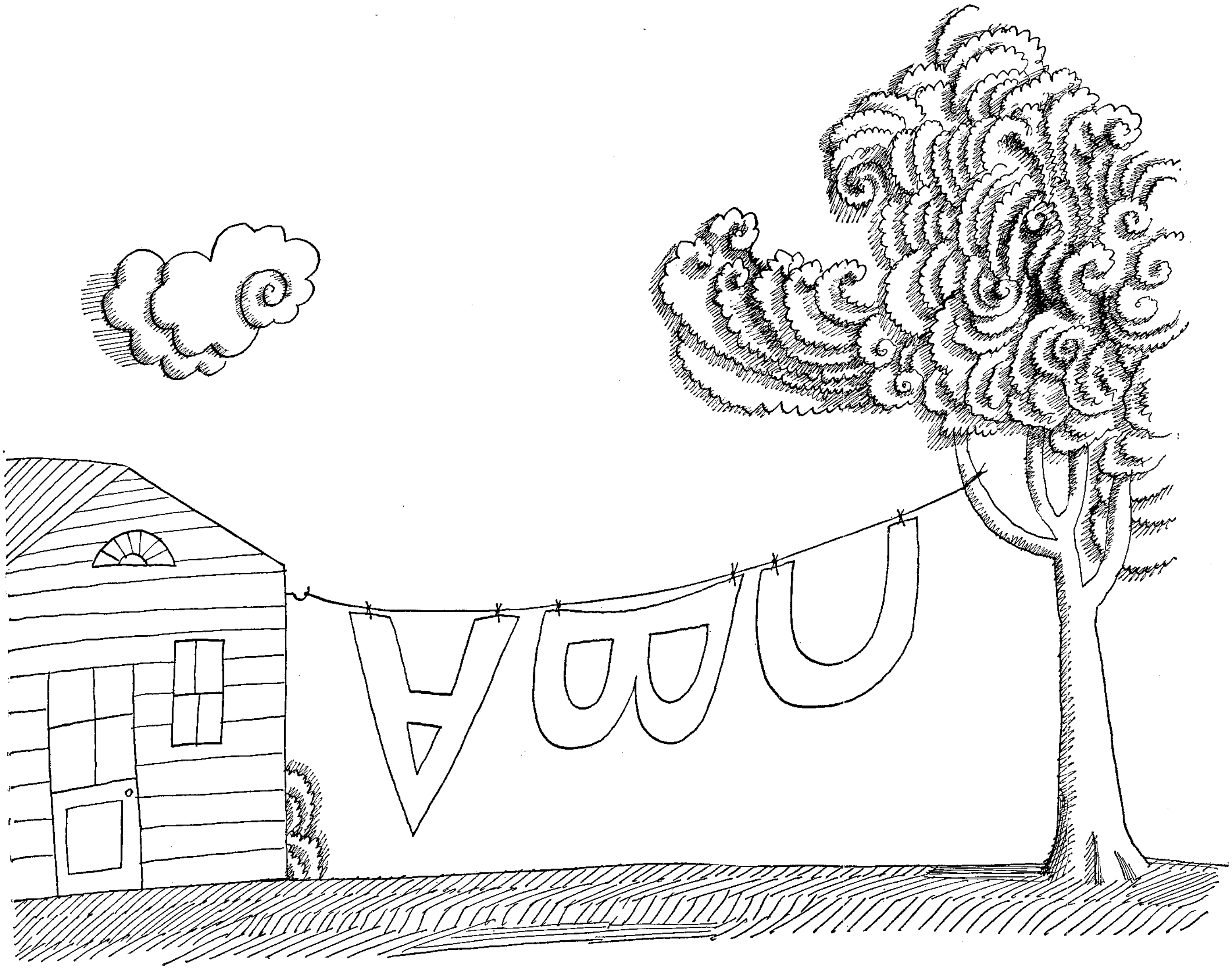

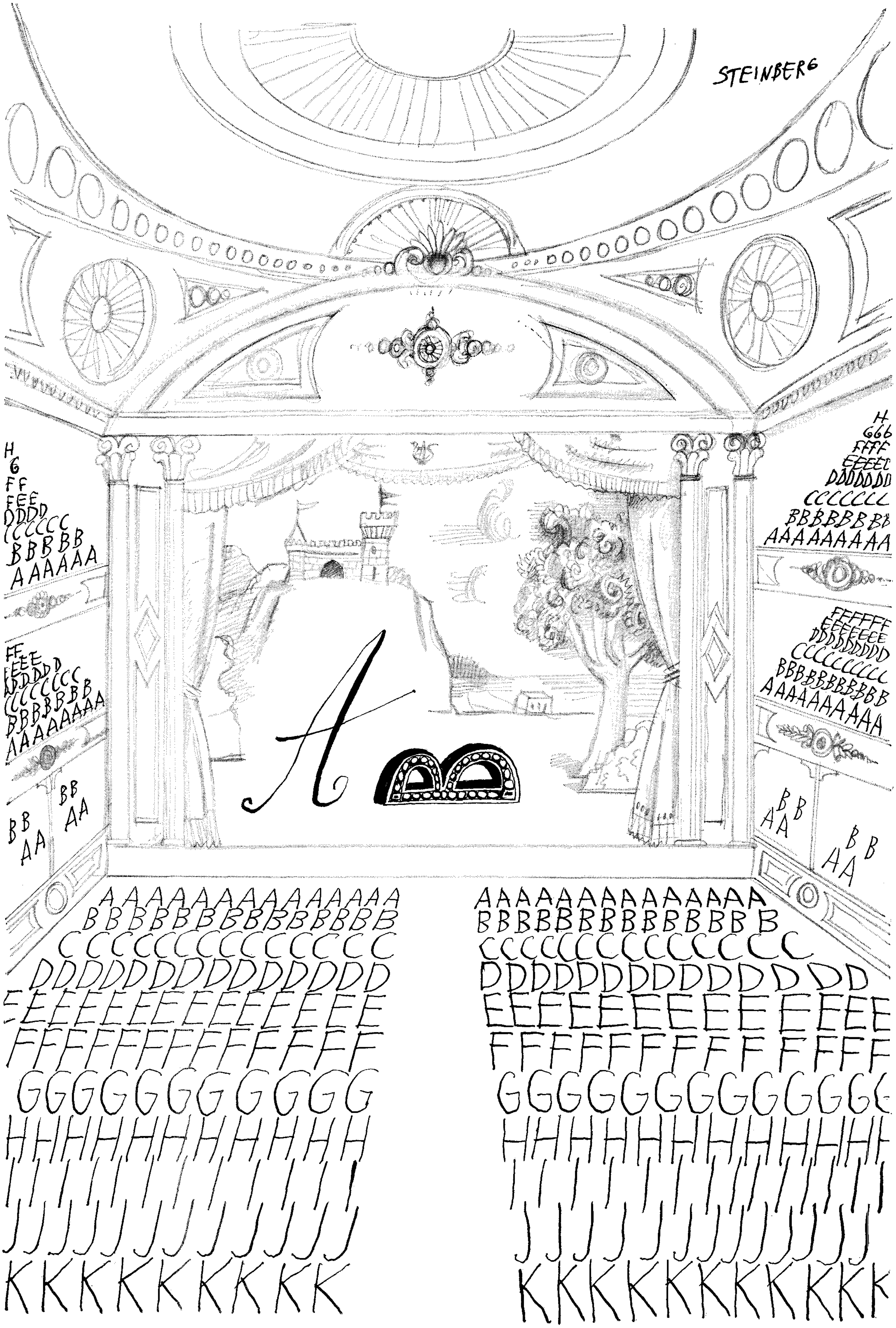
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EVERY DAY REQUIRES AN ATLAS AND MORE

R.D. 1, TRUMANSBURG, NEW YORK,
SEPTEMBER 7, 1964

THOUGH it came later this year than usual, Labor Day was one of the finest days of the summer in upstate New York. The temperature rose to the mid-eighties; the sky until sunset remained a rich blue. Each nearby bush and tree, each contour of the distant hills to the west and the south, was sharply defined. In the morning, my fourteen-year-old son and I worked on ladders to complete—before the sun blinded us—the caulking and painting on the west side of the house. The caulking was of particular importance, for ours is a country house, situated on open land in the highest corner of this rolling Finger Lakes county. My eleven-year-old son was bent on his knees in the garden, picking tomatoes half hidden in the weeds and clearing the weeds away from his patch of pumpkins. My wife washed and scraped blistered paint from several pairs of shutters we had discovered in the loft of one of the barns. My youngest son, a four-year-old, found a broken paintbrush and pretended to paint the foundation stones near my ladder. On this singular morning, there were no arguments, no screams; even the dogs and cats—this year we have two of each—were at peace, the cats basking on the picnic table, the dogs sleeping in its shadow.

After lunch, my wife drove the children to town, ten miles away, to see the Levins; our oldest boy was to spend the night with their son. In the afternoon, wanting to feel the sun on my back, I took off my shirt as I painted the shutters my wife had prepared for the black enamel. It was slow and mindless work, which I enjoyed. Four silver aircraft flew high above—two tankers refuelling two bombers. When the maneuver was completed, the tankers veered off, one climbing to the left and the other to the right; the bombers continued to follow their invisible, parallel lines. When I had finished with the shutters, I put on my trunks for a swim in our pond. Earlier in the summer, we had made a beach, covering the mud with bank-run gravel and then with sand. The warmth of the sand felt good beneath my feet and between my toes; the cold water—the pond is fed by a spring—was at first painful and then a delight. Floating on my back, I looked at that lovely late-summer sky. Turning my head one way, I could see outlined against it the green leaves of the willow we had planted by the pond's edge two years before, soon after we had moved to the country; turning my head the other way, I could see our old house, its new paint gleaming in the afternoon sun.

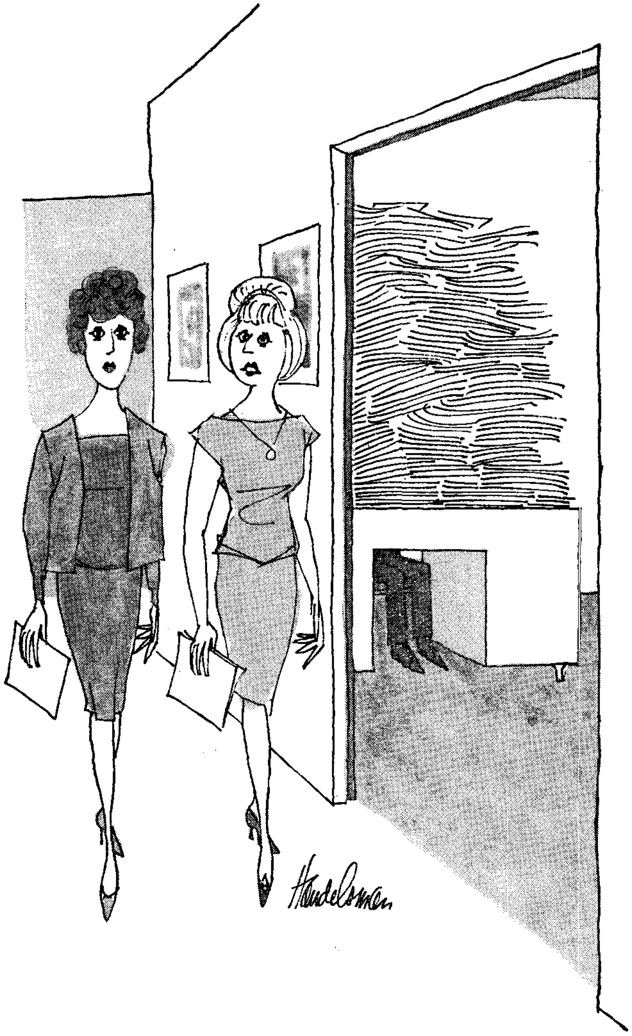
I was sprawled on the sand in the sun when my wife returned. She and the two younger children put on their suits to join me at the pond. "Did you know that today is Jewish New Year as well as Labor Day?" my wife asked.

"I could believe anything about this day," I said.

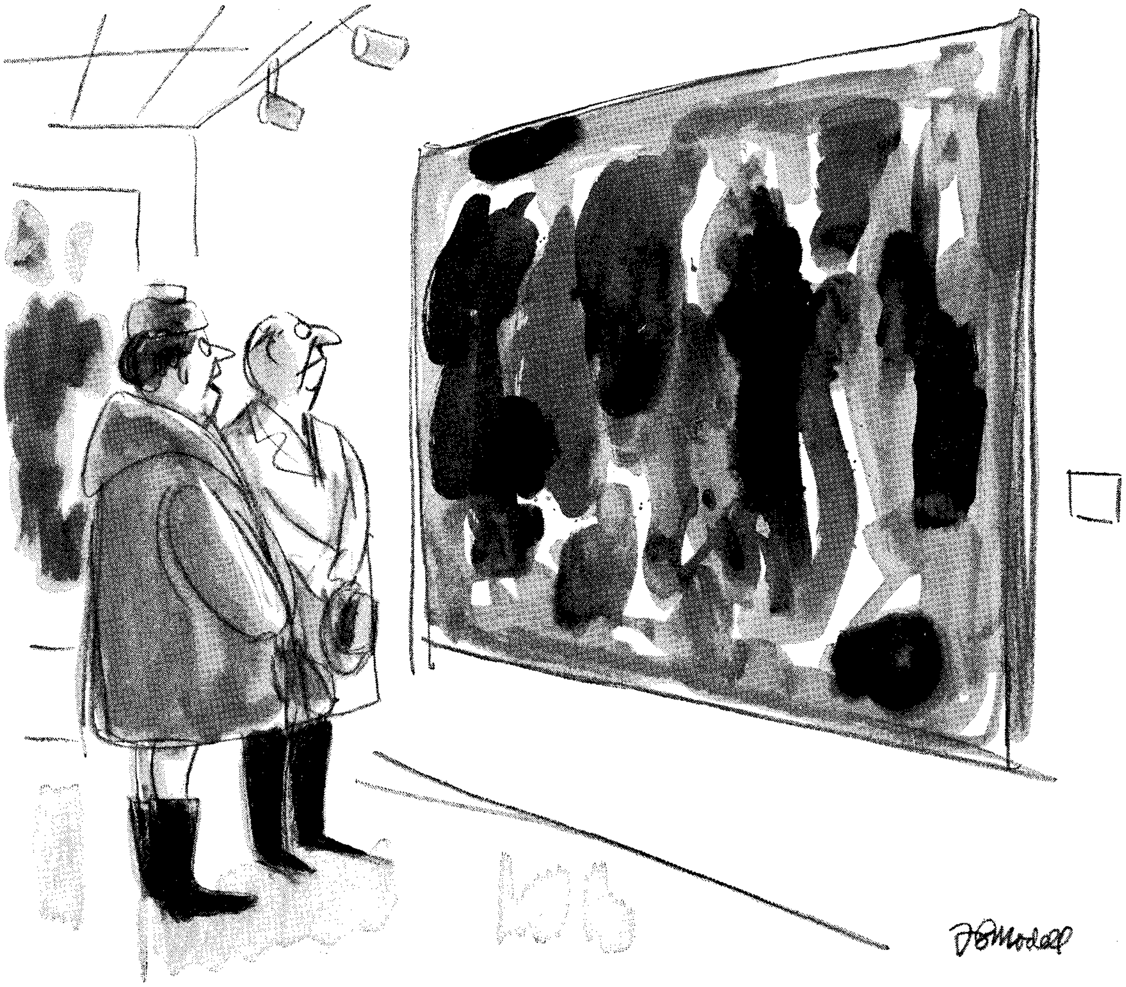
"Florence Levin is so funny!" she said, wading into the water. "She kept saying, 'We ought to be *doing* something today, this wonderful day.' They don't belong to the synagogue, and if you don't belong you have to pay a hundred dollars to take your family to a holiday service. She had her girls in their best clothes—nice tailored suits. The girls were walking up and down the gravel path—you know how well kept their garden is—and Florence sat on the bench nearly in tears and saying, 'I know I shouldn't be upset. I don't hold to traditions, but we ought to be doing something. My parents would have taken *me* to the synagogue.' "

I said, "Isn't it queer how you think about your childhood—everything that made you feel good—on a day like this?" My words surprised me, for until that moment I had not been conscious of any such thing. But I felt as if I understood Florence Levin, which meant, I suppose, that I, too, was saddened by I didn't know what.

That night, just after we had finished supper, a red Oldsmobile convertible came to a stop at our crossroads and inexplicably burst into flames. I called the nearest fire department and then squirted upon the engine the contents of the two-dollar extinguisher that, carried in the glove compartment of my station wagon, had given me a sense of security over the years; the fire hissed in malice, the red and yellow tongues leaping at my face and at that of the nervous young owner of the car. A neighboring farmer, a man who some years earlier had lost an arm in a corn picker, came running with a dry-chemical extinguisher, an intricate, gleaming affair with valves and dials; though he'd purchased it within the month, it wouldn't work. "That's how it is with the equipment you buy today," he said matter-of-factly, tossing it into the ditch. With his gleaming hook he pulled the blistered and smoking hood back down over the engine. The fire licked through the instrument panel to the front cushion and then up through the canvas roof. My eleven-year-old walked around the car snapping pictures to send to the newspaper. My four-year-old ran into the road carrying a red book made in the shape of a fire engine.



"There it goes again! Hear it? A sort of whimpering."



"I did not say I liked it. I said I didn't mind it."

"Whee, whee, out of my way!" he cried. I grabbed a boy with each hand. "Stand back, it could explode. It could even burn down our house," I said. I was irritated that they should feel so free. We could hear the siren at Enfield Center blowing again and again.

"How long will it take them to get here?" I asked my wife.

"I've always wondered," she replied.

It took fifteen minutes and thirty-five seconds from the time I phoned. The fire truck led a line of twenty or more cars belonging to volunteers, or simply the curious; each car contained a family. Our front yard became a carnival, lighted by the burning car. The front wheels were twin circles of flame. While the firemen busied themselves with extinguishers and the fire hose, my eleven-year-old carried our telescope into the yard; he was immediately surrounded by children and parents who wished to see the rings around Saturn and other marvels. The owner of the car wandered over for a look and then returned to his soaked and smoking wreck. "I've always wanted to see Saturn through a telescope," he said, as if to see it would have consoled him, "but the tires make too much of a smudge."

After the excitement was over, after the crossroads was deserted again—even the burned-out car gone—I walked into the country dark to retrieve the telescope. A bit of cosmic debris shimmered into a momentary arc. I looked at Jupiter through the telescope. A bloated mass with a throbbing pimple, it wavered across the lens, a row of trembling little moons accompanying it like starved chickens. My grief was far out of proportion to the disorder of the evening, even as my joy that morning had been in excess of my mindless tasks. What are we, that we are moved at a touch between serenity and desolation?

Perhaps in our middle years we would make order of our past because of the very anarchy of our feelings. We would say of our forties that they constitute a watershed, a high point from which we can examine the topography behind us; in that landscape vanishing toward our earliest memories, we would find separate squares of land, each with its fences and each representing a stage in our development from innocence and illusion. Such an implied compliment to our present rationality and wisdom!

Late on Labor Day night, after my wife and I had looked through wholesale catalogues for fire extinguishers, after we had gone to bed, I lay awake, thinking of certain tales, of little squares of land, in my past.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, THE EARLY 1930'S

SOON after my father moved us to Little Rock in the early years of the depression, my brother and I discovered the swimming pool at White City. It was a long distance, much of it uphill, from our house on South Cedar Street to the pool. Though there was a streetcar, we could not afford both the fare and the swimming fee; usually we could afford neither and sat on a bench outside the wire fence. My brother, who was fourteen, watched the girls sunning or diving. I was ten, and liked to look at the fat man. Late each afternoon, he waddled out of the bathhouse, smoking a long cigar and holding a newspaper. "Pardon me, pardon me," he would say as he approached the lithe girls lying on the boards by the pool's edge; they would shriek with mock alarm, some of them tumbling into the pool and others rolling out of harm's way. His huge rear swaying, he would descend the ladder at the deep end. But what a transformation once he commenced to float! His blubber buoyed him; water was his element. Lying on his back, his body a ship and his cigar its funnel, he would give a kick now and then to keep him on course as he glided beneath the diving boards and around the perimeter of the pool, serenely reading the *Arkansas Democrat*.

It pleases me still to think of this man, this shy bear daily turned whale or ship: how many of us have been able to fashion our indignities into such enjoyments, to find such recourse from the penalties of our appetites?

My father also was fat and smoked cigars, but he seldom swam. Nothing ever satisfied him long. He had owned

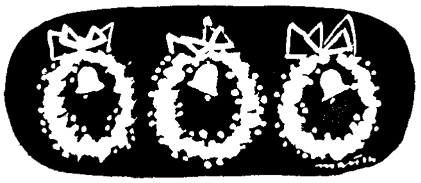
STAYING ALIVE

Staying alive in the woods is a matter of calming down
At first and deciding whether to wait for rescue,
Trusting to others,
Or simply to start walking and walking in one direction
Till you come out—or something happens to stop you.
By far the safer choice
Is to settle down where you are, and try to make a living
Off the land, camping near water, away from shadows.
Eat no white berries;
Spit out all bitterness. Shooting at anything
Means hiking further and further every day
To hunt survivors;
It may be best to learn what you have to learn without a gun,
Not killing but watching birds and animals go
In and out of shelter
At will. Following their example, build for a whole season:
Facing across the wind in your lean-to,
You may feel wilder,
And nothing, not even you, will have to stay in hiding.
If you have no matches, a stick and a fire-bow
Will keep you warmer,
Or the crystal of your watch, filled with water, held up to the sun
Will do the same, in time. In case of snow,
Drifting toward winter,
Don't try to stay awake through the night, afraid of freezing—
The bottom of your mind knows all about zero;
It will turn you over
And shake you till you waken. If you have trouble sleeping
Even in the best of weather, jumping to follow
With eyes strained to their corners
The unidentifiable noises of the night and feeling
Bears and packs of wolves nuzzling your elbow,
Remember the trappers
Who treated them indifferently and were left alone.
If you hurt yourself, no one will comfort you
Or take your temperature,
So stumbling, wading, and climbing are as dangerous as flying.
But if you decide, at last, you must break through
In spite of all danger,
Think of yourself by time and not by distance, counting
Wherever you're going by how long it takes you;
No other measure
Will bring you safe to nightfall. Follow no streams: they run
Under the ground or fall into wilder country.
Remember the stars
And moss when your mind runs into circles. If it should rain,
Or the fog should roll the horizon in around you,
Hold still for hours
Or days, if you must, or weeks, for seeing is believing
In the wilderness. And if you find a pathway,
Wheel rut, or fence wire,
Retrace it left or right—someone knew where he was going
Once upon a time, and you can follow
Hopefully, somewhere,
Just in case. There may even come, on some uncanny evening,
A time when you're warm and dry, well fed, not thirsty,
Uninjured, without fear,
When nothing, either good or bad, is happening.
This is called staying alive. It's temporary.
What occurs after
Is doubtful. You must always be ready for something to come bursting
Through the far edge of a clearing, running toward you,
Grinning from ear to ear
And hoarse with welcome. Or something crossing and hovering
Overhead, as light as air, like a break in the sky,
Wondering what you are.
Here you are face to face with the problem of recognition.
Having no time to make smoke, too much to say,
You should have a mirror
With a tiny hole in the back for better aiming, for reflecting
Whatever disaster you can think of, to show
The way you suffer.
These body signals have universal meaning: If you are lying
Flat on your back with arms outstretched behind you,
You say you require
Emergency treatment; if you are standing erect and holding
Arms horizontal, you mean you are not ready;
If you hold them over
Your head, you want to be picked up. Three of anything
Is a sign of distress. Afterward, if you see
No ropes, no ladders,
No maps or messages falling, no searchlights or trails blazing,
Then, chances are, you should be prepared to burrow
Deep for a deep winter.

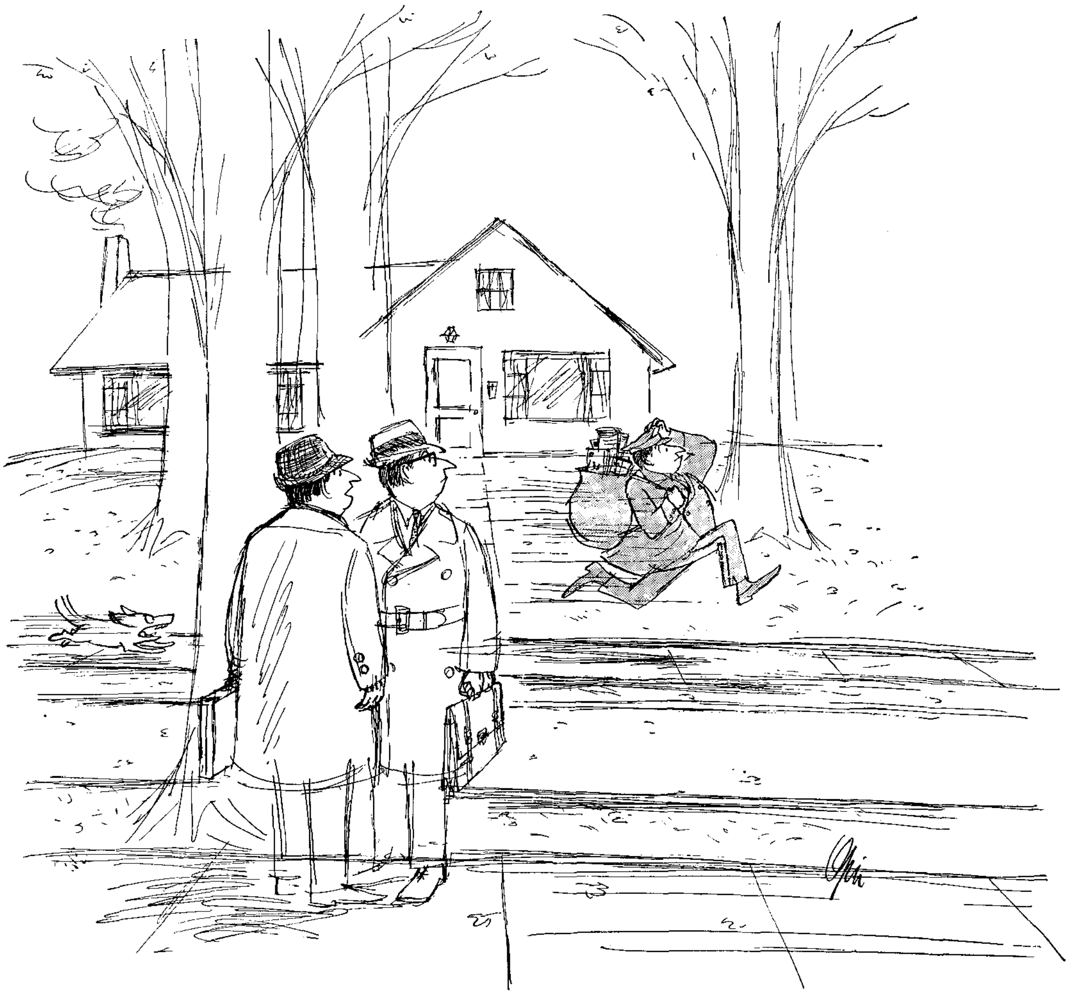
—David Wagoner

• •

a Marmon agency when he was barely of voting age and had built upon its roof what the newspapers called the largest advertising sign in the Western Hemisphere. But when he had heard of three freighters at Baltimore loaded with fine German steel that nobody else knew what to do with . . . His restlessness made my childhood a course in the geography and grammar schools of the East, Midwest, and South. In Oklahoma City, before the depression, he bought twelve planes—Spads or Nieuports, relics of the war—in order to keep one aloft. I remember my mother's crying with pride, "There's your father!" as I looked up with her into a blue sky at the tiny wings circling our neighborhood. And I remember, from the year before we moved to Little Rock, a touring car moving slowly through the Ohio countryside at night, in a fog so thick that the headlights had been switched off. I sat on the rear seat with my mother and brother, the three of us huddled beneath a blanket; my father's head loomed before us. He was peering forward as he drove, following a bobbing yellow lantern. We were on a bluff high above an unseen river. Then rows of blurred lights appeared before and beneath us; we were curving down the hill toward a town. "East Liverpool," my father said, laughing. "We've made it to East Liverpool. What ever would we have done without Dr. Szabo and his lantern?" Dr. Szabo, our guide that night, had invented the lantern he carried. He was accompanying us on a trip to Pittsburgh to see to the details—they never materialized—for the manufacturing, by my father, of several of his inventions.



Years later, soon after I had been discharged from the Army, I left my wife in Cleveland to look for a magazine or newspaper job in New York. As a college student, I had—all at the same time—edited a county weekly and the college newspaper and been the nightside copy boy for a Cleveland daily; and as a soldier, I had been a journalist both in Europe and New York. But the romance that journalism once held for me had vanished. I wanted I didn't know what—certainly not the few jobs offered me—and so I drove back, alone, to Ohio. In East Liverpool, I stopped for a cup of coffee in a nondescript café and knew I had been there before. I said to the man who served me, "But the counter belongs on the *other* side of the room," and he said, "We moved it ten years ago." Immediately, I saw my father and Dr. Szabo smoking and sipping coffee and talking with excitement while the rest of us drowsily waited in that little oasis for the midnight fog to lift, and I had the sudden wish to be a child of eight or nine again, wholly dependent upon a father to carry me to comfort and dreams.



"I believe that's the first time I've actually seen the Zip Code in operation."

• •

Of all the years of my childhood, I remember with greatest pleasure that year of the depression when we lived on South Cedar Street in Little Rock in a tiny house in a dubious neighborhood. The grounds of the state asylum adjoined our back yard. On the day that the van with our furniture arrived—we had come from Toledo—the neighborhood boys gathered in a line on the sidewalk to watch. Proud of my miniature golf course, I set it up around the crates and chairs in the front yard and played a game by myself. My brother put on his skis and grasped his poles, making elaborate motions.

"I know what them things are," one of the watching boys said in a low voice. "They're shees, from the north."

"They are called skis," my brother replied promptly.

"What language do they speak where you come from?" the same boy asked.

"English," my brother said.

The boy said in disbelief, "That's what *we* speak."

My brother and I were inexcusable Yankee braggarts that day. "We speak it as it ought to be spoken," I said, lying on the grass to get the proper line for my ball, and my brother bent forward to speed down an imaginary slope. The boys on the sidewalk waited until our parents and the movers were all in the house, and then, with a fierce yell, they attacked. My brother fled in one direction and I in another, and when we returned his skis were gone and so were all the metal parts of my golf course.

But within a week my brother and I were attempting a drawl. I saw a boy in the next block playing miniature golf with my equipment and aping my showoff antics. We cursed each other and swung our fists viciously through the air. Then he helped me return the parts to my yard, and together we stole some new lumber from the garage of a house down the street. My brother's skis appeared mysteriously on our porch one morning, the day after he had walked downtown with several other boys to steal a bicycle pump at the Walgreen store. To acquaint me further with the neighborhood boys, my mother invited them all to an afternoon party of cookies and pop; they came, bearing toys as if it were a birthday. "Why did you do that?" my mother asked in astonishment. "Why, Ma'am, it wasn't no bother," the oldest one said. "We just went down to the dime store and *took* them."

What a grand year that was! We set fire to the dry grass of the asylum grounds and watched from a thicket while three fire trucks sped up and the inmates cheered from their windows. For a week, we hid an escaped inmate in the abandoned shack of a neighborhood alley, bringing him each night bread and half-eaten candy bars and foul cigarettes we made from tobacco taken from the asylum's own crop and cured for a few days in the sun. He never spoke a word to any of us, though we were a semicircle of reverent disciples in the darkness while he ate our food and coughed on our cigarettes; when he vanished, we felt a betrayal and looked for a message in the dust of the window and floor. In the evenings, we stalked each other through the high grass, the younger boys with harmless guns that shot loops cut from

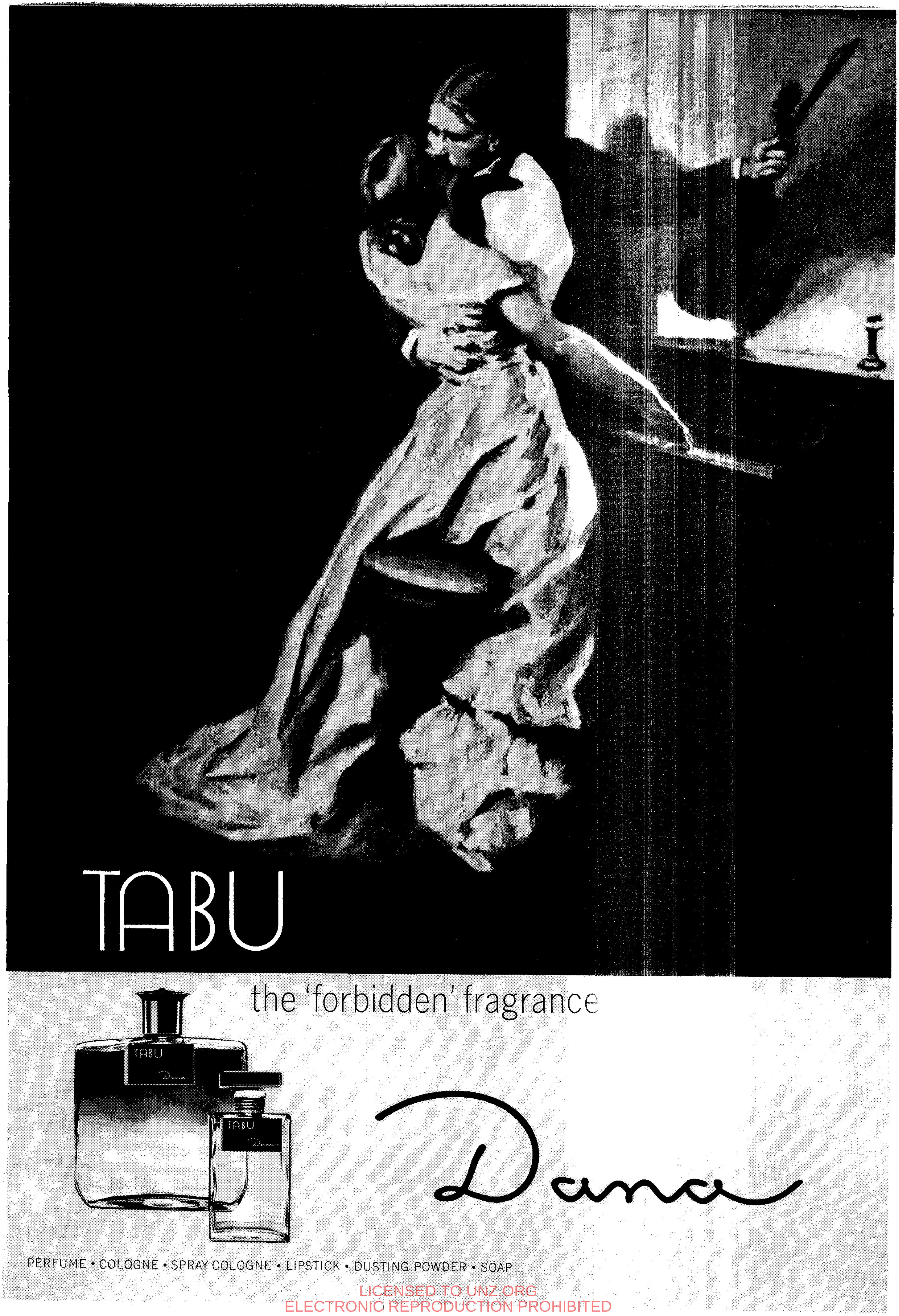
inner tubes and the older boys with air rifles cached during the day (with moldy copies of "The Shadow" and "Thrilling Stories") in a cave we had dug in the pursuit of sassafras roots. One boy would fire at us from the branches of a persimmon tree; we liked to ping our returning fire against the German helmet he always wore.

My father, then a tire salesman, was away on lengthy trips. I missed him with a lonely passion. On the nights when he was expected home—perhaps once or twice a month—I would refuse to play the evening games but would listen to the shouts and cries from the field as I sat on the porch step, smoking a piece of grapevine I kept in one of his discarded cigar boxes and watching the headlights of every passing car. My father's old Packard—he always drove old Packards—rarely appeared before I went to bed, but waking in the morning I would smell the aroma of coffee and cigars and hear his deep voice as he spoke in the kitchen with my mother. I would fall back, smiling, into a final quarter hour's sleep.

On the Sunday afternoons that my father was home, we had large meals, regardless of our debts; surfeited with beef or ham, we would sit at the table for hours while he reminisced and spoke of his hopes. That large table, once an expensive piece of mahogany, had been battered in countless vans; sturdy yet, with round legs ending in brass claws, it so filled the small room that we had to squeeze into our chairs on all sides but one. My father's talk awed me with a sense of immense possibilities; I became, like the table, an extension of his personality. His face would be radiant as he beat his fists upon the table.

His major dream that year in Little Rock was of Normandy, a subdivision not far from the pool at White City. Sometimes my brother and I, after we had looked through the fence at the girls and the fat man, would pass through the gate with the Normandy sign and wander up the curving streets of the subdivision. All of them were named for American Presidents. Only one street had houses. They were large houses in French Provincial, English half-timber, and American Colonial styles, all of them too costly for those depression days. The developers had gone bankrupt. At first, it seemed incredible to my brother and me that we might live in one of those houses, but my father thought that South Cedar Street *demanded* Normandy. "Do we want our children growing up ruffians? Do we?" he said sternly to my mother, as if her doubts were consigning my brother and me to a life of crime. I remember saying to my brother, "Daddy can do it," and seeing him nod impatiently, as if I had spoken some obvious truth. And somehow, though we had no money, he achieved for us the largest house on the street. It had three bathrooms, and in my first-day delirium I wandered from one to the next, flushing toilets, my father following after me and laughing like a boy.

But in that fine house we were more destitute than ever. My mother, who had always been self-effacing, became worried and irritable. Now without friends, I managed to persuade my closest crony from South Cedar Street, the boy who had stolen my miniature golf course, to spend a night with me. Cowed by our new house, he gave me a respect that forbade friendship. The sparsity of furniture made the rooms echo, but the echo impressed him. We slept together in my bed, and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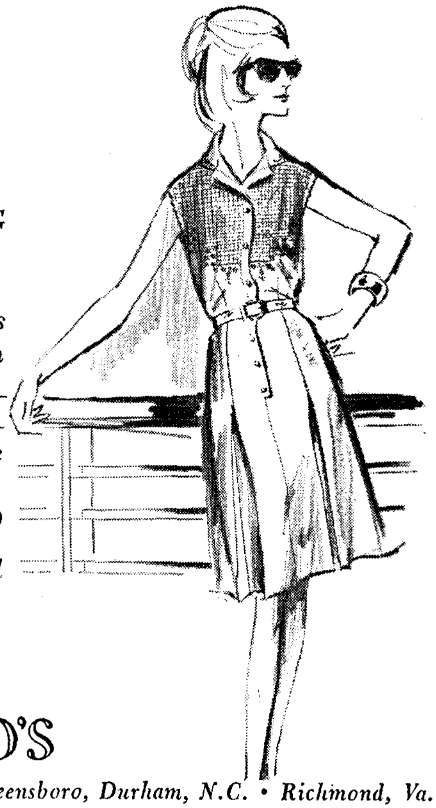

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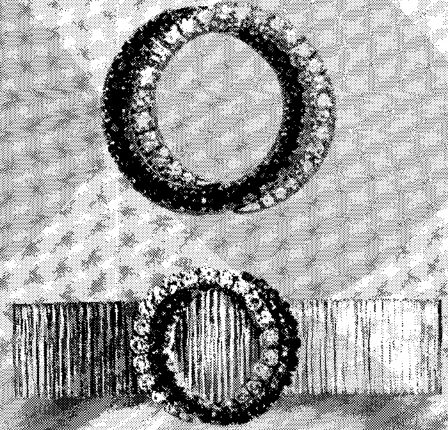

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during the night he thrashed about in a dream, scratching my leg. "You scratched me. Your toenails are too long," I said. He said quickly, "I'm sorry," and sat up in the dark. I heard a nibbling sound. "What are you doing?" I said. "Don't do that." But he held first one foot to his mouth and then the other, nibbling and tearing at his nails; and as I heard those soft sounds I knew, as I had not on the day we moved to Normandy, that one area of my life was behind me.

Once, my brother killed with a footstool a pancake-sized tarantula in the luggage room; a day or two later, a brilliantly colored centipede rustled up the outside of my bedroom screen. When my father, home for one of his weekends, heard of these invasions, both brought about by the nearness of the house to the pine forests, he spoke of building a stone wall or a moat. Where were his imaginings taking him, to what world would he go? Frightening though they were, a hairy spider and a fanged worm seemed to me ignoble enemies against which to build a castle, and my father smiled at his own words, but the Normandy of his mind must have held pennants and embattled ramparts. He left on another trip, his discontent remaining in each of the many rooms of the house he had desired.

Normandy, at all events, was close to the swimming pool. In those days, I seldom missed an entrance by the fat man, who every day at the same hour emerged like a bear from the bathhouse to float on his back in the pool, smoking a cigar as he read the sports and comic pages of the afternoon newspaper. The hunger with which I looked for his waddling walk surprised me.

After a year—our second in Little Rock—my father, to keep ownership of that disenchanted house, had to rent it for the amount of the monthly payments. We moved to Paducah and to Fort Smith, and ultimately, when our tenant left and no other renter was forthcoming, back to Normandy. Daily, we expected foreclosure and eviction. My father now was never home; the fat man was possibly dead, for I was never to see him at the pool again; my mother and brother and I were constantly low-spirited.

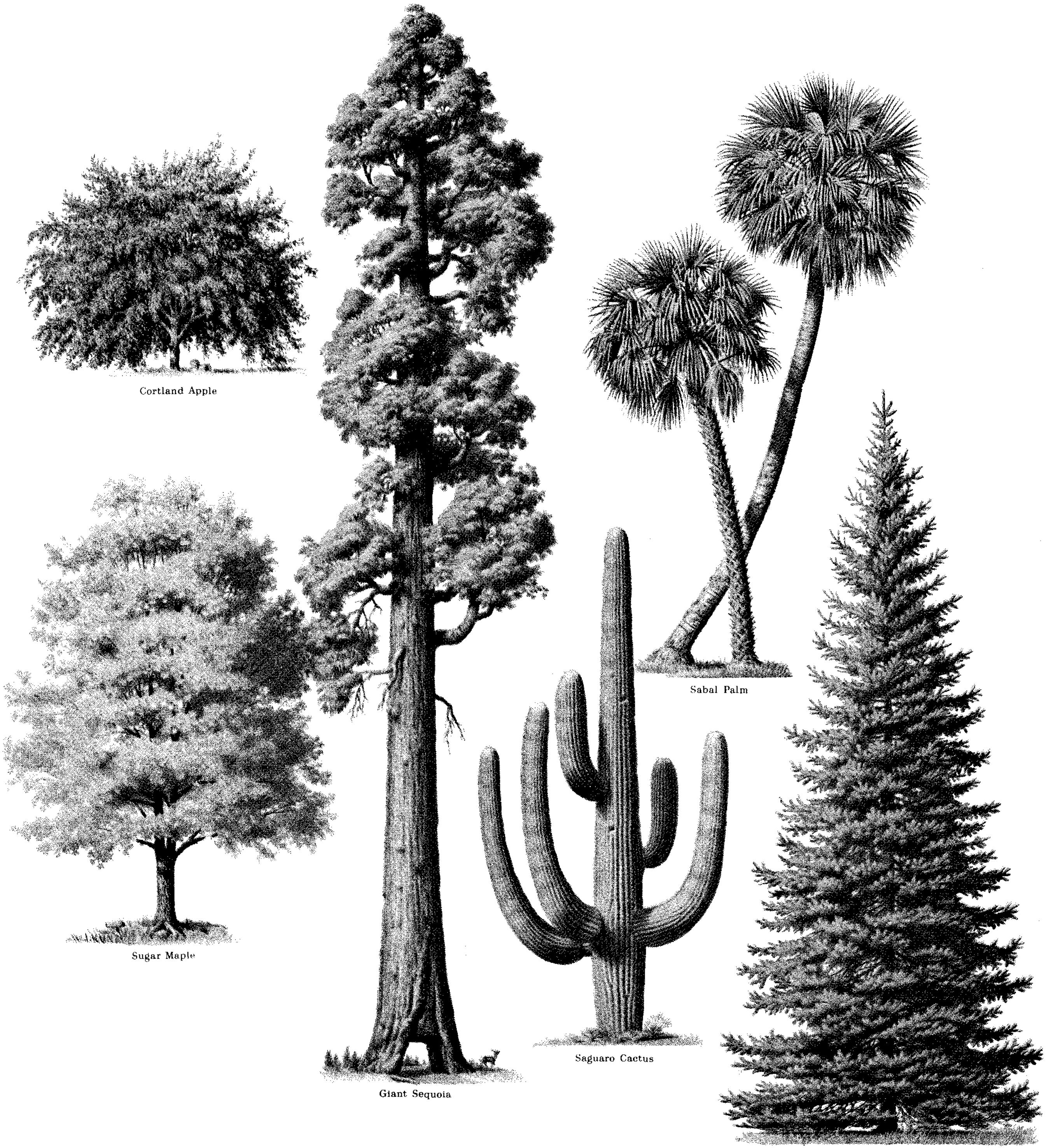
One hot August afternoon, my mother said to me, "Here's fifty cents. Go get a haircut."

I didn't wish to stir. "You know we can't afford a haircut," I said.

"But I want you to have one."

"No," I said sullenly.

"Get a *haircut*," she screamed, fling-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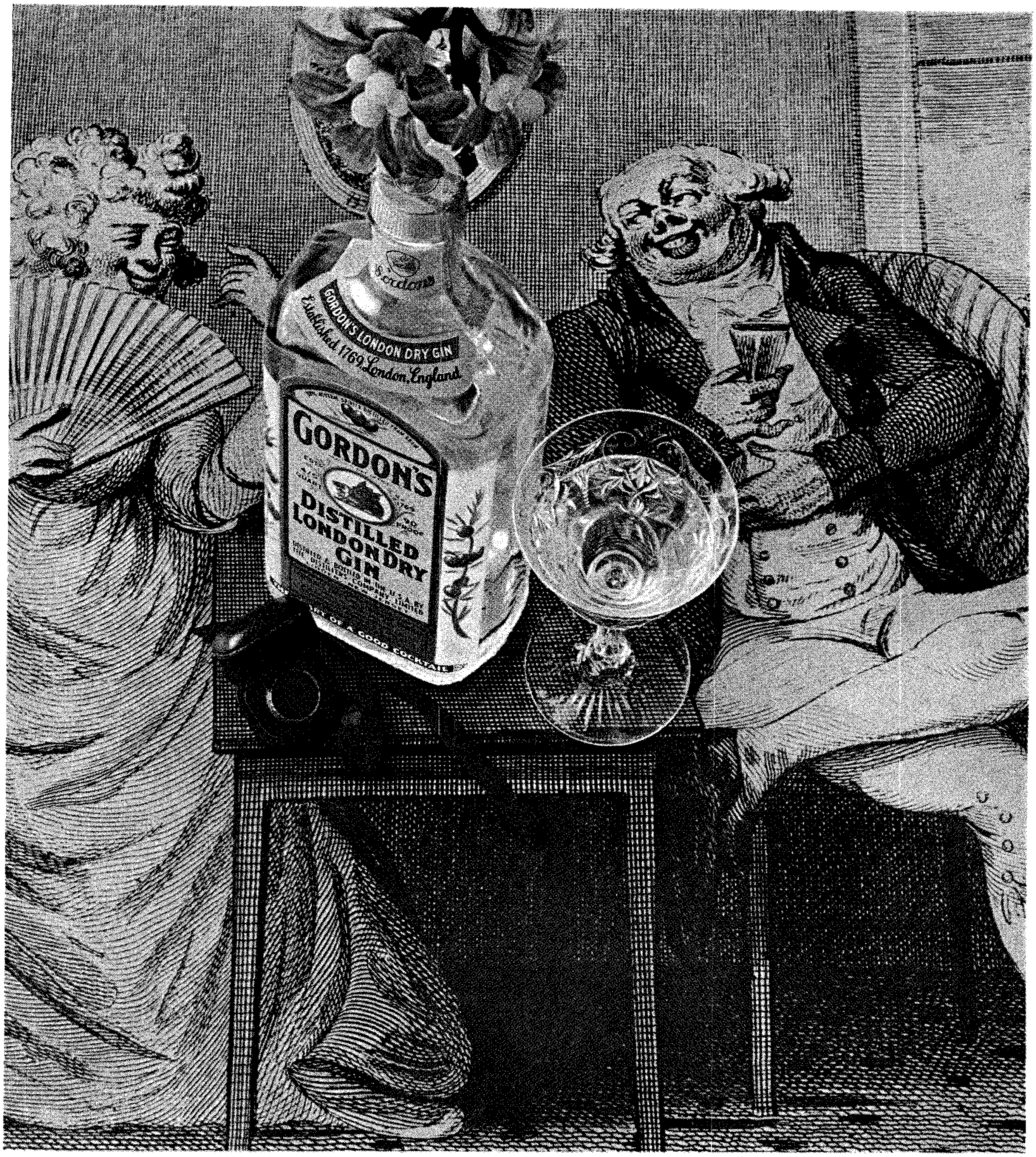
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ing the coin across the room, and then she fell to her knees.

"Mother, what's wrong?" I asked. "Mother, I'll get a haircut." And I began to search under a chair for the money.

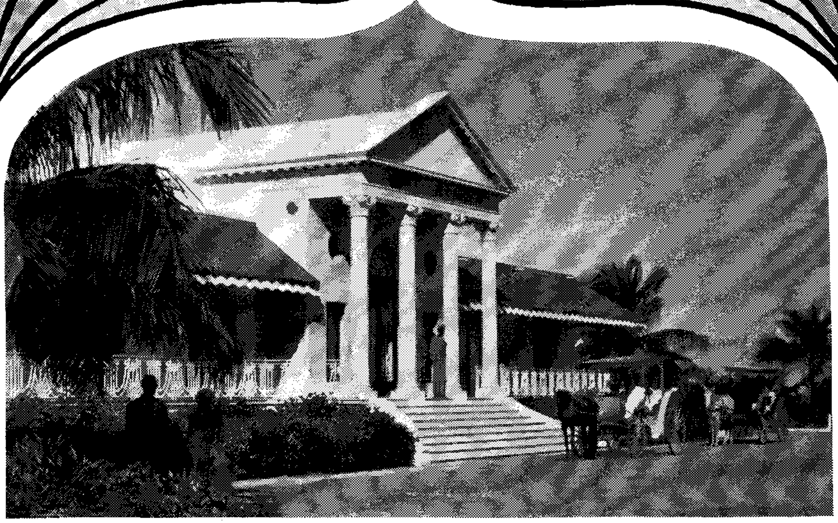
She came on hands and knees to help me. "There's something you must know," she said quietly. "Your father has left for Texas, he has found somebody else he wants to marry. But you must see how *desperate* he has been. Remember what he has been to you; someday he may come back," she said, embracing me. "Remember and hope and wait."

This phrase has come down to me through the years, along with the memory of a year on South Cedar Street when I awaited simply the scheduled appearance of a father who could endow me so richly, on each faithful return, with a past and future that—whatever *his* trap—I was freed to live in the present.

AN ASYLUM NEAR NANCY, FRANCE, NOVEMBER, 1944

In the fall of the last year of the war, my unit—an infantry-division headquarters company—was briefly stationed outside Nancy. Our division had just entered combat. We worked in an abandoned insane asylum and slept in tents behind the buildings. The days were rainy and misty—I recall, in the mornings, low-hanging cloud banks and the pervasive scent of burning wood—but the nights were often cold and clear. The enlisted personnel served on sentry duty; our turns came every third night. Standing by the barred gate, we could hear the accordionist at Mon Dernier Sou, the nearest café, play over and over two songs, "The Beer Barrel Polka" and "La Chanson de la Sierre." At ten and eleven and twelve, the church clocks in Nancy would strike the hours to the ragged and tinkling accompaniment of the clocks in the nearby darkened houses. During the first nights of our stay at the asylum, there were sporadic flares on the eastern horizon, followed by the rumble of howitzers.

I was a corporal, a classification specialist in the Adjutant General's Office. The four enlisted men in the classification section were all recent college graduates. Our sergeant, George, who was from Maryland, wished to be a political scientist; John, a dour Irishman from Massachusetts, had barely begun, before being called into service, a high-school teaching career in history; Stuffy, the son of a New Jersey news-



This is a grown-up playground. Are you?

This is the Balmoral Club in Nassau.

It was built for adults so it has several very interesting peculiarities. For example, even though it takes up an over-generous slice of very fashionable Cable Beach, it accepts only 200 guests at one time. This is reasonable. Grown-ups like lots of room to play in.

Grown-ups do not like to stand in lines to the dining room, swimming pool, bar, tennis courts, chairs under palm trees, etc., etc. So the Club has plenty to go around. Like three private beaches plus the swimming pool. The Club dining room, the Ocean Patio, and a brigade of beach boys who will deliver food and drink anywhere.

Grown-ups also have very little interest in social directors. They are too busy playing together. They do things like dance all night on the terrace and play bridge in the Clubhouse and fish and picnic off the private island. Sometimes they just talk together. The management obligingly leaves them alone. After all, the management has other things to do: like chatting about Oysters Bienville with the Chief Chef.

Oh, yes. The Balmoral Club is not a hotel crowded with tourists and rooms over a kitchen. It is a Clubhouse and gardens with Georgian Villas and peacock chairs and private terraces.

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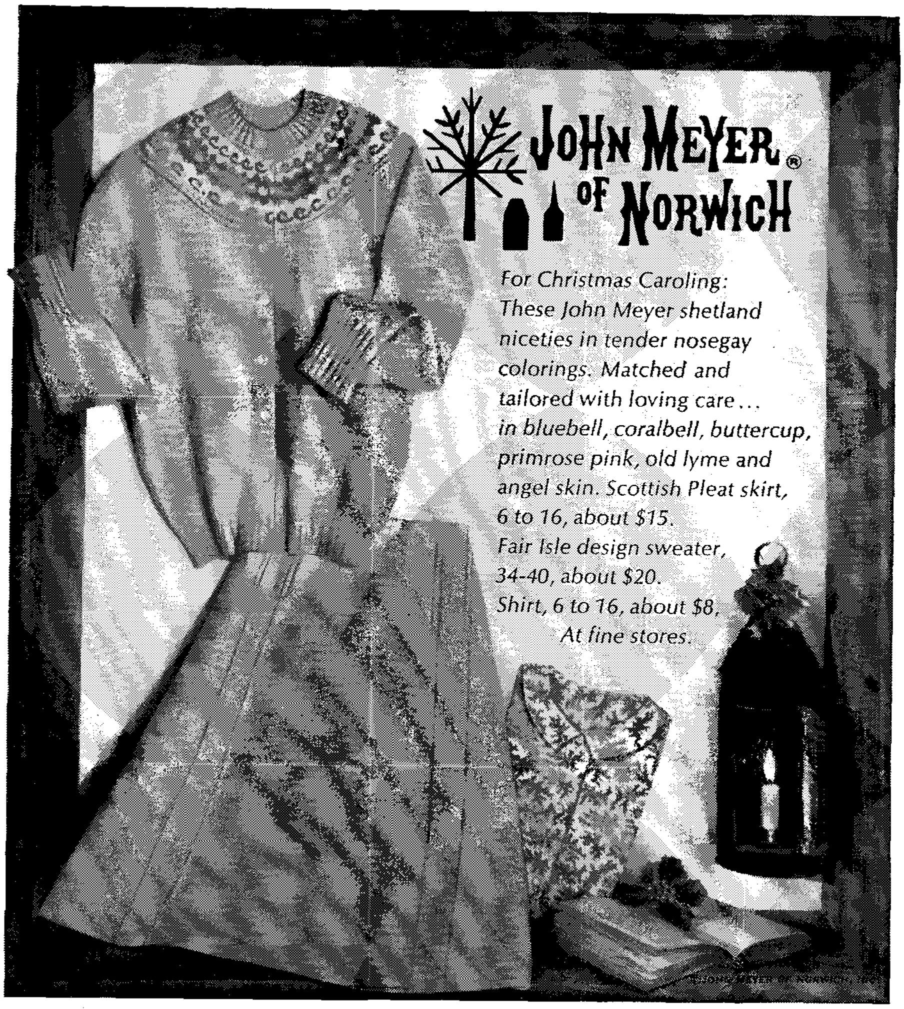

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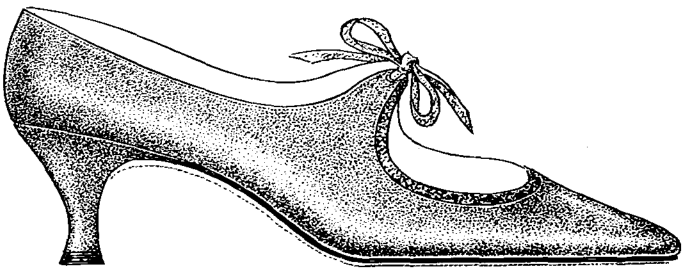


THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE AND
AT WHITE PLAINS, MANHASSET, SHORT HILLS AND ST. DAVIDS, PA.

paper publisher, planned, as did I, to go into journalism after the war. On the nights when we were not on guard duty, we remained in our office to read books and write letters and to listen to the classical music the German radio stations played almost continuously, or we walked down the road to Mon Dernier Sou for a beer or a cognac and then returned to the office to play a game of chess or checkers. But it is the music—the distant accordionist and the Beethoven and Mozart on the battery radio—that I remember best.

Captain Oliver, the officer in charge of our section, had been chief psychologist for a California public-school system. He was the sort of person whose advancement depends upon impulsive—perhaps even willfully irrational—acts so endangering that a quick and brazen counteraction, one taking full advantage of the initial error and of his own professional expertise, is required. Our section had the most luxurious room in the asylum as a result of one of his impulses. While the last Germans were being routed from Nancy, our company was bivouacked on a hillside field fifteen kilometres to the west. One day, the captain learned that our troops had taken the city and that hot showers were available at the University of Nancy. "Come on, we'll all get a good bath," he said in excitement. "Corporal"—he looked at me—"you will drive the jeep."

"But if Nancy is occupied, Headquarters Company will be moving," George said.

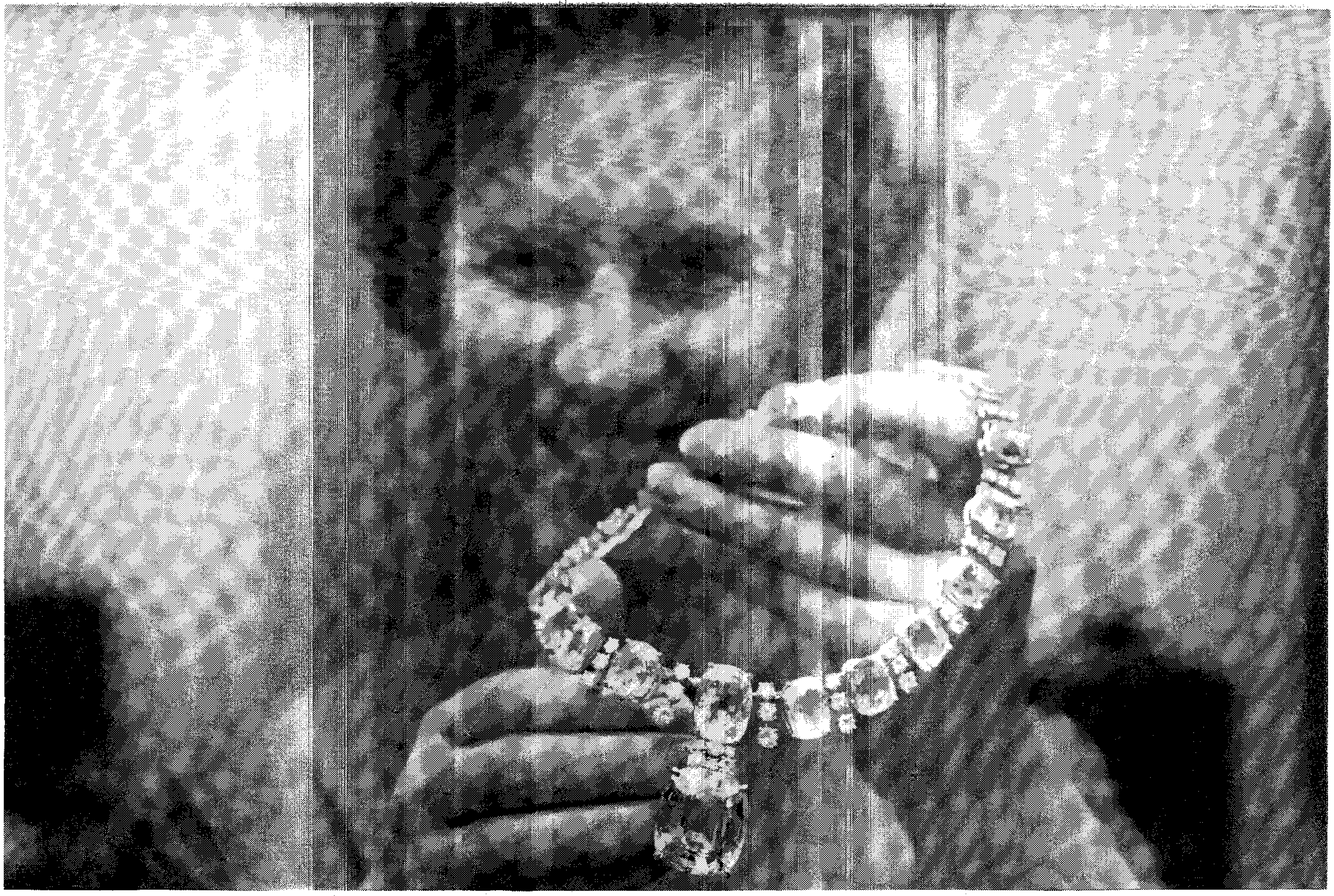
"Precisely," the captain said. "So time is of the essence."

While the rest of the company was having lunch, we slipped away. The captain was pleased with himself after we had showered. "Didn't that feel *fine*?" he cried. "We're the cleanest group in the A.G.O. Of course, we missed lunch. *They* are one up on us there." For a moment, he was dejected; then he smiled. "French cooking," he said. "Some bistro. Soup, fish, a good white wine."

"But Captain—" George protested.

"Time is still of the essence."

Two hours later, not only clean but well fed, we returned to an empty hillside. Our clothing, our pup tents, our typewriters and heavy office files had all been packed and moved. From the top of the hill, we could see the dust billowing up from the slow-moving line of trucks on a road arching toward the southeast. "None of you will be blamed," Captain Oliver said. "Oh, no. That is the freedom of the enlisted man. But I may be court-mar-



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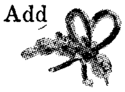

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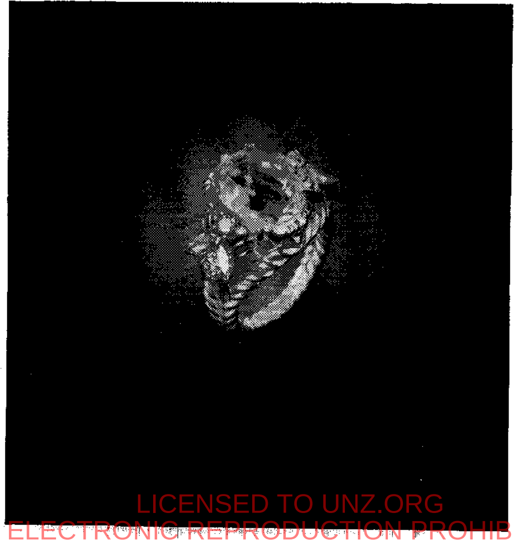

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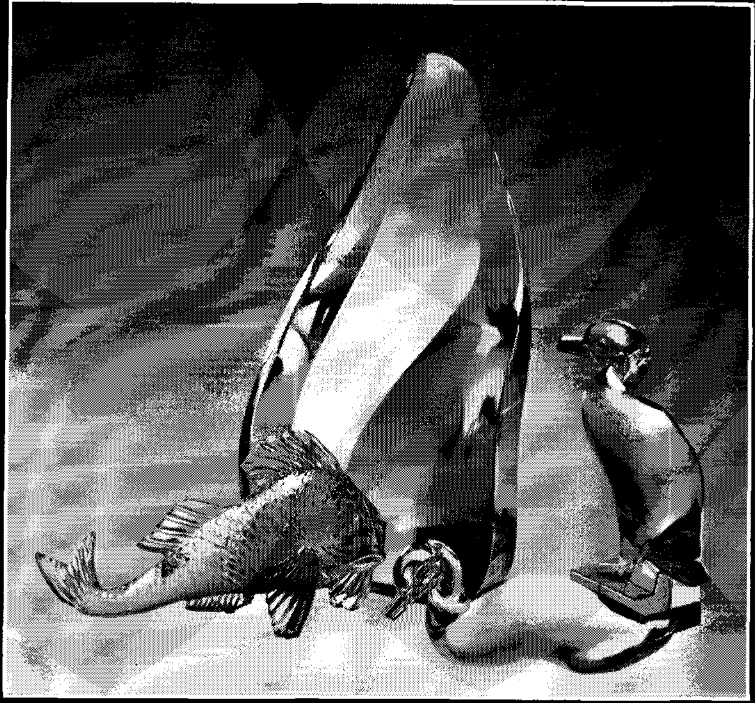

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tialled. The more slow-witted the colonels, the more they insist on the regulations." Then he turned to me. "If you have any gratitude," he said, "if you have any appreciation for the risks I've taken to give you a bath and a French meal, you will take that little road"—and he pointed to a lane that roughly paralleled the one chosen by the convoy—"and beat the colonel to our new area. There will be the usual convoy signs to lead us in."

With some fairly antic driving, we arrived at the new quarters in advance of the company. "All right," said the captain. "Fan out and find the plushiest room. Take charge of it. Don't budge." We were seated around the table of the large staff dining hall—a room with chandeliers and French doors overlooking a formal garden—when the convoy arrived. "Where the *hell*—" began the colonel, the fat National Guardsman who was in charge of our A.G.O. But Captain Oliver broke in with brisk authority. "I have a complaint, Colonel. My group, as you know, works longer hours than any of the others. The discrimination in quarters shown against them in the past has disturbed me. I don't intend to burden you with our small problems, but I do want you to know that I take seriously my responsibility to my men. As you can see, I've brought them here early to stake out their claim. I judge *this* room to be sufficient for their needs." The colonel lost his anger in his confusion. "Why, yes," he said. "All right, if you think so, Captain."

Actually, the classification group had little work to do. John, who was in charge of the pink cards of all the officers in the division, kept busier than the rest of us, but only because he worked at a slow pace, savoring the information contained on each card. Cynical about the qualifications and intelligence of commissioned officers, he would memorize the histories of the officers in our company whom he most disliked. "Major Musselman is worried that the war may end," he said one day. "I heard him tell Major Sullivan that he was going to investigate the possibilities of becoming Regular Army after the war and keeping his commission. 'Say, that's not a bad idea,' Major Sullivan said. 'Let me know what comes of it, will you, Charlie?' " John chuckled. In recent months, he had cultivated his low chuckles into an irony we all enjoyed. "Before the war, Musselman was a mimeograph operator and Sullivan a custodian at the Boston Armory."

After every engagement, our group

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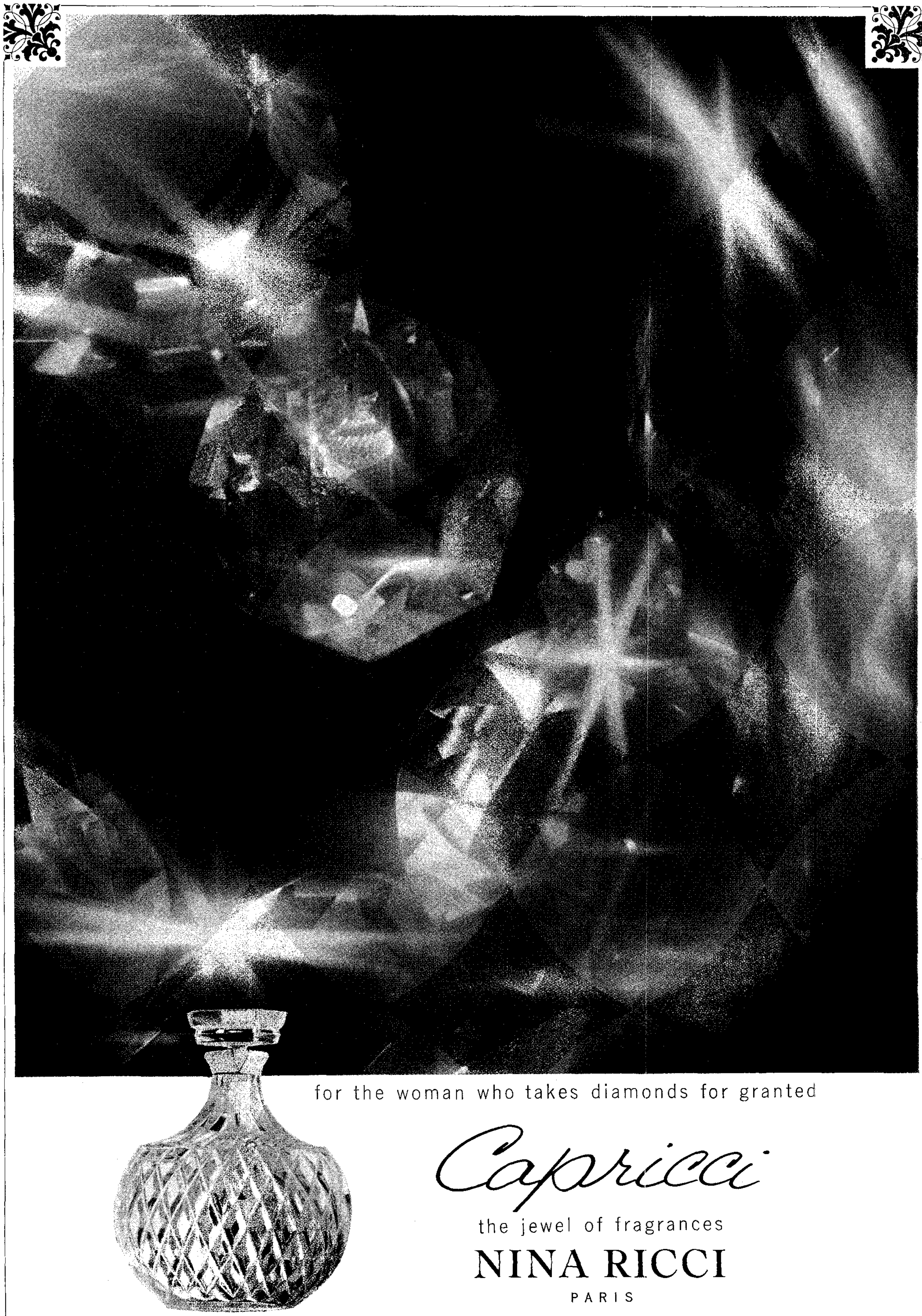

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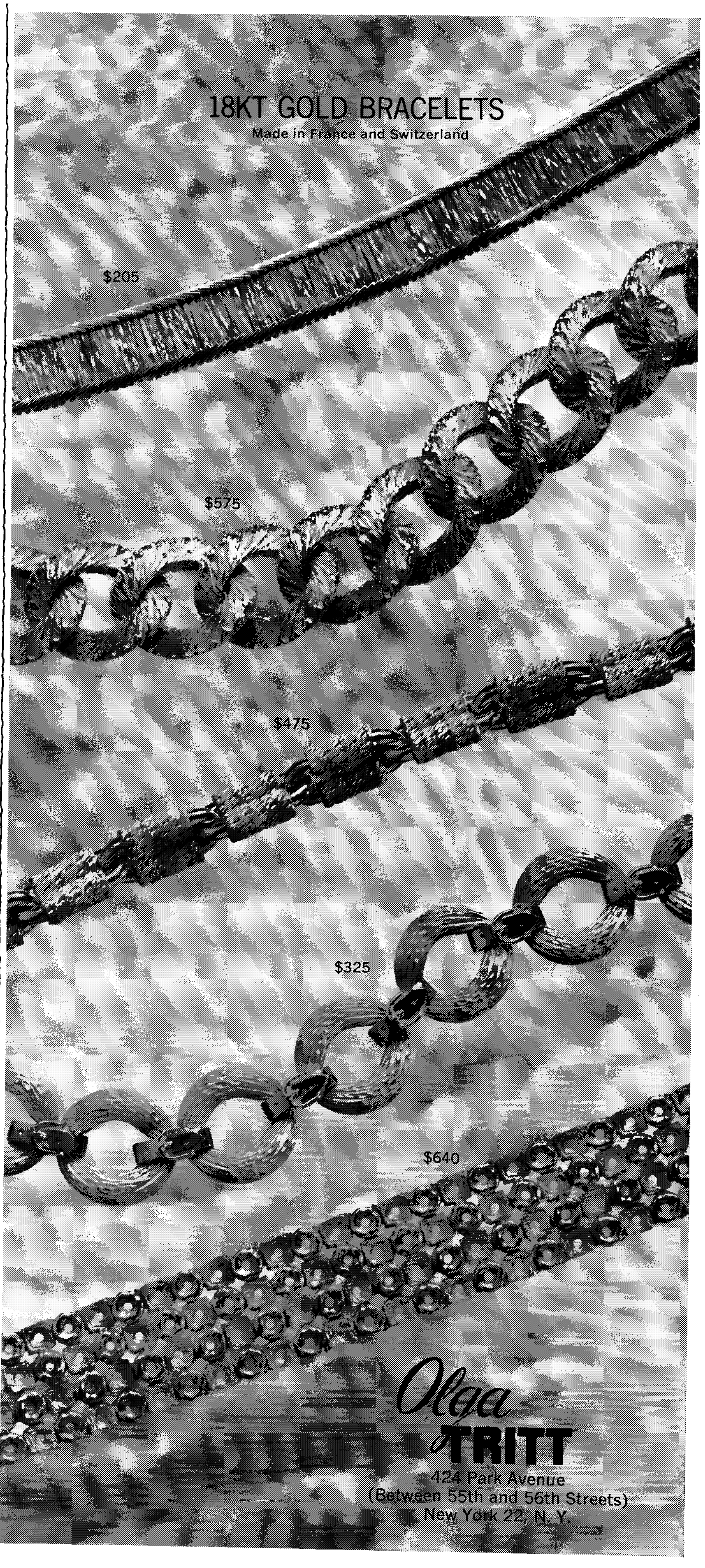
made contact by telephone with each of the three infantry regiments and both of the field-artillery battalions, to determine the extent of the casualties. To get these statistics, we cranked the phone and asked for such code names as Black Owl or Fire Tower. There would be static and a hum, and then a distant voice would identify itself as, say, Black Owl and furnish us with a series of further codes, which we would translate into figures for the dead, the wounded, and the missing. We kept a chart of the operational strengths of the regiments and the battalions; our captain, to impress the colonel, instructed us to make the chart a huge one, with striking colors and a carefully printed legend in India ink. Protected by a glassine envelope, it was hung on the wall opposite the French doors.

In our few weeks at the asylum, we made three trips to the replacement depot at Toul, primarily to obtain riflemen and platoon leaders. As their names were called, the soldiers, all of them recently arrived from training camps in the United States, would climb with their equipment into open trucks. The trucks would be loaded to capacity and beyond; the replacements would give a halfhearted cheer as the last man struggled aboard. On all three occasions, it rained, and the men were drenched before they got under way, but each time they were singing as they left. Once, as the trucks bounced out of the depot in a downpour, they sang "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," their moo-moo and bow-wow and oink-oink sounds a forlorn appeal to some lost country of the mind. The riflemen would be taken directly to their units, the officers to our headquarters company to spend the night and to be picked up the following morning by their company commanders.

On the return in the jeep from our first trip to Toul, Stuffy said, "We've got all the luck," and George said in a gentle voice, "Do you feel guilty?" and Stuffy, who was barely five feet tall, said, "No. What German could ever hit *me*, even if I *were* a rifleman?" But I thought him close to tears, and he stayed up all that night, while the distant artillery rumbled, to talk with a new second lieutenant, a replacement too frightened to sleep. "What did you talk about?" George asked Stuffy the next morning, after the lieutenant had left. "'Crime and Punishment,' for Christ's sake," Stuffy said. "Jazz—he plays the clarinet—and the little Hegel we both knew. And, oh God, he hates military life, he hates the thought of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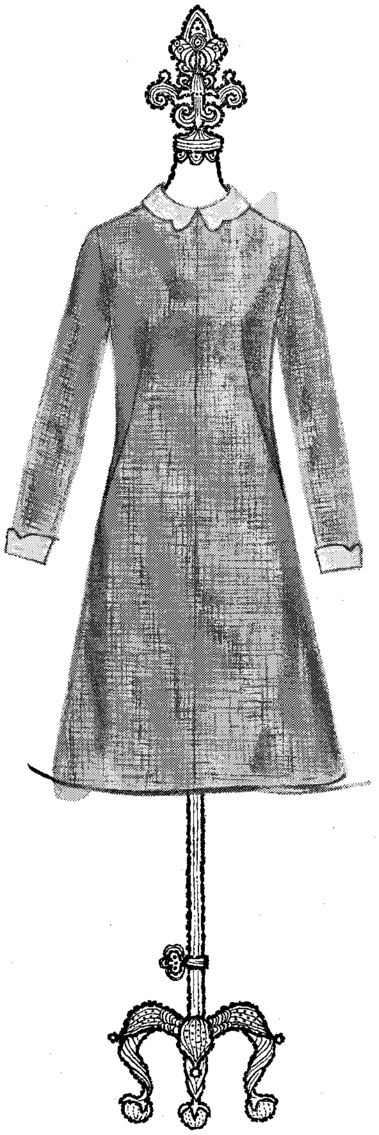

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killing. . . . When I first saw him, I could tell he was one of us."

"Except that he has to do the killing," John said.

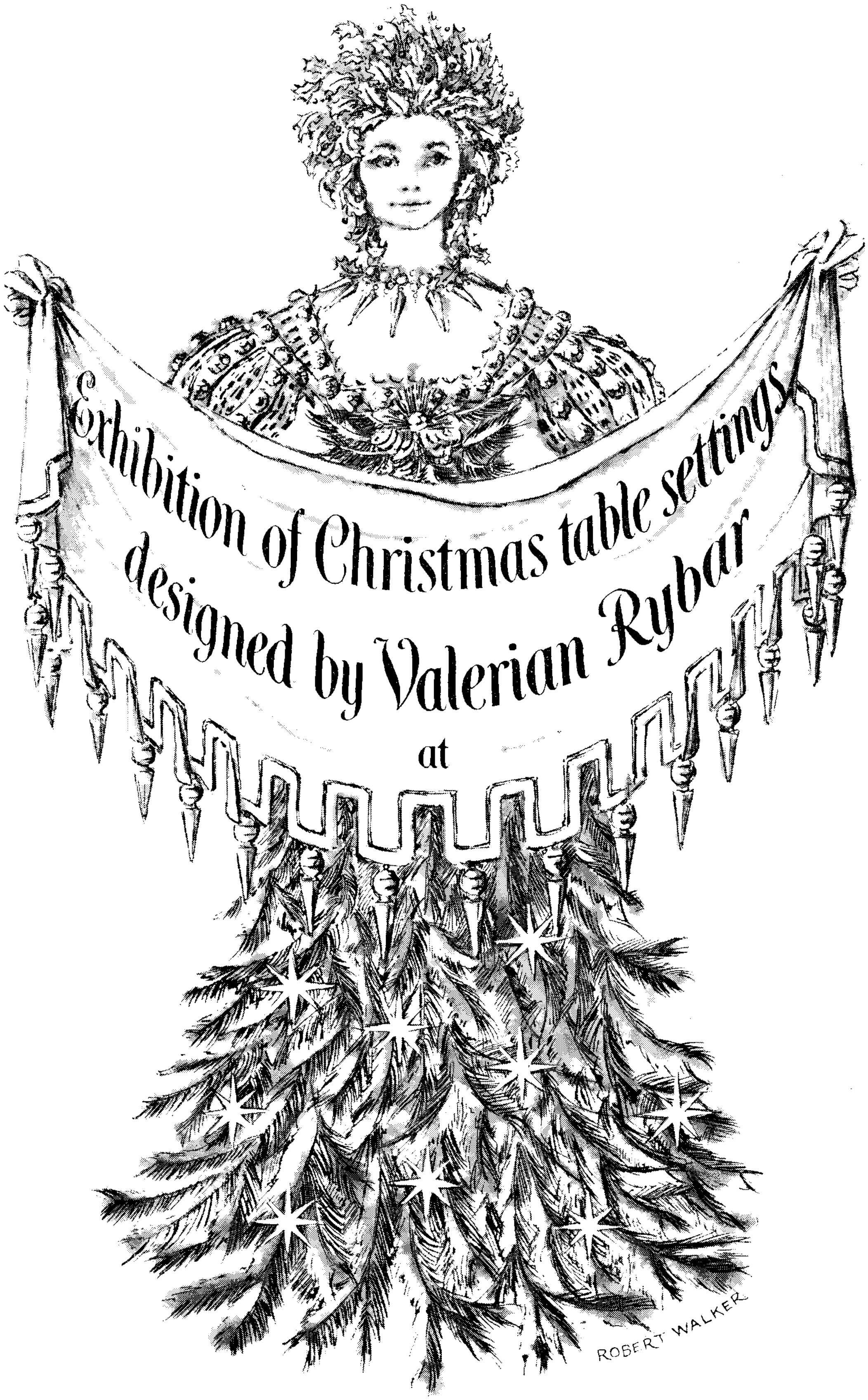
"Yes," Stuffy said. "Except for that."

George, John, Stuffy, and I were banded together—at least, in part—by our awareness of the ignobility of our work. And we were joined by our common dislike of the military organization and mind. Whatever his concern for our cleanliness, our erratic captain was not of our number. Like many another Army opportunist, he would wear on his shoulders by the war's end a maple leaf, or perhaps even an eagle. How much the four of us felt ourselves one upon hearing a report that the four-star general who was commander of our army had struck a psychotic soldier in our division—he had been criticized for a similar act earlier in the war—had called him a coward and ordered him back into combat! Our private code for this general was Tamburlaine, and we intentionally confused the deeds of the two. "Tell us of some famous warrior, John," we would ask our historian as he deliberated before his pink cards, and he would say, "Tamburlaine—known also as Tamerlane or Timur—was a great commander, but one known for his pride and a certain lack of compassion. He killed eighty thousand at Delhi and in his vainglory built pyramids of their skulls."

Perhaps the new Tamburlaines with their shining boots and riding crops were the sort of men it took to vanquish the Nazis, but George, John, Stuffy, and I, ten or fifteen or twenty kilometres behind the fighting, simply felt pity for a suffering mankind and a hatred of all violence. George, our soft-spoken sergeant, was the son of a farmer, and in his drawl I could sense a heritage of labor and warm soil. Like all of us—like the whole generation now in uniform—George had grown up in the depression years; he had been touched then by some notion of a social order in which all men would be brothers. As for myself, when I received my induction notice, my response—I was a senior in college and editor of the newspaper—had been an editorial in which I spoke of the universal language of Beethoven and Brahms, a language that someday would join all men. Someday! A visionary gleam of order, nurtured by books and music and vague political ideas, lay behind all our chartmaking days in those gray buildings near Nancy, with their background of tunes—those of the distant café accordionist, or, on the radio, that lovely evening prayer in "Hänsel und Gretel," which, in translation, begins, "When at night I go to sleep, fourteen angels watch do keep." And, of course, bits of Beethoven and Mozart.

One night, while I was on sentry duty, the rest of my group, their arms over each other's shoulders, went singing out the gate and down the road to Mon Dernier Sou. I had thought to join them, but by the time the new sentry arrived I felt no desire for cognac and talk. So I walked to the office to tune the radio to our favorite German station. A recording had just begun, and I wanted to identify it. One could imagine, in the drumbeats and insistent grandeur of the developing theme, a procession for the soul, a ceremony in which humanity, divested of its grosser elements, acted out its destiny. Resignation—perhaps even tranquillity—was possible, but at an inexpressible cost. A violin repeated the theme, making it delicate and nearly gay. Outside, there was a continuous drum roll. Slipping around one of the blankets tacked over the French doors, I stepped into the garden. In the light of a half-moon, I could see high above me formation after formation of bombers, exquisite Vs of Flying Fortresses. "Why, it's Beethoven. Of course," I said aloud, for the music had followed me. "The violin concerto," and the bombers, now part of the musical statement, headed inexorably toward Germany. Their thunder diminished; just as the violin began the cadenza, the radio went dead.

Disturbed, I returned to the office to write a letter to my wife. We had been married on my last furlough, before the division was shipped to Europe. In the few weeks we had been together, we had spoken of what we might do after the war; perhaps we would travel around the country until we found a town to our liking, a community with tall elms and friendly old houses, with a good public library and museum, and with a weekly newspaper we could buy for a song. I suppose such clichés of the imagination are plausible only to very young couples, and to them only in periods that for one reason or another prevent the search. But, as always, I spoke of our plans in my letter. I had nearly finished writing it when, without warning, the violinist returned to com-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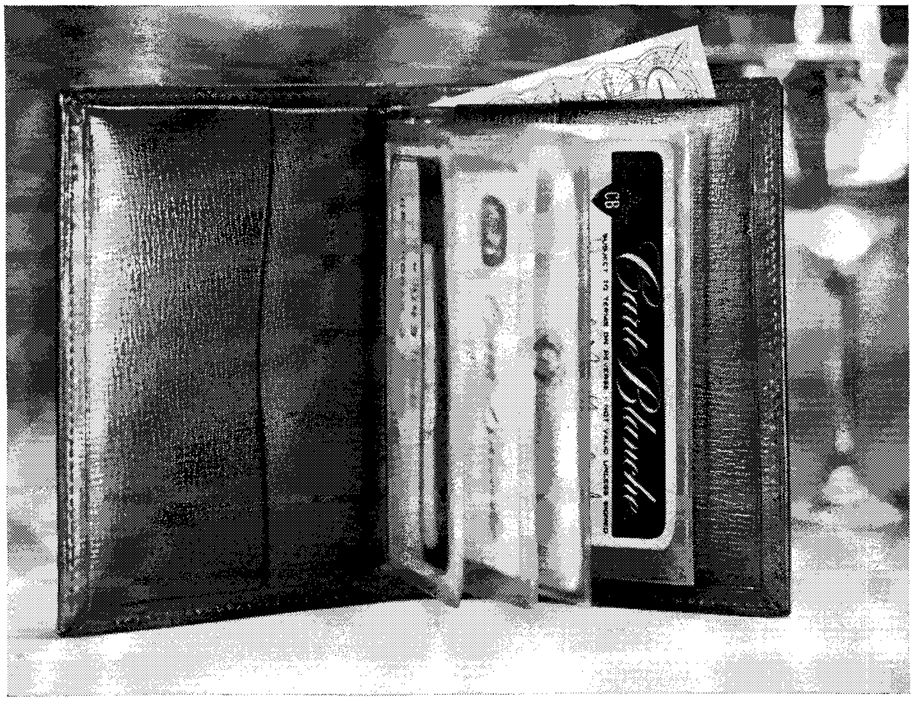

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plete his phrase. It was as if he had stood with bow suspended while the bombers roared toward their target. Now the cadenza enabled him to display his craftsmanship, to make sounds that climbed and quivered and tumbled. The virtuosity excited me. After that portentous lapse, how brave these acrobatics! Yet the violinist's noise was a recorded one, the station represented an enemy driven by fanaticism and madness to the slaughter of a race, the bombers were *mine*. My brother, like my father before him, had been attracted to flying; an instructor of military pilots, perhaps he had trained some of the men on this mission, perhaps they were his friends.

The slow opening measures of the second movement were accompanied by the distant roll. While the larghetto played, those graceful winged shapes from my country thundered overhead, returning to their base, their formations beneath the moon as exact as ever. I stood again in the garden until all the bombers had vanished and the concerto came to a close that perhaps was intended to be triumphant—but the soul of Beethoven, as well as my notions of harmony and order, had lost the power to shelter.

The next day, George asked me to do some trivial task. I snapped at him, "Why don't you do it yourself?" Our captain said, "What's that? Are you refusing an order from your noncom?" "It wasn't an order," George said. "It was a request." "George," I said, "I'm sorry." Headquarters Company left the asylum that week to take over the old Gestapo buildings in Metz, where I managed to transfer out of the A.G.O. to edit the divisional newspaper. I was pleased to have the infantrymen crowd around the newspaper-laden jeep, grabbing copies. In the winter, Stuffy wrote that he and George and John envied me my new job and that the captain, as the consequence of some near-fiasco, had become a major. After my discharge from the Army and for some years thereafter, I never consciously thought of my brief stay at Nancy, and if for one reason or another it did come to my mind I ridiculed myself for having cloaked, like any adolescent, a faithless and brutal present with the robes of a future grace.

A HOLLOW IN EASTERN KENTUCKY, 1950-56

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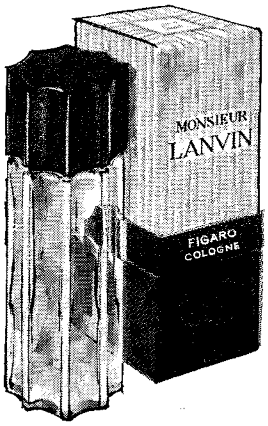
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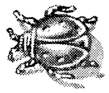

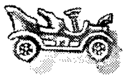

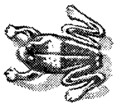

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they are of Scotch descent; their names, like the hills, gradually erode, and the Caldwells are now the Caudills and the Caudles. The frontiersmen, the hunters, the seekers of a land as verdurous as their dreams, have become small-town merchants, miners on relief, revivalists, salesmen of burial insurance and old Fords, bootleggers who are jailed only during election week, farmers of land tilting to the valley floors.

The only non-natives of the region (or so it seemed to me while I lived there) belong to the service professions; they are librarians, social workers, teachers, nurses, a few doctors. In summertime, bookmobiles driven by Smith and Vassar girls bounce wildly over the dirt roads and dry creek beds. I have heard of an Eastern college girl who came to Kentucky to drive a bookmobile and stayed to marry a local boy—one with the charm of a gay and irresponsible nature. Disowned by her wealthy family, distrusted by the women of her new community, she bore her husband a son in a hillside cabin. He was caught in some theft and imprisoned in the county jail. Marriage to her had given him a pride and a fastidiousness that made him reject the jail fare; he demanded that she cook and bring his meals to his cell. She would put her baby and her husband's supper in a toy wagon, which she would pull down the town's chief street to the jail, her eyes cast upon nothing but her own bare feet.

And I have heard the story of a Jewish refugee, a professor of history, who had been a brilliant scholar in Berlin. After escaping to London, he received an offer of a teaching position in an institution so far back in the Kentucky hills that muleback was the most feasible means of arriving there. The faculty lived in cabins, they ate from tin plates and drank from painted Campbell-soup cans. There was a community outhouse, and a pump for washing faces and cleaning teeth. The professor from Berlin accepted the offer; perhaps he thought—after all, the school had invited *him*—the institution a place like Harvard. The day after his arrival, he slit his throat with his razor.

I had just completed my graduate studies and was in Kentucky on my first teaching assignment. Five years had passed since my discharge from the Army. The town was hardly the one my wife and I had dreamed of finding while we were separated by the war; still, wanting to like it, I felt the appeal of its poverty and isolation. The main street followed a creek that flood-

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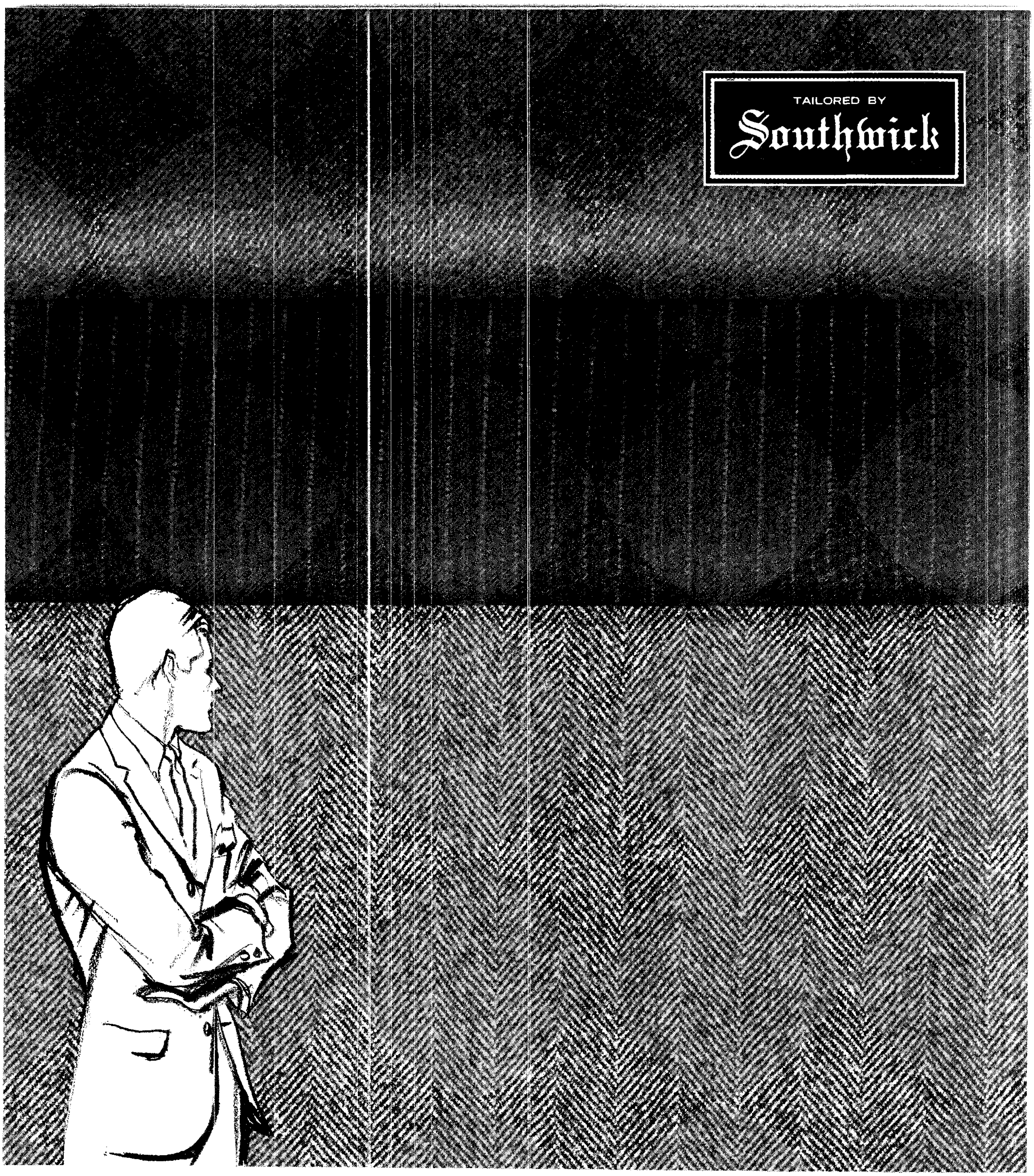

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ed each spring; residential streets the width of alleys either came to a dead end before a bluff or, finding a gap in the encircling hills, wandered into the countryside to become wagon trails and then footpaths. The old men gathered together in the summer evenings on the benches of the courthouse lawn while their children and grandchildren attended either the movies or a vigorous prayer-and-hymn session at one of the many small churches. On Saturday nights, the jukeboxes in the cafés competed with the loudspeaker of the store that displayed used appliances—old refrigerators and stoves and fans—on the sidewalk. The owner of that store, a graduate of the college where I taught, would try to sell, with comic pantomime and great bursts of laughter, jiffy can openers to motorists stopped before the town's single traffic light. I remember seeing, soon after I arrived in town and the week before the public schools were to open for the year, a hill father and his junior-high-school daughter in one of the clothing stores. He was dressed in clean overalls, she in one of the cotton prints that I was to learn were made from flour sacks. "Wouldn't you like something like this?" he said, pointing to a pair of sturdy brown shoes, but she was looking wistfully at a pair of bright-colored pumps. They studied the shoes she wanted. "Will they wear?" he asked the clerk, who answered with regret, "Not so well as the regular school ones." "I reckon we'll buy them anyway," the father said, and he and his daughter smiled at each other while he took some crumpled bills from his pocket.

The instructor of French at the college was a granddaughter of an Italian princess. She lived frugally in a garage apartment, most of her pay going for the support of destitute aristocrats in Italy. I liked her for her vivacity and intelligence and the pride with which she carried herself, but the dream of the past was upon her; she raged at the ignorance and sloth of her students, at the lack of culture in that Kentucky hollow into which she had been driven.

Another of the instructors, an elderly archeologist, had discovered in his twenties the remains of an Inca community in a remote Peruvian plateau. There was a fragile, even a nebulous, quality to him. My office was in a basement, and the cement slab of my window ledge made a bench for people outside who wished to talk with me. The archeologist sat on that slab late one afternoon. I had just been reading a book on Hinduism and had been

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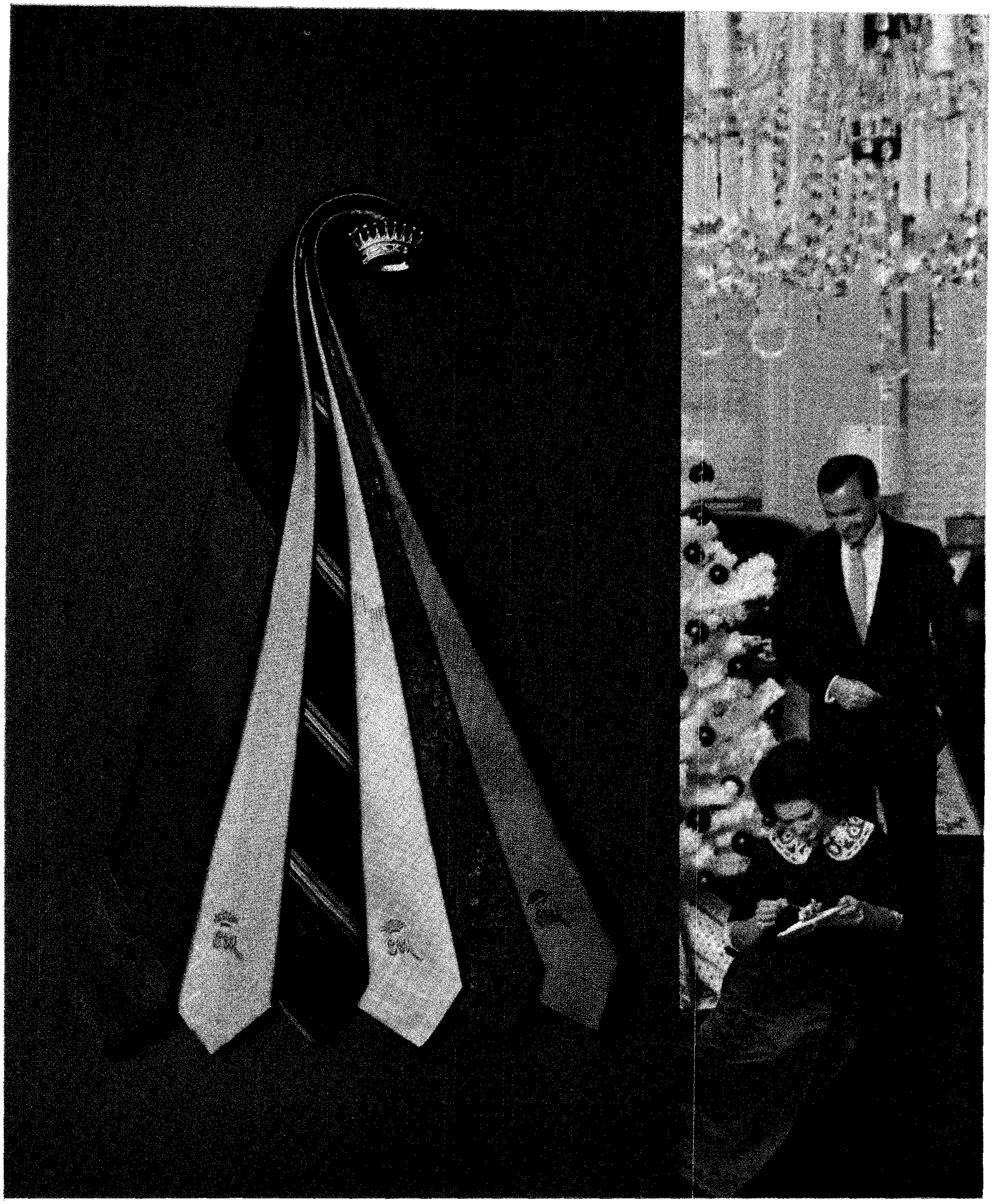

Countess Mara designs for one man in a million

Among the pleasures of discovering Countess Mara ties is the pleasure of inviting others to share your pride in their excellence. The variety of the Countess Mara collection, and the coming gift season, afford ample opportunity for this. Shown are a few ties from the Countess' current offerings, ranging in price from $7.50 to $25; others, rather rarer, sell for as much as $100. All are distinguished by the famous embroidered coronet.

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Countess Mara

fascinated by the notion of a deity of whom, since he possessed no attributes, nothing could be said. I mentioned to the archeologist that Brahma was impervious to all conceivable advances in science. "Yes, there is certainly much of value in Hinduism," he replied mildly. "Do I really exist? Is not the world, everything that we see, an illusion?" He peered through the screen at me, his blue eyes pale and enormous.

Partly, I suppose, for some quality he shared with the archeologist, I was intrigued from my first meeting with him by one of the middle-aged instructors in the English department. He was a slender man, with a shy smile and a drawl that emphasized his gentleness; he had appeared at my house one day while my wife was busy with our baby. I sat on the grass while he sprawled out in the autumn sun. That evening, I walked around town with him, watching as the nighthawks dropped from the sky and the mist rose from the valley. We said nothing to each other. At the movie theatre, he stopped to look at a Western from the open door until the manager asked us to buy tickets. I accompanied him to his apartment to meet his wife (she wasn't home) and to drink wine and listen to a recording of a "Brandenburg" Concerto. But our lack of conversation was beginning to make me uncomfortable.

"What do you teach in your Victorian literature course?" I asked.

He thought about the question for a painfully long period. "If it's a poor-to-average class, I'm afraid I stick pretty much with Tennyson and Arnold and that crowd," he finally said, making an apologetic sweep with his hand. "I can't see that they could really *harm* anybody."

"No," I agreed.

"If I have a good class, I like to think they can read 'In Memoriam' and 'Dover Beach' without much help. I don't believe in courses limited by dates, anyway. I teach my good classes Augustine and Aquinas." He looked away from me, embarrassed. "Sometimes—it's what I do with a really *fine* Victorian class—we read a bit in Latin and maybe even a bit in Italian. I like to end the year with the 'Fioretti di San Francesco'—you know, 'The Little Flowers of St. Francis.' Tell me, have you ever been to Assisi?"

I considered myself capable of meeting the world without dream or self-deception; I believed in those useful actions that make us feel more at home in the human world. My wife and I

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had bought our first home in Kentucky. What I wanted was to be a good teacher at the college and an accepted member of the community. I thought that the instructor who had best achieved these goals was Albert Fischman, the plump and nearly bald biologist who had come, a refugee, from Vienna. I admired him for his love of his sturdy wife, for the affection he displayed toward nearly everybody. On warm days when the classroom windows were open, his shrill lecturing voice, colored by his Austrian accent, could be heard everywhere on campus. He belonged to the local bridge club and the men's civic organization. At Christmastime, he sold cut evergreens for the latter group on Main Street, outvying in his good humor the merchant who tried to sell can openers. He derived as much pleasure from such activities as he did from arguments with his colleagues about Dostoevski, Camus and Existential philosophy, the paintings of the Impressionists, or the destiny of Russia (he could speak Russian fluently).

Only in his overriding love for music did he remain a Viennese. Once, my wife and I drove with him and his wife to Cincinnati to attend an outdoor performance, at the zoo, of "Aïda." Leaving the stands after the final curtain, he began humming, as another member of the faculty had told me he would, a waltz from "Der Rosenkavalier." Any opera put him in good spirits and reminded him of "Der Rosenkavalier." With its mockery and gaiety and enchanting tunes, Strauss's opera was to Albert a memento of his youth and of prewar Vienna.

He and his wife had escaped Hitler, but nearly all the other members of both their families had died in concentration camps. In New York, Albert, despite his training and experience (the holder of a doctorate in biology, he had taught for some years in a Viennese institute), had been a middle-aged copyist for a sheet-music publisher. When he had asked if he might go to Kentucky to see about a job in his own field, his employer had said, "If that's how you feel, you're fired." In recounting to me his employer's response, Albert said, "You can see what kind of copyist I was." And he added—for he was addicted to the obvious—"A lousy copyist." He said, "So I borrowed the money to come here by train. You know what Railroad Street looks like when you first see it? A set for a cowboy movie. O.K. I was so glad they took me I cried. I knew it was for life—you can't

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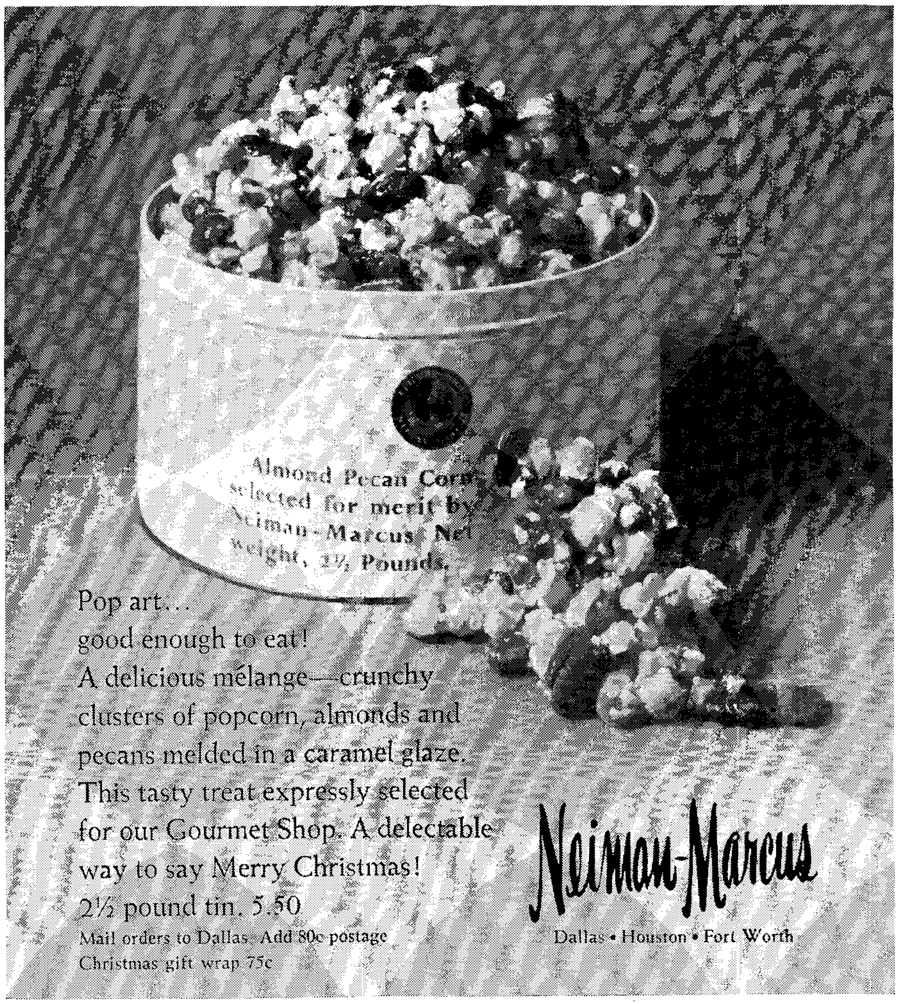
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do research in a little college, and with such an accent, no research, who else would take you? But what does it matter, where you are? And who should weight himself with the past?"

Albert found eastern Kentucky a green and lovely place; he delighted in the names of its towns—Dwarf and Pippa Passes (called for years Pippapass until somebody reread Browning), Pomp and Salt Lick. He was touched even more than I by the innocence of some of the students (when I told him that as a result of my misspelling of a student's name she had begun to misspell it, too, thinking that I should know better than she, he smiled and said, "Of course she would! Of course!"). He was a friend of farmers as well as townspeople. That exile from Vienna was more at home in that hollow than I, for all my wishes, was ever to be.

I had some remarkable students in that little hill college, and one group of them—they met for weekly discussions before the fireplace in my house—was among the best I've known. When my classes exceeded my expectations, I was delighted, but my expectations, raised higher by each student superior to his predecessors, were bound to be defeated. And I found it difficult to accept with any equanimity one of the causes—the semi-literacy of some public-school teachers—for the showing of my poorer students. In my first summer, I taught a small group of elementary-school teachers from rural areas who, because of state requirements, had to attend college to keep their certificates. They were to read aloud, for analysis, selected prose passages. Daily, when it came her turn to read, one white-haired woman would look about in consternation, throw up her arms, and exclaim helplessly, "Oh, I've forgotten my glasses *again!*" Finally, I told her she was not to enter the room without them; and the next day, wearing her glasses, she struggled to read, waiting for somebody else to pronounce for her all words of any difficulty. "But I teach just the early grades!" she cried, breaking into tears.

When I spoke of her to Albert, he said simply, "In Germany, of course, you would find nothing like that. But what does a rigorous educational system produce?"

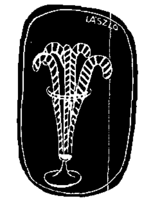
"You condone near-illiteracy here because of the Nazis there?"

"No, I don't condone it," he said. "I don't suppose, though, that it matters."

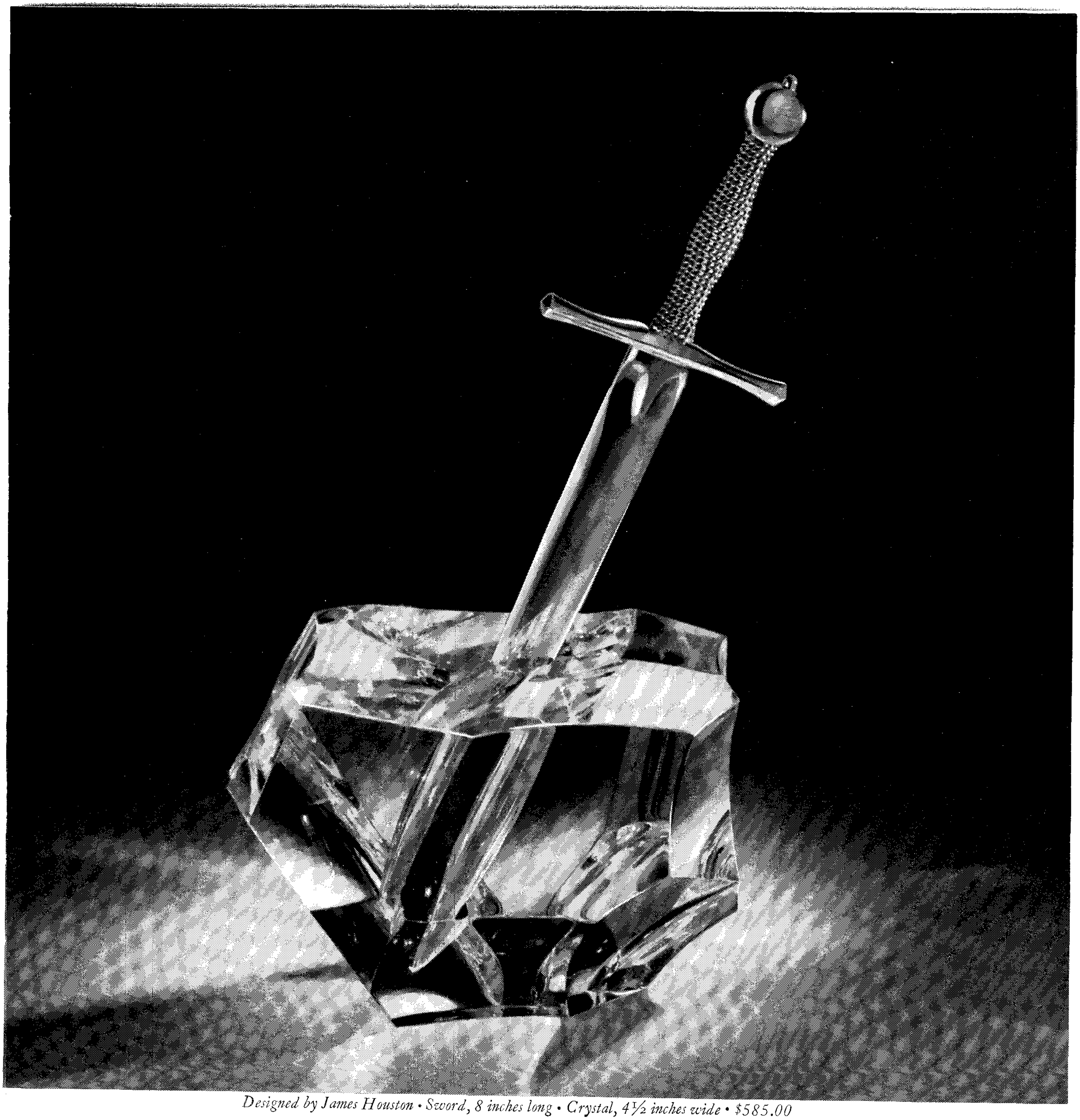
"Of course it matters!" I said.

He looked at me kindly, and then patted my shoulder. "Reading poor examinations makes me sick to the stomach," he said. "But I have no solution to the ills of mankind. You have to take what comes."

The semester that brought me the gifted students who met in my house also brought me a class of inept sophomores. The sophomores took their final examination on an overcast afternoon. Earnest and frightened, they stared at the ceiling for answers. One boy and girl, very much in love, looked openly at each other's papers. I watched them, thinking—with equal amounts of pity and cynicism—that neither could help the other very much. At one point, the girl leaned over and nipped the boy's ear; his eyes became glazed. How alien I felt to that lovesick couple, how divorced from all those bewildered and ignorant hill children! The classroom was on the top floor of the building; I wandered to the open window to look out upon the town. I could see the frame stores, the movie theatre, the series of tiny house roofs that included my own. By the depot, a freight train whistled and began to back its empty livestock cars toward the little stockyard. Strands of mist drifted before the moist, green hills, sealing us all in that hollow. And it seemed to me then that the greater world was a honeycomb, an endless series of these sealed worlds, each inhabitant of each town or neighborhood a microcosm within a microcosm and yet each inhabitant my brother. It is a common enough feeling, this double sense of loneliness and unity, of a human connection made known to us by our awareness of isolation. But it left me dissatisfied with myself and my achievements.



I stayed in Kentucky for six years. A few years before I left, the Fischmans bought a house. To my knowledge, it was the only material thing they had ever wished for, and when their savings approximated the price of a modest white cottage with a second bedroom that Albert could use for a study, they bought it outright. Albert, stout and clumsy though he was, spaded a garden. He puffed behind a lawnmower, he dug out dandelions, he planted a tree. He painted sidings, in the process dripping paint on his clothes and bald head. In the dry season, he set fire to a weed patch, nearly burning down his house as well as a portion of the Cumberland National Forest; after that day, he would not light a match outdoors. In a sense, their cottage was the Fischmans' child. In Vienna, they had



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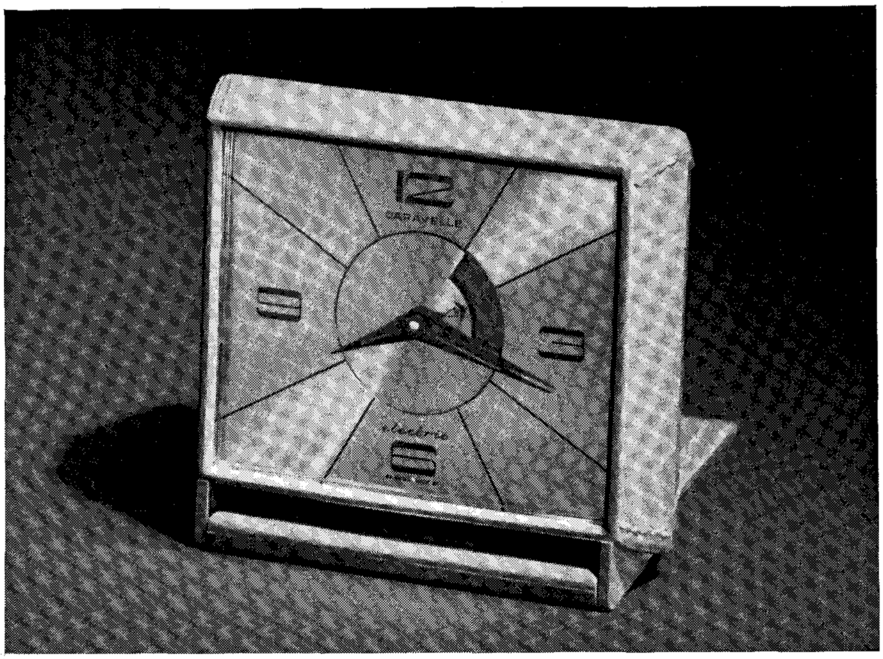

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barely reached the stability that would have enabled them to have a family when Hitler became a threat.

My wife and I frequently visited them in the summer evenings. The house was immaculate and brilliantly illuminated. Albert played operas for us on an elderly phonograph; he would stand before the little machine, conducting and joining in even on the soprano arias until his wife would say, "Albert!" The evening would end with coffee and hot Austrian pastries that Mrs. Fischman had baked while we were listening, the aroma from the kitchen counteracting even the pathos of the ending of "La Bohème."

After the music, I could speak to Albert of personal and perhaps even evanescent feelings, knowing that he would understand before I began the attempt to explain them. But once when I spoke of the feeling I had first experienced—it had returned to me on a number of occasions—during the examination of my inept sophomores, he replied almost curtly, "I do not believe in vague desires. They lead to headaches and heartaches and worse. Yearnings I leave to Wagner. Will you have another piece of pastry?"

One evening in the fall term of what was to be my last year at the college, I took a walk, alone, through the few streets of the town. It was still relatively early. I had become, of course, thoroughly familiar with the community and knew what to expect: in the new cement-block church, occupied by the radical splinter group of a sedate congregation, a preacher, aided by occasional rhythmic hymns and a rapt audience, would be grasping toward that moment in which he could speak in unknown tongues; at the bus station, a blind ballad singer would be in his wheelchair, sleeping until the eleven-o'clock bus from Lexington arrived; behind the ferns of a dusty store window on an alley that led to the railroad depot, certain farmers stealthily would be drinking illegal whiskey they could not afford. Walking past the crumbling, whitewashed brick courthouse and the benches for old men, I thought, with a passion that surprised me, I don't want to grow old here; I don't want to be buried in this town. And I saw that the construction I had recently completed on my house—an addition to the living room and a new bathroom, two improvements that I had thought would make my house as important to me as Albert Fischman's to him—was only a sign of my discontent. That spring, I made application for a job in an upstate

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New York school, and was accepted.

Our farewell visit with Albert and his wife was little different from our other visits with them. To me, it was such an important farewell that I wanted tears to be in his eyes; I was upset by his smiles. I wanted to shake him and to say in anger, "Why aren't you as lonely this moment as I? Why is it that you can accept and I cannot? Tell me, what is the secret of happiness?" But the evening passed like any other.

As Albert and his wife stood by our car, though, he said, "I hear you haven't been able to sell your house."

"No," I said.

"And you can't buy a house in New York until you sell it?"

I said, "It doesn't matter."

"Well," he said, putting his arm around his wife, "we have decided to buy it. O.K.?"

"No," I said.

His voice, as he tried to persuade us of the rationality of the proposal, was that of the high-pitched lecturer I had so often heard as I wandered across the campus. They would put a small mortgage on their house for the down payment, he said; they would rent ours to somebody until they could sell it.

"You would take such a chance?" I cried. "Oh, Albert!"

"It is not much to do for a friend," Albert said.

Of course, my wife and I refused. As we drove away, Albert Fischman's arm was still around his wife; behind them I could see through a chintz-curtained window into their bright living room, with its pictures hung high upon the walls at regular intervals. And I knew with appalling clarity that after I had left this miserable and poverty-stricken hamlet with its human and educational problems as insurmountable as its limestone-topped hills, I would pity it and love it and think that if I had but stayed I might have been like Albert Fischman after all. I said to my wife, "I hate it here. It's suffocating. I'm glad we're going."

REIMS, FRANCE, APRIL, 1963

MANY years after I left eastern Kentucky, while I was living in Paris with my family—our third son was already two years old—for six months or so, a friend from America asked me to accompany him and his wife on a motor trip to Aachen, where he had some business to transact. I had no idea of the route one takes to get from Paris to that corner of Germany; everything I saw was a surprise. Our road paralleled for a time the Marne

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and the course of some of the fiercest fighting of the First World War. We passed the inevitable series of military graveyards, each with a flag by the gate to identify the nation of those buried beneath its acres of crosses; we saw the signpost to Armentières; we drove through the narrow streets of Château-Thierry. The historical perspective we had—the knowledge that all the destruction of that war was without purpose—gave, of course, a melancholy and unreal quality to the landscape. Our car was a cozy and efficient German vehicle that my friend had just purchased. Coming down a long hill, we saw below us and across the flat countryside of Champagne the spires of the cathedral at Reims.

Though the spires at Reims are too similar to give the distant profile of the cathedral the queer sense of an antithesis that somehow makes a unity of the profile at Chartres, I felt as we approached the town and the cathedral the same pleasure that my first view of Chartres had given me: those twin spires seemed an enduring answer to the route we had just travelled. The month was April, the day overcast and cool. The cathedral, as well as the little square before it and the surrounding souvenir shops, was deserted. The air within the cathedral remained that of winter; except for the rose window, the interior at first struck me as austere and colorless. The building was in surprisingly good repair. Joan of Arc had stood next to Charles VII during his coronation in Reims, but one did not feel in that echoing nave the presence of a past which lurks in the shadows and soot and colored glass of so many Gothic structures.

And yet this interior had an atmosphere of its own—a poignant serenity—and I whispered to my friend, "What is its secret?," not yet thinking that I had asked myself the same question about the same quality in a man I had admired in eastern Kentucky, or that the interior held something for which I had been searching since my childhood. Pointing to the myriad of little statues rising on the wall, my friend said, "They've been damaged and repaired. Look, this whole building has been destroyed and put back together." And, of course, it was true. Many of the statues were missing; a number of those that seemed intact had been cunningly cemented together from fragments. Stones were pitted, apparently by exploding shrapnel. Perhaps if I had known in advance of the shelling of Reims in the Franco-Prussian War and then much more extensively in the

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First World War, I would have been less moved; but in looking from statue to statue, from stone to stone, in perceiving separately each of the many acts of restoration, I had the sense of a fragile peace that existed only as the consequence of outrage and violence. It took such violence to gain the sweet tranquillity of Reims. It was then that I remembered Albert Fischman, who had known how to live in the present. I believed I understood his secret at last.

One must be cautious about making pronouncements occasioned by cathedrals. Before great monuments, even great minds have been known to express some pretty foolish sentiments. Still, to glimpse in a cathedral, *any* cathedral, the meaninglessness of a past that is also the meaninglessness of what is to come is not so perverse as it might appear. Such an insight is, I suppose, as encompassing as the vision of a God who participates in every action, every object, of the universe. Perhaps some such acceptance of purposelessness in past and future is our only means of recapturing whatever it is that has haunted and deluded us since childhood. In that cathedral, for the moment that I believed I shared Albert Fischman's secret, I might with propriety have made a votary offering to some fat and happy little saint floating toes up on the lid of his stone casket.

At a souvenir shop, I saw a postcard photograph of the burning cathedral, the orange and red flames leaping from the shattered roof as high as the spires; it was the image I half expected to see in the rearview mirror—for I was taking my turn as driver—as we left Reims on that overcast afternoon.

R.D. 1, TRUMANSBURG, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1964

ONE night of the September full moon, my wife and I waited until the children were asleep to pick one of the pumpkins my eleven-year-old had been refusing to harvest. My wife made pumpkin pie; furtive as thieves, we ate the first warm pieces on the porch step at midnight. The new paint on the house glistened in the moonlight. From the dark woods to the east, we heard the sweet notes of a bird we had never heard before, perhaps a fall warbler heading south. The call was answered by an identical call from the woods to the west. Singing as they went, those two invisible birds flew toward each other, to meet in the

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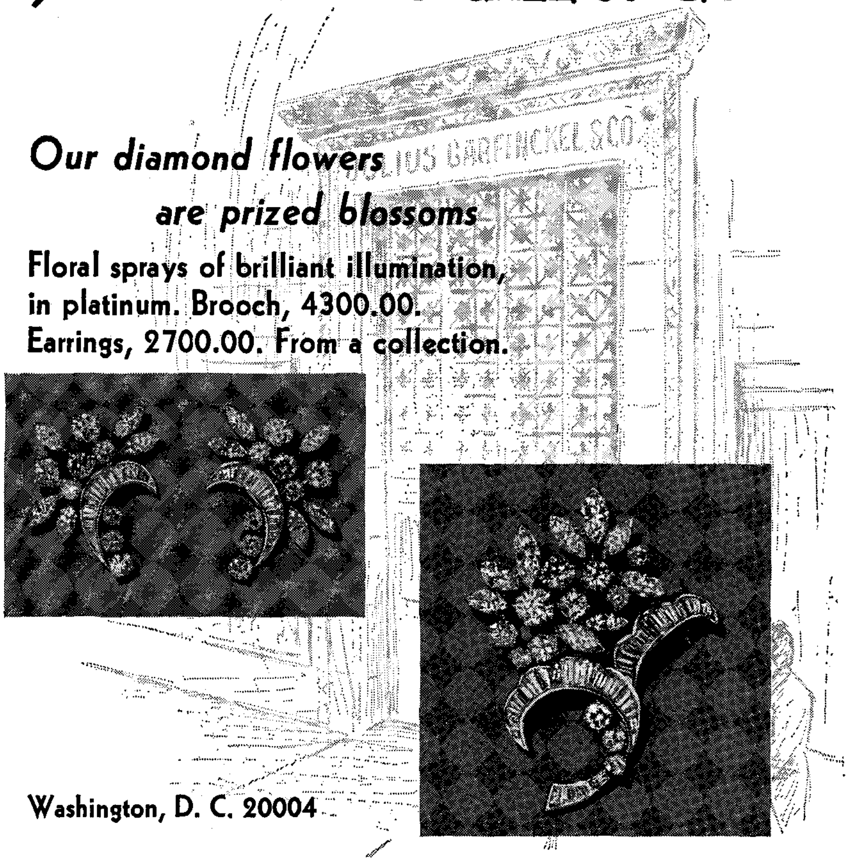

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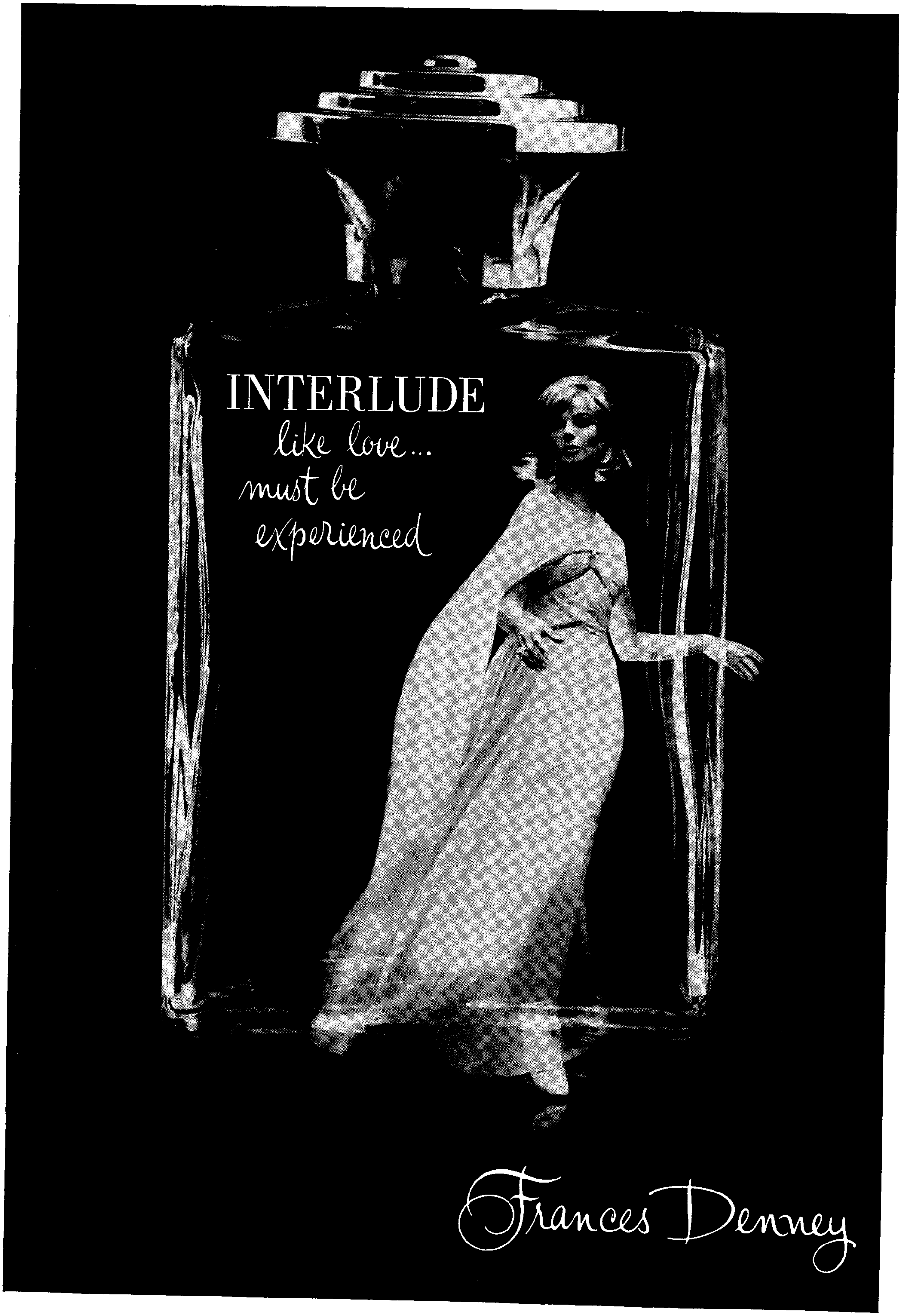
INTERLUDE
like love...
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Frances Denney

maple in our yard. Their songs made eyes of our ears; the world held a promise that blindness can see.

A few nights ago, I lay in bed remembering Reims. I could not sleep. I came downstairs to take two aspirins with a slug of whiskey. Then I wandered into the music room, for in this room is a large reproduction of Utrillo's painting of the cathedral. The light from the next room poured through the doorway, touching the colors and making them shimmer. For a hallucinatory moment, I thought the painting and the wall behind it to be on fire; the chirruping of crickets in every corner of every dark first-floor room was the crackling of the spreading flames.

Yesterday, which was Sunday, I went to the town dump with the weekly garbage and debris. My family accompanied me, at my request, and the two dogs—one a mongrel and the other a German shepherd—jumped into the car with us. I sometimes think the town dumps of America have usurped the church's role as Sunday meeting place, for on Sunday morning, at least at our dump, one finds families like my own. One also finds young lovers embracing in their cars, boys shooting rats with .22s, elderly people dressed up in their best clothes and talking from car windows to each other.

My eldest son was tossing some worn-out clothing onto a smoldering rubbish heap when a rumple-haired, bare-chested man in his middle years came running over. "Don't burn up my bread and butter!" he cried, retrieving the clothes. On his left arm was the tattoo of a naked girl; her breasts moved with each swelling of his biceps. Both dogs were barking at him from the rear of the station wagon.

"What a fine dog!" he said, and his eyes became watery.

"The German shepherd?" I asked.

"No, the curly-hair," he said. "When I was a boy I had a dog just like that, but I shot him. By God, the smartest dog that ever was! I was offered five hundred dollars for him, but would I take it? No sir, not for my old Curly."

"Why did you shoot him?"

"I should have shot my uncle—that bastard! My neighbors said my Curly was stealing their chickens and they'd have the law on my old man. It was my uncle that stole them—I seen every last one of those chickens in his coop and me with the burying shovel still in my hand. Bam! Bam! I gave that shovel to those chickens, I tell you! God, I

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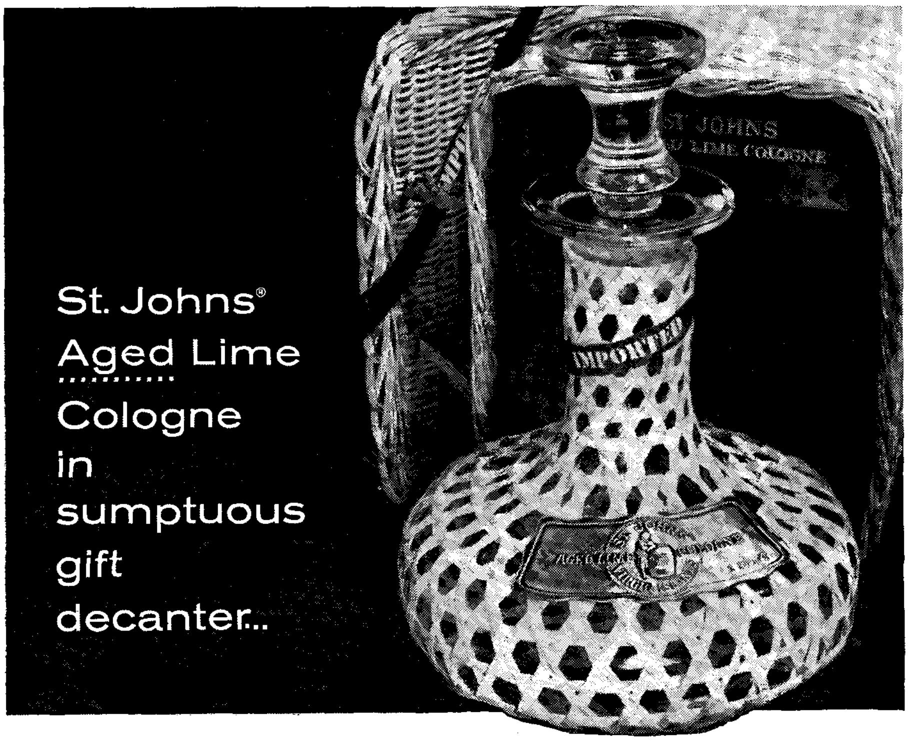

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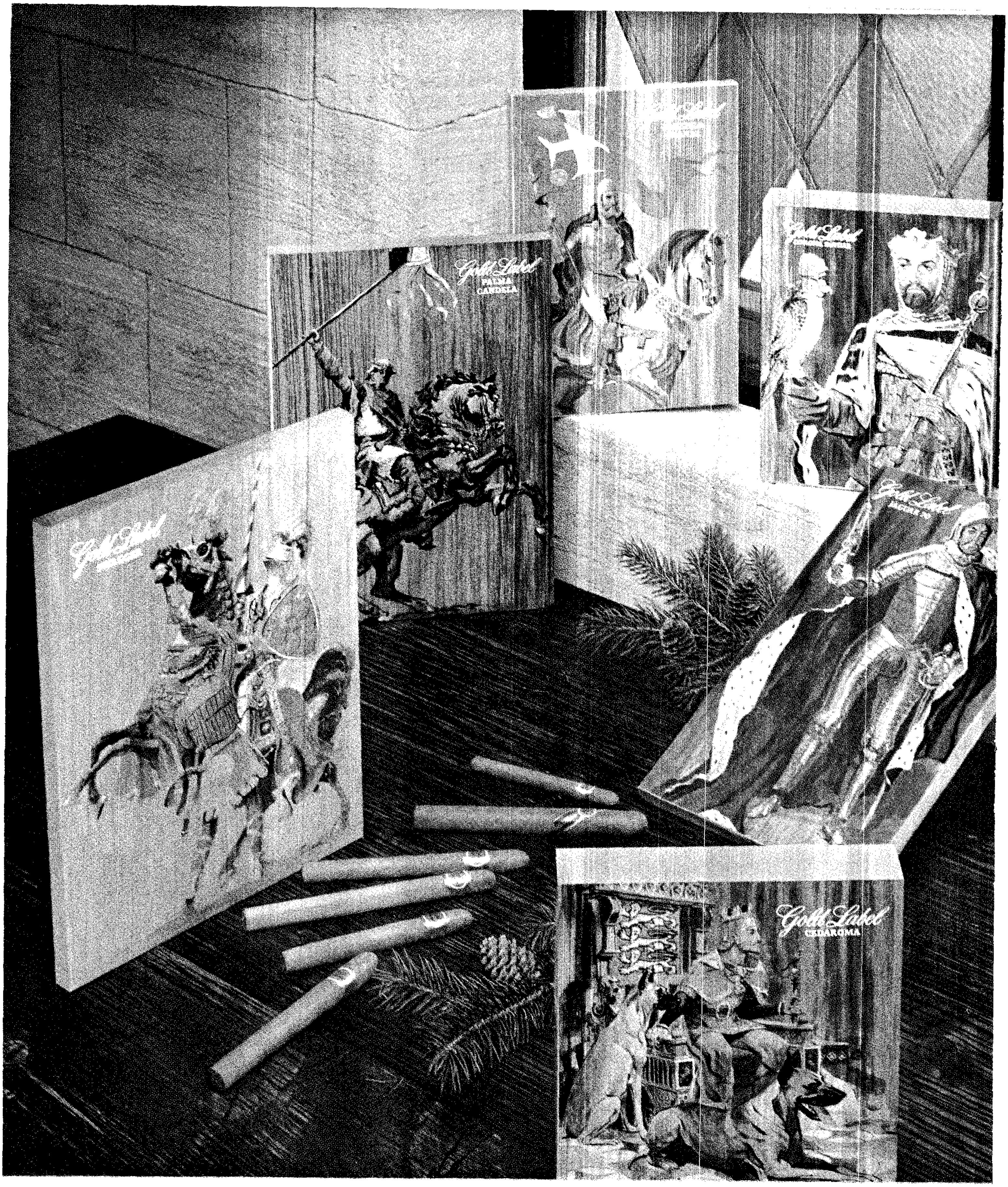

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wish I still had my Curly! Money can't fetch that kind of friend!"

Like that scavenger my age at the dump, I suppose I exploit my past the better to know my longings. A curly-haired mongrel or a fat man in a pool become ludicrous childhood images of peace and wholeness to be pursued until the ending of desire. Yet neither he nor I nor anyone is quite so simple as this suggests. For we are the totality of our pasts; we lose nothing, and each day is the summation of everything that has preceded it. On this Monday, I look back at myself as I was on Labor Day and say with patience to myself, as if I were a child, Look. Look at this house. The mindless joy you felt as you splashed paint upon it and later as you swam in your pond is the joy of a period in your childhood that you have never lost. It is the peace that music gave you in the Army; it is what you once saw in Albert Fischman; it is part of what you felt in a cathedral. God knows everything it is. The desolation you felt as you looked at Jupiter after the fire is every desolation you have known. It is your father leaving you; it is truckloads of soldiers going into battle in the rain and singing "Old MacDonald Had a Farm;" it is bombers over your head while you listen to Beethoven; it is a wall of mended statues and a postcard in which Reims burns with Kodak colors. For we grow by accretion—a pile of joy here and a pile of desolation there. The irrational intensity of our feelings in middle age comes from the awful size of the piles, and we're lucky if we can find in our minds some cathedral grand enough to hold them both.

Early this morning, the ground was covered with frost, the leaves falling against the sun on a windless dawn were colored rain, and the pond steamed like a kettle. Though I can't be sure that what I've said is as true as it should be, I know at least of Labor Day that it has had a clear consequence: we have a household fire extinguisher hanging on the wall by the kitchen stairs. It has a chromium dial and a gleaming red tank. It cost thirty-three dollars, and is guaranteed effective against all types of fire.

—JAMES McCONKEY

•

It will bring the total 1965 dividend outlay to almost $1 stillion, the largest in the company's history.—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

And with the business trend still up, too.

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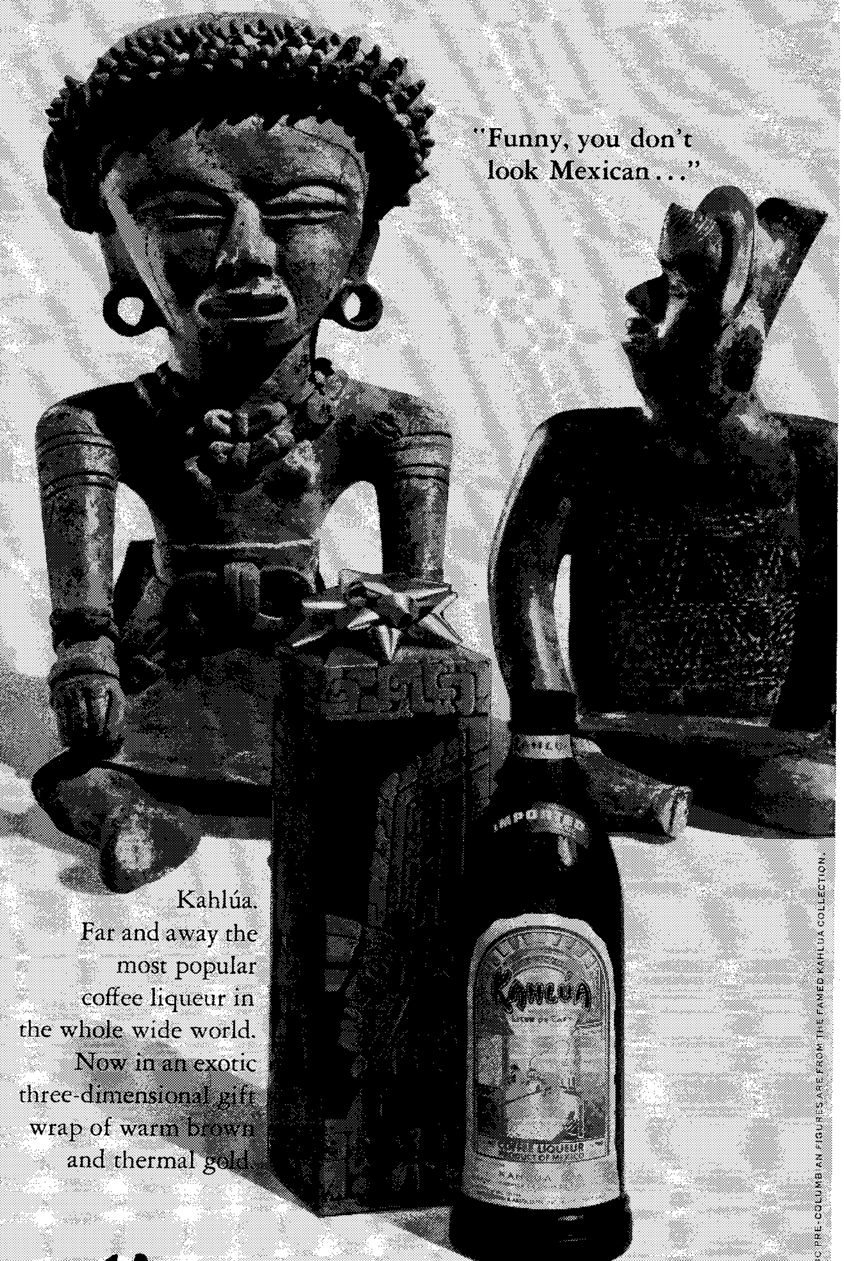

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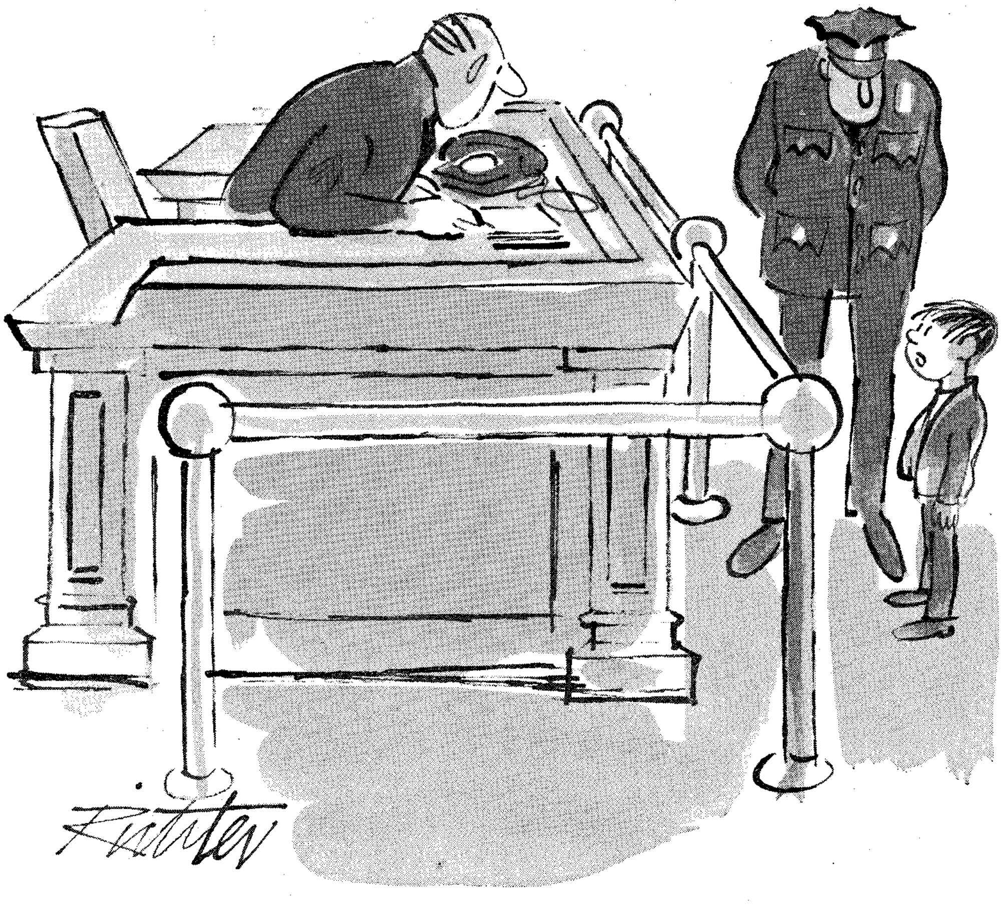
THE THEATRE

RING IN THE OLD

THE estimable APA Repertory Company, which, for lack of backing, almost decided to bypass Manhattan this season, has fortunately found enough support to warrant its taking up residence at the Lyceum, where, under the aegis of the Phoenix Theatre, it is romping through a revival of "You Can't Take It With You." Although this comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman originated nearly thirty years ago and has a high content of topical allusions, it is certainly not old hat as presented here, and no remembrance of times gone by is required for appreciating the antic humor of the piece. If, like me, you've been surfeited in recent years with black comedy and blue comedy and variations thereon, I think you will be happy indeed when you attend "You Can't Take It With You" to become acquainted, or renew your acquaintance, with comedy simply designed to make you laugh. In the event that you are unfamiliar with the characters in this Hart-Kaufman farce, let me tell you something about them. Their habitat is Manhattan, and the focal point of their activities is a house near Columbia University. Predominant among them are the Sycamores, who occupy the house along with a retired iceman and a couple of colored retainers who are living in sin. The head man in the Sycamore ménage is Grandpa Vanderhof, who quit work in his prime because he got bored with business, and now spends his time raising snakes, attending commencements, and enjoying the eccentric doings of his family. Among Grandpa's relatives we have his middle-aged daughter Penny, who has been writing plays ever since a typewriter was delivered to the Sycamore residence by mistake some years ago; his son-in-law, who, with the help of the retired iceman, makes fireworks in the basement; a granddaughter who studies ballet and makes candy, which her husband, an amateur printer, peddles after inserting subversive messages in the boxes; and another granddaughter, who is just a nice, normal girl with a crush on her boss's son. The uproar created by the Sycamores, their iceman, and their domestics is considerable, and it is wildly abetted by a mad Russian who tutors the candy-maker in ballet. But while there is plenty of noise and confusion in "You Can't Take It With You," the proceedings, under the direction of Ellis Rabb, never get out of hand, and when the pace of the farce changes and a love scene is introduced, Mr. Rabb guides his actors most sensitively. I need not inform you, I suppose, that after all the commotion is over—the fireworks exploded, Grandpa relieved of paying income taxes (in which he does not believe), relations with the boss and his family no longer strained—our girl gets her boy, which is as it should be. Everyone in the cast is commendable, but perhaps it wouldn't be captious to single out for special applause Rosemary Harris and Clayton Corzatte, who play the lovers; Dee Victor, as Penny; Donald Moffat, as Grandpa; Jennifer Harmon, as the aspiring ballerina; and Nat Simmons, who plays a Sycamore retainer on relief.



"I live in a green-and-white house with a big mortgage."

"MAN OF LA MANCHA," at the ANTA Washington Square, has much to recommend it. It has been admirably mounted on an open stage by Howard Bay, it has a melodious score by Mitch Leigh, it has some fine performers, and it has been skillfully directed by Albert Marre. But I'm not sure that Dale Wasserman's book, Joe Darion's lyrics, and Jack Cole's choreography are entirely satisfactory. In this interpretation of "Don Quixote," Mr. Wasserman, whose first attempt to dramatize the theme was seen on television a few years back, presents, in the person of Richard Kiley, not only the daft knight but his creator as well. He does this by introducing Cervantes as a prisoner in an Inquisition dungeon who is summoned before a kangaroo court of fellow-prisoners, who rob him of his possessions and threaten to destroy the manuscript of his masterpiece. To prevent this, he diverts them by reënacting, with the help of his servant, Sancho, some scenes from "Don Quixote." In the course of the action, the fellow-prisoners themselves are transformed into characters from the novel. The episodes from Cervantes are, of course, familiar, and occasionally effective. But they are also fragmentary, and all too often the dia-

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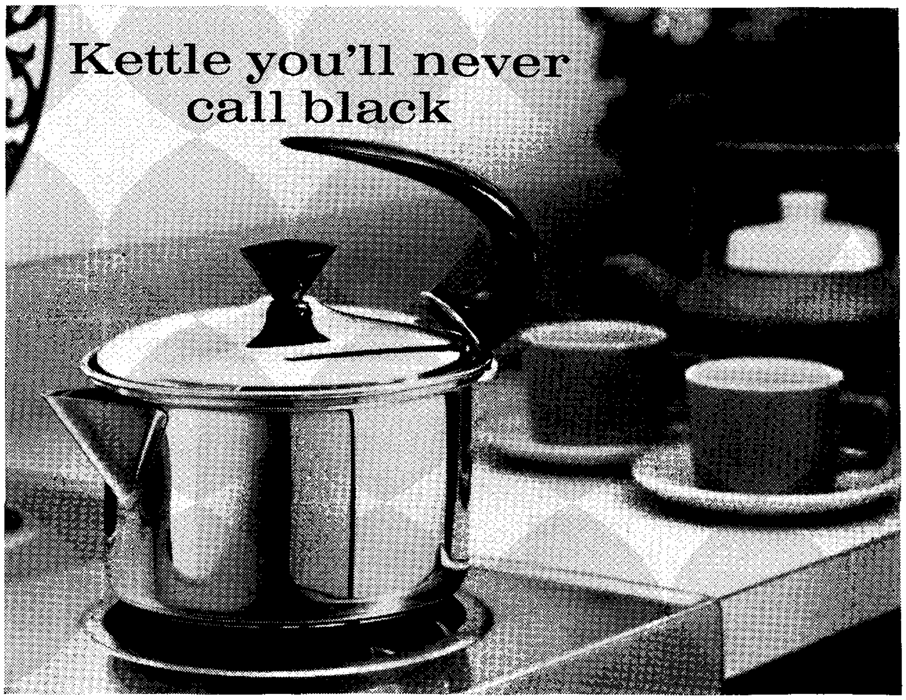

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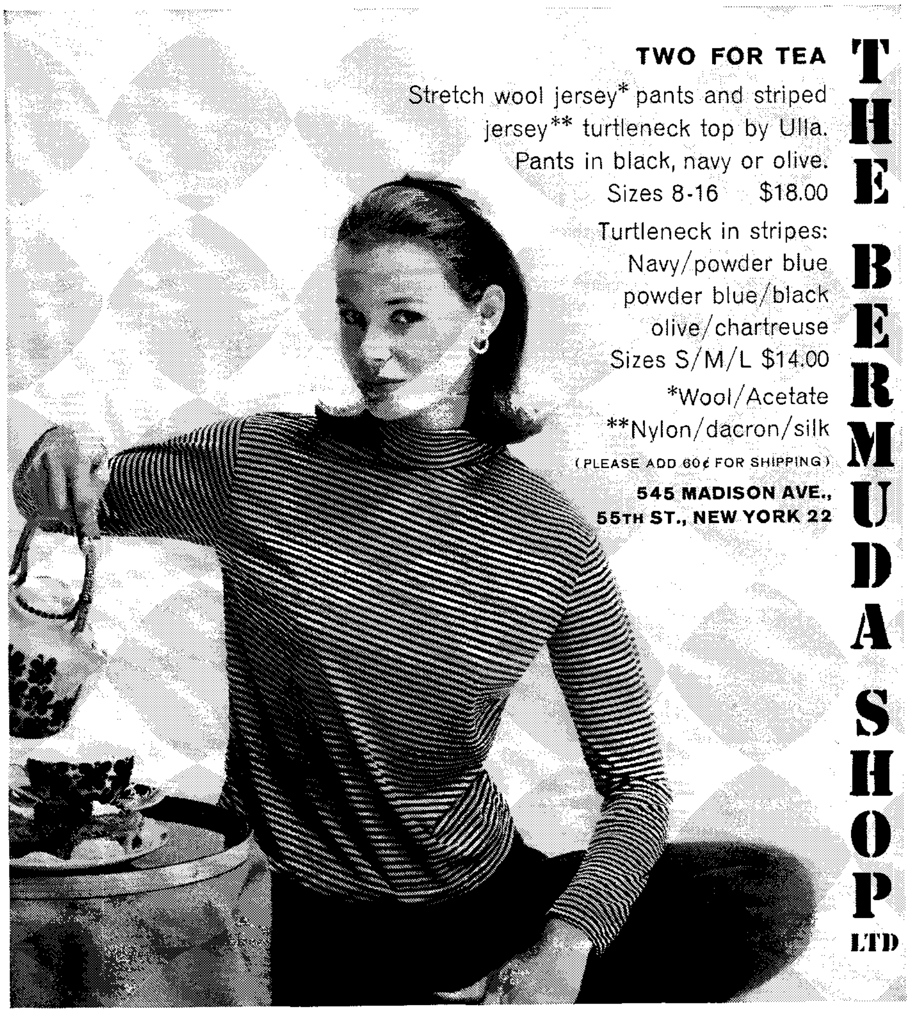

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logue runs to vulgarity, particularly in episodes involving Don Quixote and the serving wench he believes to be his spotless Dulcinea. The vulgarity is compounded by Mr. Cole's dances, which are of the cootch variety and run to excesses in the grind-and-bump division.

But if "Man of La Mancha" is a spotty affair, there is no faulting Richard Kiley as the central figure. He is at once lunatic and pathetic as the knight, and grave and compelling as Cervantes. He lines out his songs with authority, but I think the top singing honors should go to Robert Rounseville, who portrays a padre. Among the others who participate are Ray Middleton, Joan Diener, and Irving Jacobson, and they are laudably industrious. I regret the fact that Mr. Middleton doesn't have many songs to sing, and that Mr. Jacobson frequently seems quaint rather than earthy. I also regret the fact that Miss Diener has to submit to virtual mayhem in some of Mr. Cole's interludes, particularly one in which assorted mule-skinners participate. But if you're in a mood to hear music that is easy on the ears and see a couple of sketches that convey a bit of Cervantes' substance, it will do you no harm to drop in on "Man of La Mancha." —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Now there is assurance that a program will get off the ground under which children whose mother tongue is not English would be required to learning English before starting first grade.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Keep it on the ground. The visibility is terrible.

•

An estimated 2,000 people attended a rally conducted this weekend by Mrs. Gabrielle Nash.

Mrs. Nash showed two French films and changed her dress three times.

She urged creation of a "French Riviera" atmosphere for the city.—*Miami Beach Daily Sun.*

You know—you take your dress off and *leave* it off.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chicago Sun-Times*]

Some of the butterflies, tagged by scientists in Canada, have been found in Mexico, their wings tattered and torn. They fly against heavy winds, completely unaffected by the weather.

Year after year, they will return to a certain tree for rest, even though they have never been there before.

FOOTBALL

How Not to Succeed

THE boomerang is an Australian weapon whose peculiar uses are best left to those who understand them — Australians. But orders are orders, so I am told, even if they require that one go down with the ship. Army did not quite go down in its match with Navy last Saturday, but it generously gave away a ball game that—mostly because of Stowers' supernal galloping and an omnivorous defense—it should have won, 7–0, and awarded Navy a tie, at 7–7. Players in both uniforms kept dashing in from the sidelines that afternoon, clearly imparting friendly advice (or, as I was saying, orders) after almost every maneuver, and the message that unravelled Army's triumph required Cook to throw a boomerang instead of just playing for keeps (Army already had its touchdown) and letting the last two minutes of the first half run out. The boomerang landed in Navy hands and was whisked back to Army's thirty-six-yard line. Cartwright, the competent but still vernal Navy quarterback, threw eight passes, some of them very good and some of them awful (passes, naturally, use up much less time than running plays), and Navy got its touchdown. It was Cartwright or nothing for Navy; Navy couldn't run for beans against the inexhaustible Champi and the other Army linemen (Champi and a brace of others played both offense and defense, in the nearly vanished classic manner), and Army hustled Cartwright so impolitely that at times Navy could send only two pass catchers downfield, since the rest had to be held back to guard Cartwright. Thus, as far as positive action was concerned, the second half of the match might as well have been called off. But then we would have missed watching the incessant arrival of message bearers with their completely nullifying reams of advice. "This isn't the Army-Navy game," said someone in my neighborhood. "This is the Penn Relay Races."

STREAMS of advisers poured, too, into the encounter in which Dartmouth and Princeton were involved the weekend before—almost all of them Princetonians; in fact, along toward the end Princeton was even changing quarterbacks after each play. The fatal message—"Throw the boomerang"—was imparted to Landeck, the Princeton tailback, right after Dartmouth, which on that afternoon could have knocked over practically any team, had, like Navy, come from behind to a 7–7 tie. The boomerang went into the hands of a Dartmouth man, and the ball was whisked back to the Princeton thirty-nine-yard line. A mere half-dozen operations, deftly carried out, put Dartmouth ahead, 14–7, and there it stayed, getting stronger, as if that were necessary, as it went on. Dartmouth 28, Princeton 14 was the total. Dartmouth, which (for the record) threw some boomerangs of its own earlier in the season but, wisely, against considerably lesser opponents, threw none against Princeton. Instead, working out its schemes as easily as though it were merely on the practice field, it sent the ball caroming with billiard-table precision—center to quarterback to wingback, again to quarterback, then, and lastly, to a far-flung end for a far-flung gain. Princeton, once more without Bedell at quarterback, seemed to lose its burning desire after its first touchdown, but even with Bedell it would have had trouble stemming Dartmouth.

Thanksgiving Day was devoted (another nearly vanished classic idea) to the game between Cornell and Pennsylvania, and expectations, because of Pennsylvania's recent renaissance, were great, but Penn appeared to have forgotten most of what it had learned—the hard way—and Cornell, which had been very good one week and awful the next (I have to keep repeating myself, like history), was very good, running and throwing the ball in a reasonable facsimile of Dartmouth, while Penn, whose quarterback, Creeden, is as young and competent and vernal as Navy's Cartwright, had an on-and-off afternoon. Shall we call the last two weekends of Eastern football anticlimactic? Yes, we shall.—J. W. L.

•

City Treasurer V. A. Etheridge expressed "a lot of concern" over the fact that only 8,500 Virginia Beach voters cast ballots in July, although the 1964 presidential election indicated there are about 5,000 qualified voters here.—*Virginia Beach Ledger-Star.*

What's Etheridge worried about? They seem to be doing fine.

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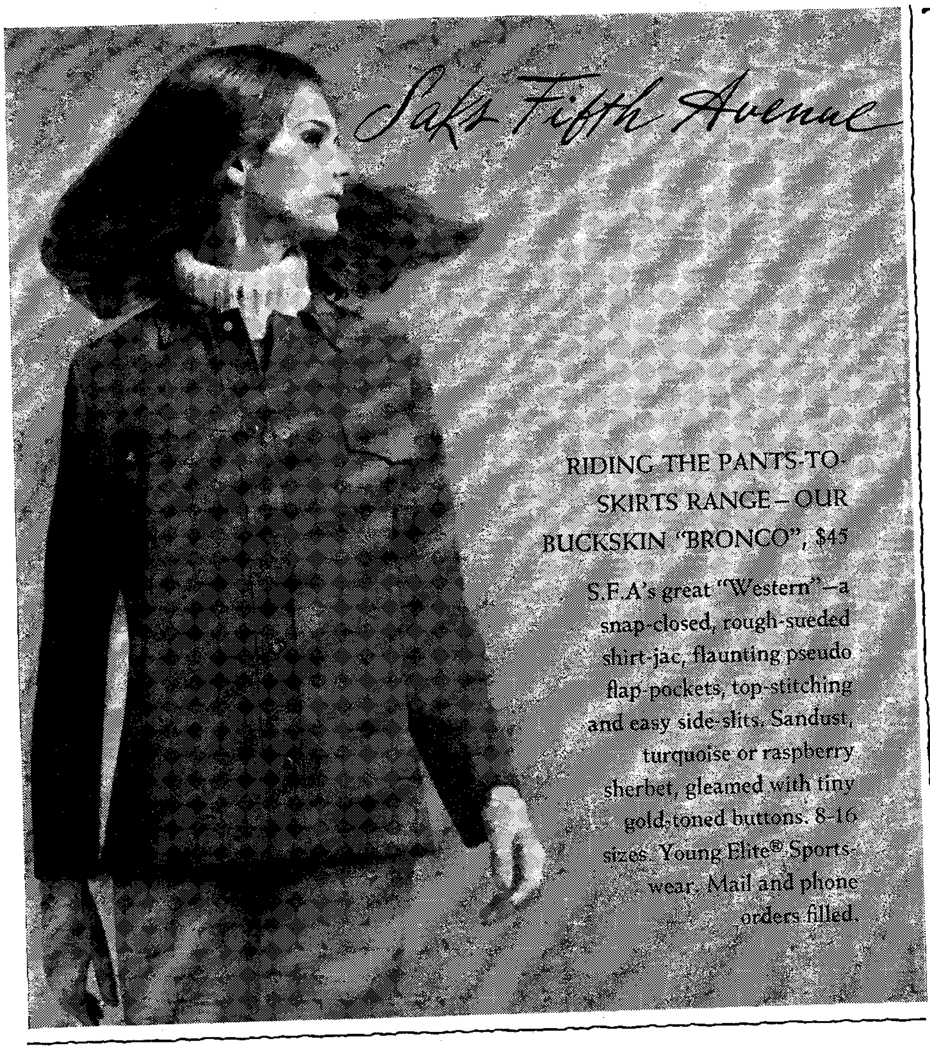

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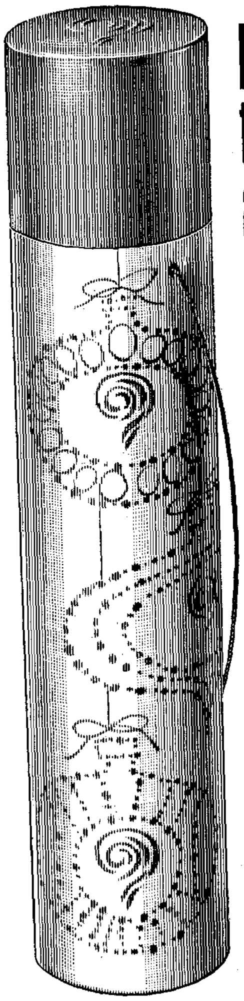

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lullaby of Broadway

BY far the most beguiling movies to reach town last week were to be found at Huntington Hartford's chocolate-lollipop-and-white-sugarplum castle on Columbus Circle (and what a Christmas present *that* would make for the child who has everything!); unfortunately, of these beguiling movies only one was new, and it was new in form only, being a mosaic of selections from seventeen old movies. Raymond Rohauer, film curator and program director of the Gallery of Modern Art, having previously organized public tributes to Buster Keaton and Hal Roach, has stitched together a several-weeks-long schedule of pictures entitled "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley" and subtitled—for Mr. Rohauer is a Barnum in more ways than one—"Master Builder of the American Musical Film." To those of us who grew up in the thirties, enchanted by such mighty feats of movie make-believe as "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Wonder Bar," "Dames," and even "The Singing Marine," for all of which Mr. Berkeley served as the musical director, the term "master builder" strikes just the right note of the intentionally grandiose. It was Mr. Berkeley's particular gift, manifested in a total of something over a hundred films, to have been able to fill the comparatively small screen of those days with what seemed like hundreds of good-looking, seductively clad girls, all simultaneously engaged in activities that almost never had any visible connection with their good looks or state of undress—the dear, doll-faced things simply kept sawing away on neon violins or pounding away on white pianos that receded, infinitely multiplied, into some gorgeous patent-leather Cloud-Cuckoo-Land of Mr. Berkeley's imagination, and I, for one, crouched in the dark of my neighborhood theatre and aghast with admiration, wouldn't have had it otherwise.

A dozen or so Berkeley pictures will be shown between now and late January; last week the Gallery also gave six showings of the "new" movie,

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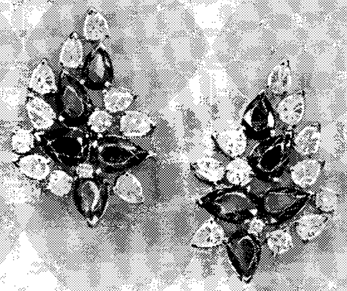

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"Seventeen Musical Sequences," chosen by Mr. Rohauer and Mr. Berkeley. Among the numbers included are "Shadow Waltz," "The Lady in Red," "By a Waterfall," "I Only Have Eyes for You," "Lullaby of Broadway," and "Shuffle Off to Buffalo." Present in person at these showings were Mr. Berkeley and Ruby Keeler, who starred in many of the master builder's best-known extravaganzas. Thirty-odd years ago, Miss Keeler was an exceptionally pretty girl, and she is now an exceptionally pretty woman; as for Mr. Berkeley, at seventy he is a splendid figure of a man—white-haired, courtly, and giving the impression that he has had, and is having, a fine time in life.

I DROPPED in on "The War Lord" to see if the brilliant young director Franklin Schaffner could make anything of the sterile formula of the big, bow-wow, costume melodrama—in this case, a supposedly serious study of a Norman knight bedevilled by deep Frisians outside the walls of his keep and by a few pesky Old Believers within them. It turns out that Mr. Schaffner has been able to make nothing of the formula; with what amounts to the fastidiousness of complete failure, he leaves the silly screenplay precisely where he found it. Charlton Heston is unbelievable as the vexed knight, Rosemary Forsyth is laughable in the role of a virgin swineherd, and Maurice Evans, pattering about as a Christian monk who would rather be a Druid, is never, alas, at a loss for words.

I ALSO dropped in on "Johnny Nobody," a murder mystery filmed in Ireland. A superstitious regard for my ancestors led me to hope that the picture would prove at least infinitesimally meritorious, but, let generations of Bowens spin as they will in their graves in rainy Mohill, the picture is a fiasco. The hero, a parish priest oddly decked out in some of the less lubricious characteristics of James Bond, is played by Nigel Patrick, who has made the mistake of also directing the picture. Joyce said of Ireland that it is the old sow that eats her farrow. "Johnny Nobody" renders the epigram all the more cruelly apt.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

TO THE EDITOR:
Being 12 years old and at the brink of adolescence, I am already possessed of a chubby mother and an almost-bald father.—*Letter to the Times.*

Not to mention a full-bodied prose style.

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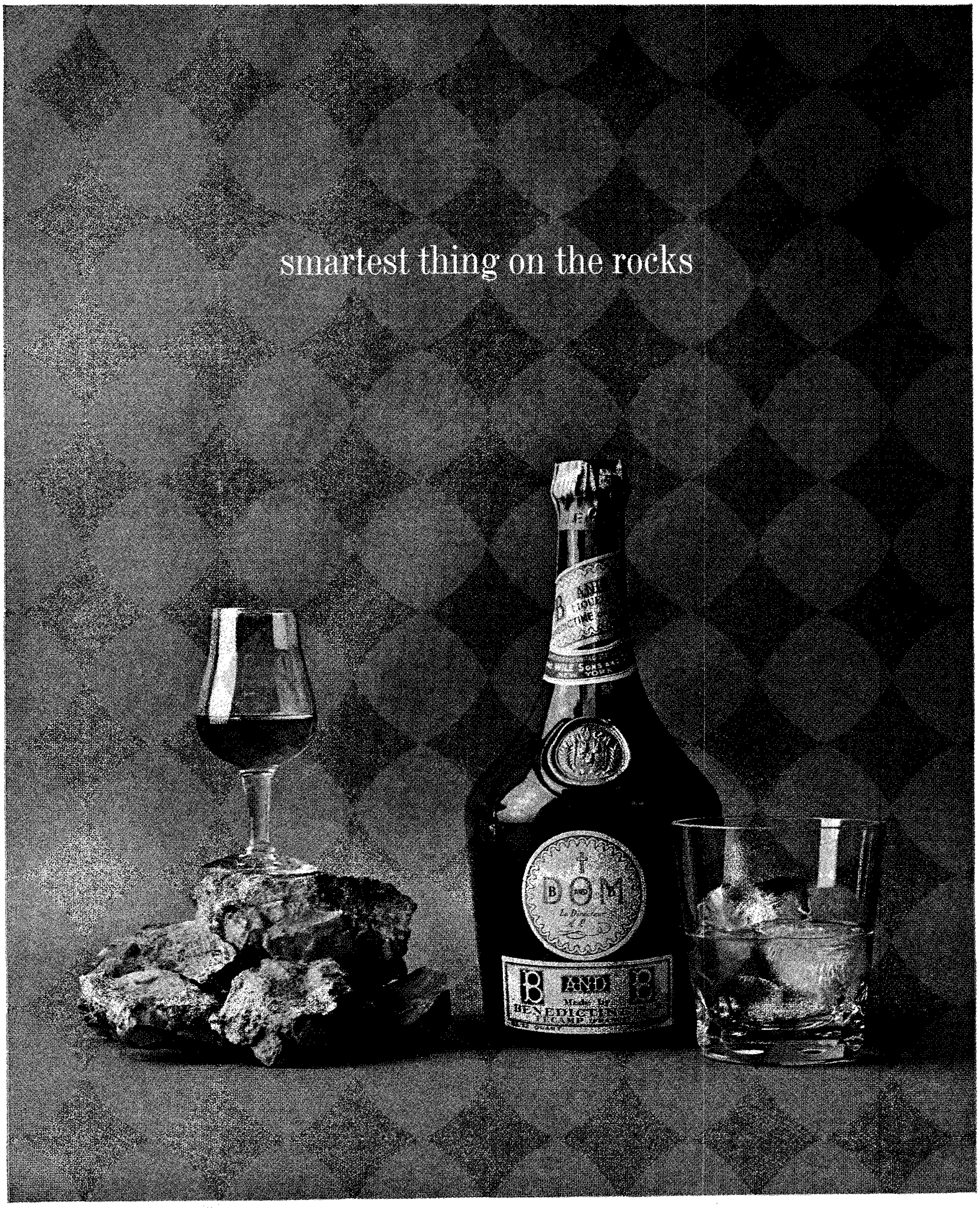

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

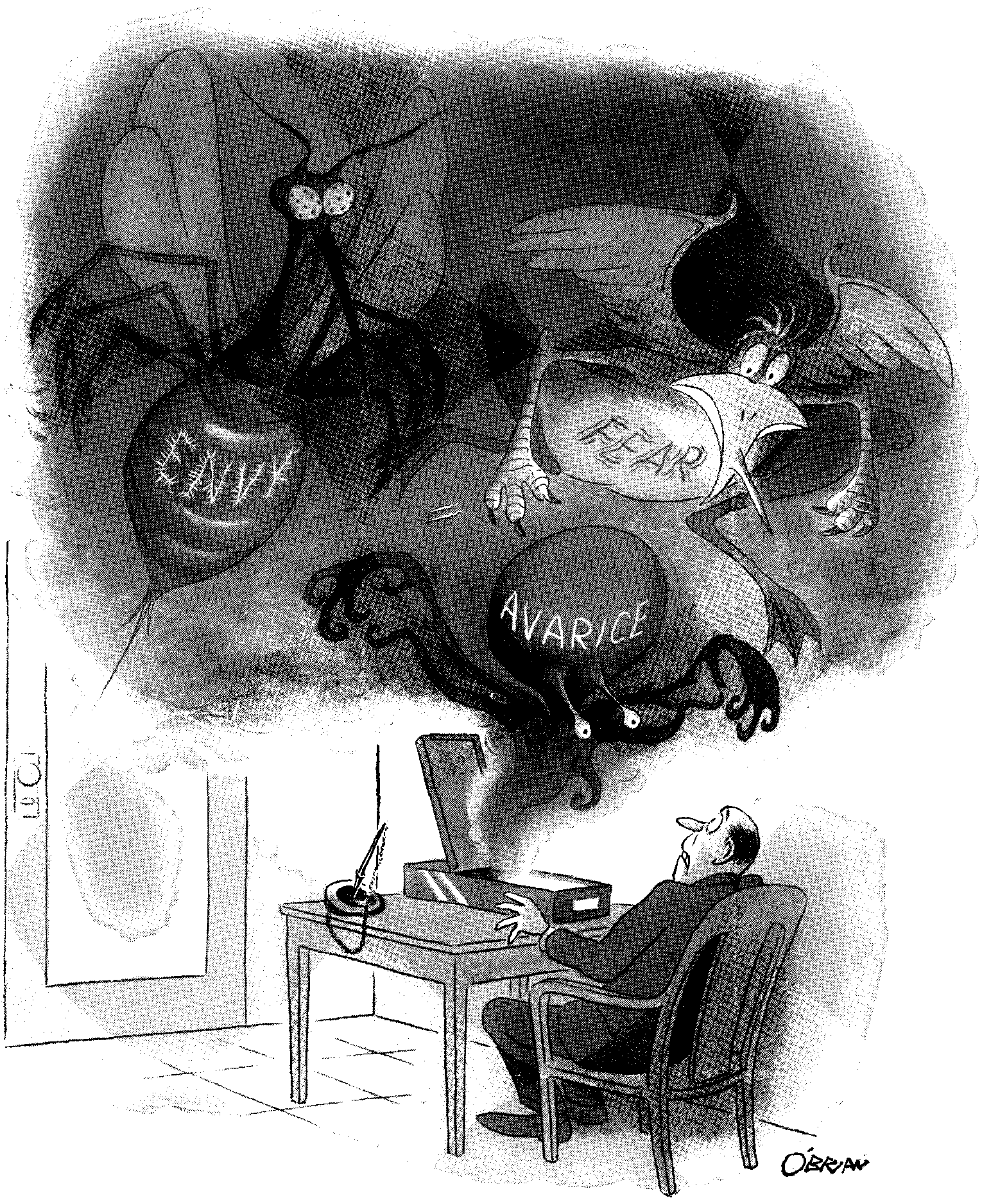
COLOR IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY

AN American investigating the state of race relations in England sometimes has the feeling that he is watching an old familiar play performed by an inexperienced road company. The theme is intact, but some of the players seem careless about their lines. When a liberal Englishman dismisses the possibility of passing fair-employment legislation by saying "You can't legislate prejudice," an American immediately wonders how anyone could have lived through eight years of the Eisenhower administration and not know that the proper battle cry for laissez-faire is "You can't legislate morality." The chairman of the Birmingham Immigration Control Association—a group that would like to see colored immigration halted and colored emigration encouraged—says that in order to understand why there is nothing wrong with separate facilities for separate races in pubs, "You must understand that in England the pub is a social place." Can he have been listening to all of those explanations that started, "You must understand that in the South the school is a social place"? The city official in Yorkshire who is thankful that a preponderance of the colored immigrants in his area are Asians because West Indians are more "truculent" must surely mean "uppity." English phrases and English accents make friction between races sound strangely genteel. The notices on London bulletin boards advertising flats and furnished rooms say "Sorry, No Coloured" or "Regret, No Coloured," and sometimes "No Coloured" has been scratched out and "Europeans Only" substituted. Explaining why white people move out of a neighborhood when colored people move in, a clergyman in the Midlands says, "Colored immigrants don't care tuppence about dustbins. They have no idea of dustbins."

Even the Klan is confused. An Indian who had written a pro-immigration letter to the *Guardian* received two death threats from people purporting to be members of the Ku Klux Klan. But if the second writer was in fact a Klansman, his threat must have been the first in the organization's history to be signed, "Faithfully yours, Deputy Wizard." According to police witnesses, one citizen who was recently on trial in Rugby for dressing up in robes and burning a cross said after the ceremony that plans had been made beforehand, at the Oak and Black Dog pub in Stretton on Dunsmore, but that the cross-burning simply was "not organized properly." What kind of Klan language is that?

An American who is tempted to be condescending about such ineptitude becomes less tempted as he realizes that condescension would have to be based on the fact that Americans have had experience in discriminating against more people longer, and in ways both more violent and more sophisticated. There is, in fact, some small demand for this type of American expertise. During a recess in the Rugby trial, one of the professed Klansmen, a factory worker named William McDonald Duncan, said that his group had lost a great opportunity when Robert M. Shelton, the Imperial Wizard from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, was denied entry to England for a speaking tour. "He would have been of great help," said Duncan, in a thick Scots accent. "What we desperately need is guidance."

BECAUSE most of the colored people in England have come there from other countries of the British Commonwealth, English discussions of race are further complicated by the use of "immigrant" as a code word for "colored." Groups preaching the superiority of the white race can do so by advocating immigration control, and government documents that deal with colored people often refer to them as "Commonwealth immigrants," without mentioning color. A circular put out last summer by the Department of Education discussed the problems



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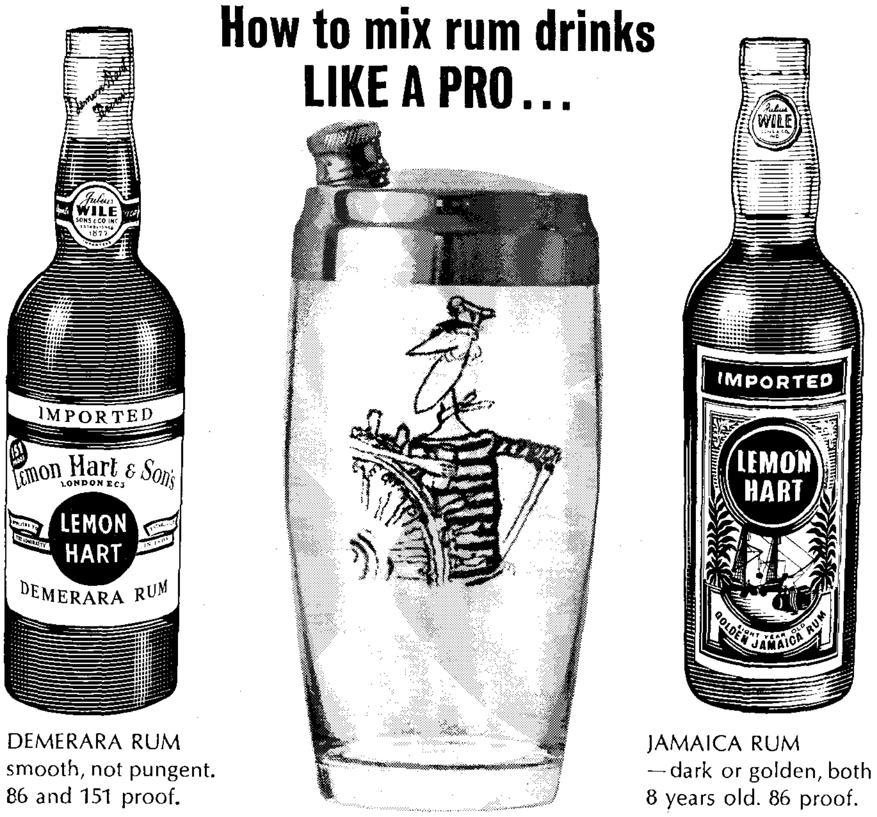

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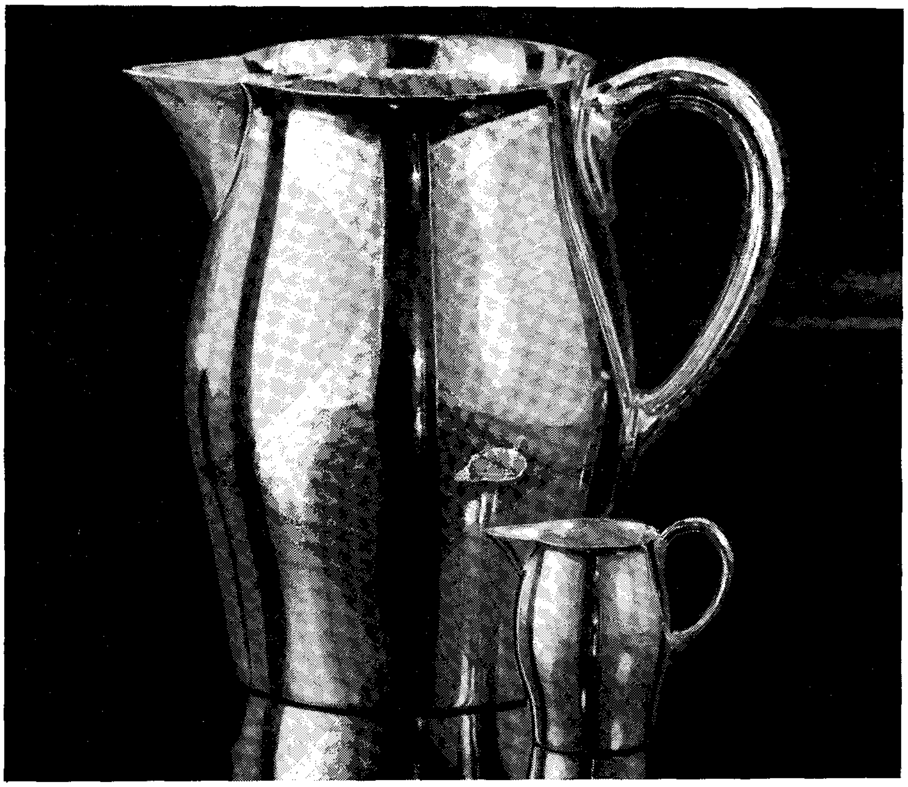

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brought on by the presence in the schools of so many "immigrant children"—conjuring up pictures of ambitious five-year-olds shouldering their meagre belongings and setting out to find a better life across the sea. Not long ago, a local school superintendent, musing on his own educational problems, told a visitor, "We have five hundred and fifty immigrants born every year." Although it is one of the avowed aims of the government to persuade people to face the fact that England is now a "multi-racial society," discussions on the subject do not necessarily include the names of any of the races involved. Even people who would ordinarily not be expected to deal in sociological terms are likely to refer to white people in England as the "host community." Such officials as school superintendents and labor-exchange managers frequently call them "our own people." And, of course, they can always be distinguished from foreigners simply by calling them English.

By American standards, England's multi-racial society is just barely multi-racial. Because there were no accurate immigration statistics until 1962, estimates of the total number of colored immigrants in the country can vary considerably, often depending on the estimator's politics. People who tend to link immigration with words like "flood" or "tide" sometimes estimate that there are a million and a half, or even two million, colored people in Great Britain. The most widely accepted figure is eight hundred thousand, of which about half are from the West Indies, a hundred and fifty thousand from India, a hundred and twenty thousand from Pakistan, and the rest from such other parts of the Commonwealth as Nigeria and British Guiana. If all of these people are classified together as "colored"—as they are by the British—they still amount to less than two per cent of the population. Immigrants, however, obviously go to places where work is available, and since much of English industry is still jammed into a few areas, the vast majority of the immigrants are jammed in with it. It is often said that there are still many Englishmen who never see a colored man, and there are therefore some Englishmen—in London, in the Midlands around Birmingham, and in the textile towns of Yorkshire—who see quite a few. The immigrant population is ten or fifteen per cent in some towns and considerably higher than that in some neighborhoods; in Birmingham, for instance, one primary school is

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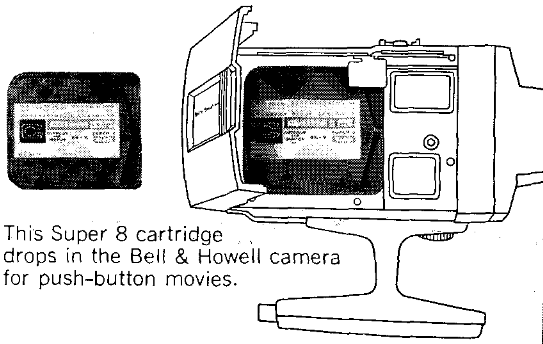

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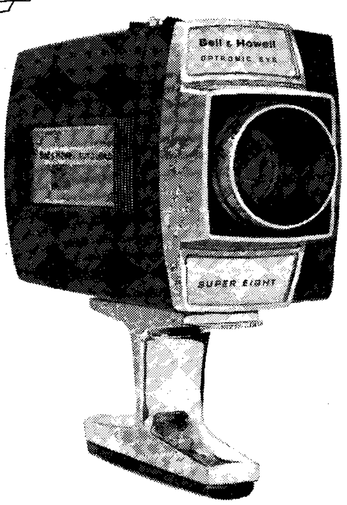

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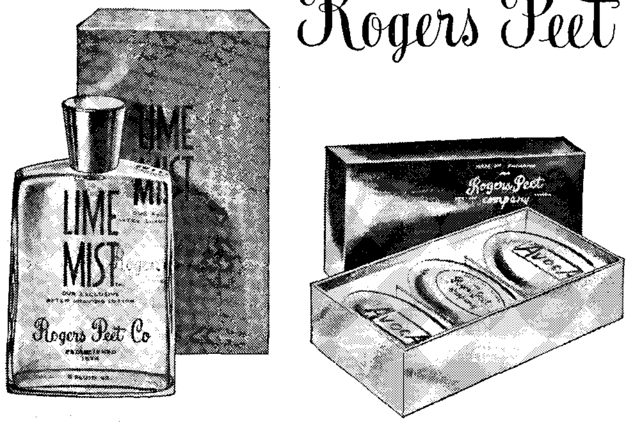

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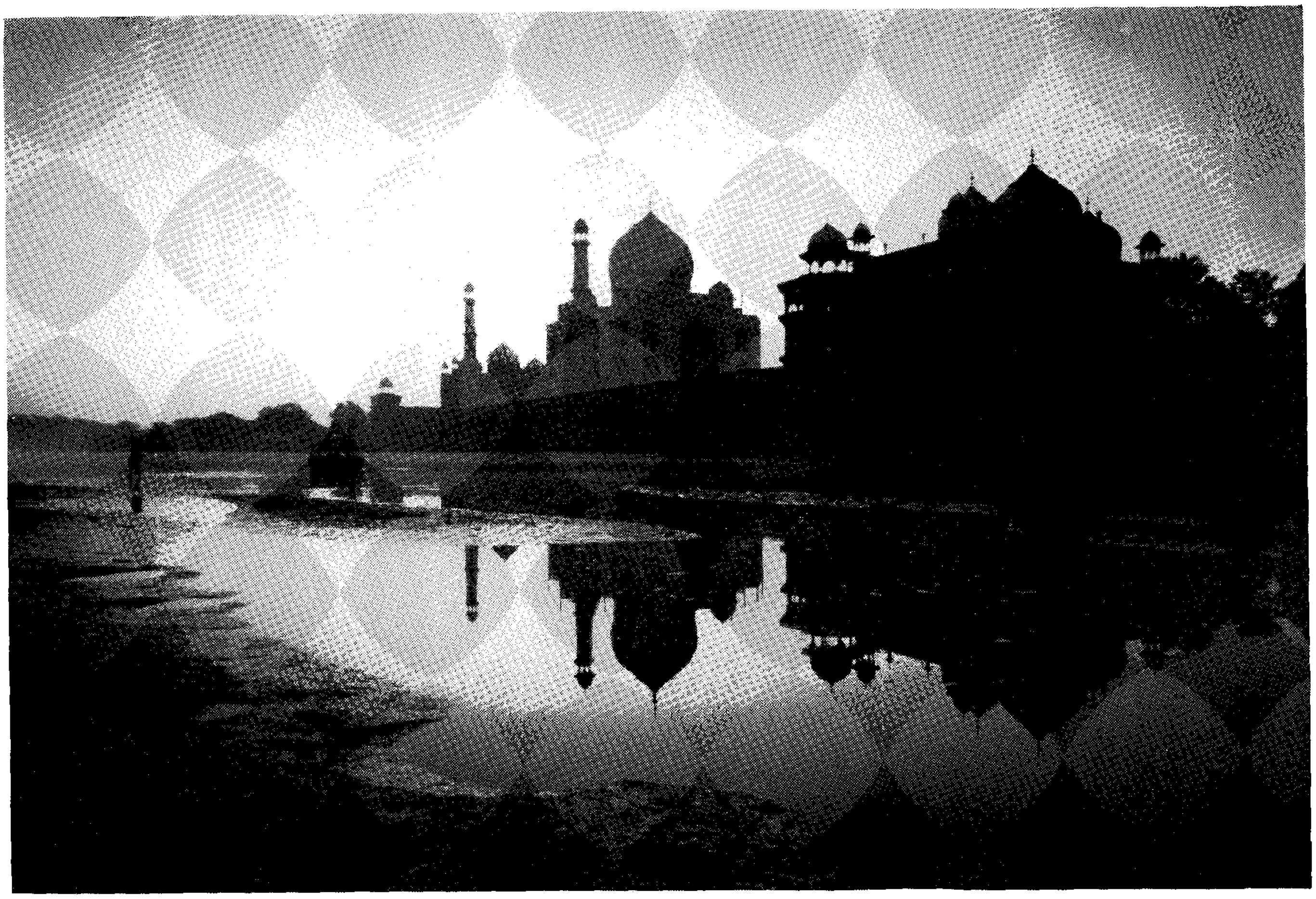
eighty per cent colored and a few more are over fifty per cent. In some parts of England, the birth rate of West Indians and Asians is a popular subject of discussion.

Some familiar English scenes have taken on strangely non-English tones. In Brixton, a section of South London where a number of West Indians have lived for several years, the merchants at the Saturday-morning open-air market have quietly adapted their old ways to new customers. An English fruit-and-vegetable vender, complete with a stained smock coat and Cockney accent, can still be seen holding a knife over a piece of his produce and asking, "Is this enough, love?" But what he is holding the knife over is likely to be a huge, gnarled yam, and the customer is probably a West Indian housewife, standing patiently with other West Indian housewives in an orderly English queue. In Cold Harbor Lane, around the corner from the market, a pub called the Atlantic provides the traditional separation of public and saloon bars, the traditional taps for drawing cool beer from the cellar, and the traditional assortment of weighty savories. But at noon on a recent Saturday the clients, ninety per cent of them West Indians, were shouting to be heard above the din of a jukebox, and the three colored barmaids were half dancing to and from the taps, trying to keep time to the music of "We Are Rolling Under the Tree of Life," by Stranger Cole, or "Shame and Scandal in the Family," by Shawn Elliot. A few yards down Cold Harbor Lane, in a pub called the Prince Albert, the Saturday regulars, all white, sat staring out over their pints of beer in silence.

In Southall, a neighborhood in London that now has seven or eight thousand Indian residents, the Shackleton Hall, a trim brick building maintained by the Ealing Borough Council to rent for meetings and parties, is converted every Sunday into the Southall Sikh Temple. The shoes of the worshippers line the vestibule, and in the main room the folding chairs and upright piano have been pushed to one side so that a white tarpaulin could be spread across the floor. The congregation—the men, wearing turbans or handkerchiefs on their heads, on one side of the room, and the women, wearing saris, segregated with the children on the other side—listens to a preacher as he interprets the Book of the Prophets or plays high-pitched music on a harmonium. On a raised platform in the middle of the room, the book itself stands, covered with bright scarves. Behind it an elderly



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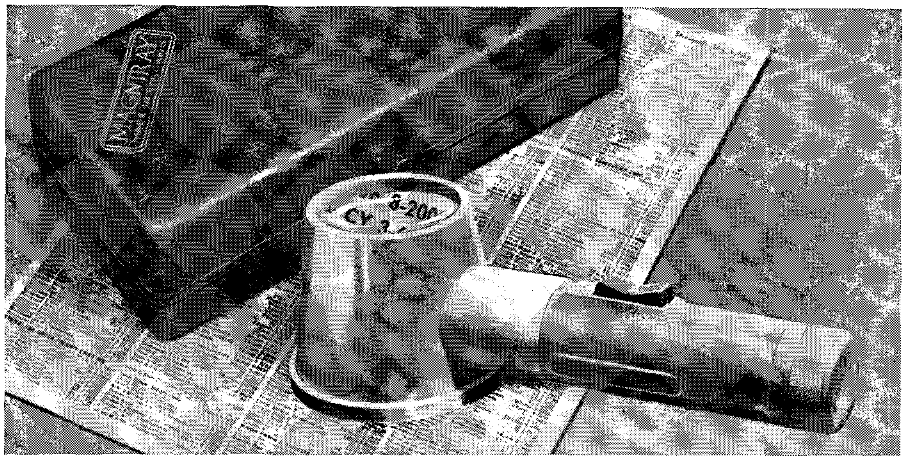

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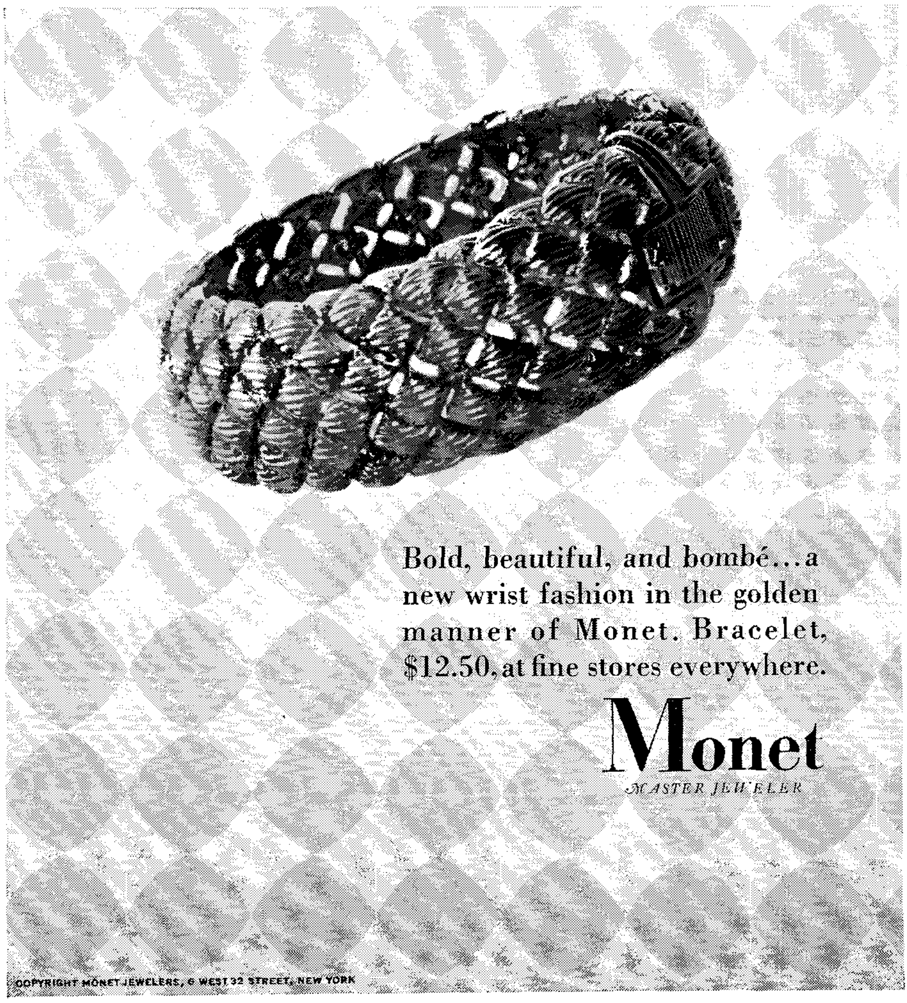

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priest with a long white beard nods and smiles as each worshipper who enters the room bows on his knees before the holy book and pushes forward an offering of British coins—or, once in a while, a sack of sugar or flour.

How Englishmen were likely to react to the relatively sudden arrival of so many people with such un-English habits has been the subject of a lot of discussion in the past year or so. The first thing a visitor is told is that the English, being an insular people, have a natural suspicion of foreigners, but, being a tolerant people, have little actual race prejudice. In the fifties, Commonwealth immigration seemed the logical answer to England's chronic shortage of manpower—particularly manpower to run city transportation systems, to staff hospitals, and to fill the less pleasant factory jobs. London Transport even established a recruitment-and-training office in Barbados. "No Coloured" signs were a fixture of London bulletin boards from the start, and British social scientists often quoted the finding of one of their number that "a mild antipathy towards coloured people and a tendency to avoid too intimate a social contact with them is virtually a cultural 'norm' in Britain." But even after the disturbances in the Notting Hill section of London and other areas in 1958, a widespread feeling remained that color prejudice did not happen to be an English characteristic. The disturbances brought a good deal of sympathy for the immigrants, and the social scientists would probably have had difficulty finding an Englishman who believed the "cultural norm" had anything to do with him. In 1961, when there were already a large number of West Indians in the country, people were asked in a Gallup Poll if there was one nationality in England that they particularly disliked, and they named the Cypriots almost twice as often as any other group. Second place was taken by the Italians. The West Indians, who were often identified in people's minds with exceptionally cheerful bus conductors, were named most often as the nationality particularly liked, and the Indians were second. Also in 1961, though, three out of four people said they were in favor of measures that would mean allowing fewer of those cheerful bus conductors into the country. If an unpopularity poll were taken today, colored immigrants would probably win in a walk.

In the years between, some people in England have gradually come to realize that the original optimism about tolerance was misplaced. In December,

Give him Madame Rochas. A few drops at a time.
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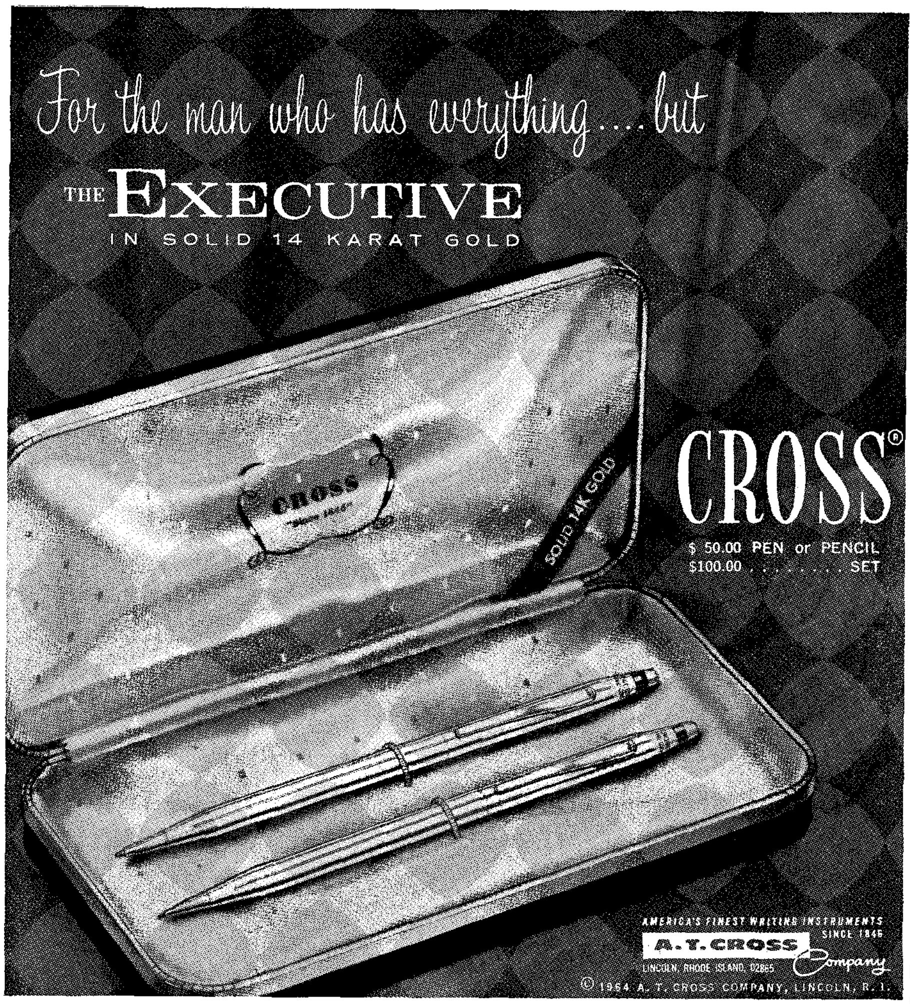
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1963, the Institute of Race Relations, a British agency that had concentrated its research on foreign race problems, established a five-year Survey of Race Relations in England. By that time, both parties had abandoned the principle that Commonwealth citizens should have completely unrestricted entry into the mother country. "There was a point six or seven years ago when both parties thought they could hold the line," says Nicholas Deakin, the assistant director of the Survey. "They had a reliance on the British tradition of tolerance and they thought they could muddle through. It broke down first in the Conservative Party, which has always had a xenophobic streak. Also, they were the party in power and had to deal with the problem. With Labour, it took longer. They weren't in power, they're supposedly an international party, and they had a sentimental view of the Commonwealth. We didn't get the Labour Party panicking until the last general election."

In 1962, the Conservatives passed the Commonwealth Immigrants Act, which set no specific limits on Commonwealth immigration but established a system requiring labor vouchers for entry so that it could be controlled administratively. The Labour Party, which still maintained that any Commonwealth citizen had an absolute right to come to England if he chose to, called the Act racist, pointing to such facts as its failure to include Irish immigration in the restriction. Labour promised to repeal the Act when it regained power. Labour, of course, was far from that position when it took office.

By the time of the 1964 general election, public feeling against immigration had forced the Party to back off toward a policy of trying to work out voluntary controls with Commonwealth governments. Even so, Labour's opposition to the 1962 Act remained in the minds of the voters. In Smethwick, a dreary industrial borough that runs into Birmingham, Patrick Gordon Walker, the shadow-cabinet Foreign Secretary, was defeated by an alderman named Peter Griffiths in a sordid campaign that added a graffito to the list of historic British political statements: "If you want a nigger neighbor, vote Labour." The Labour Party, holding power by only a few parliamentary votes, had to face an issue that could affect a dozen or even two dozen constituencies. "The reaction of Labour to Griffiths' victory was to call everyone in Smethwick a bigot and then adopt his program," Deakin said recently. "'Panic' is the only word to use." The Labour Party's

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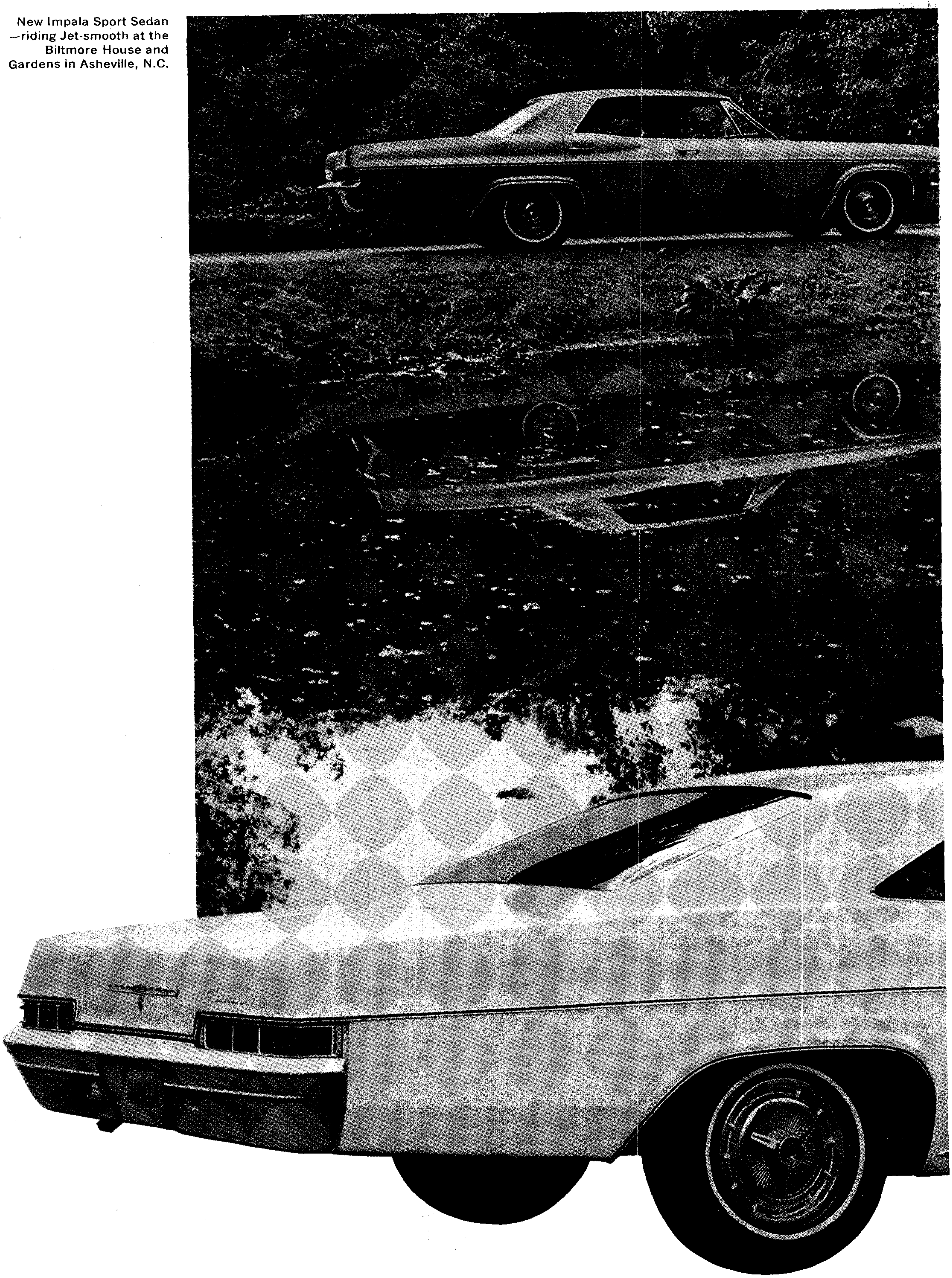

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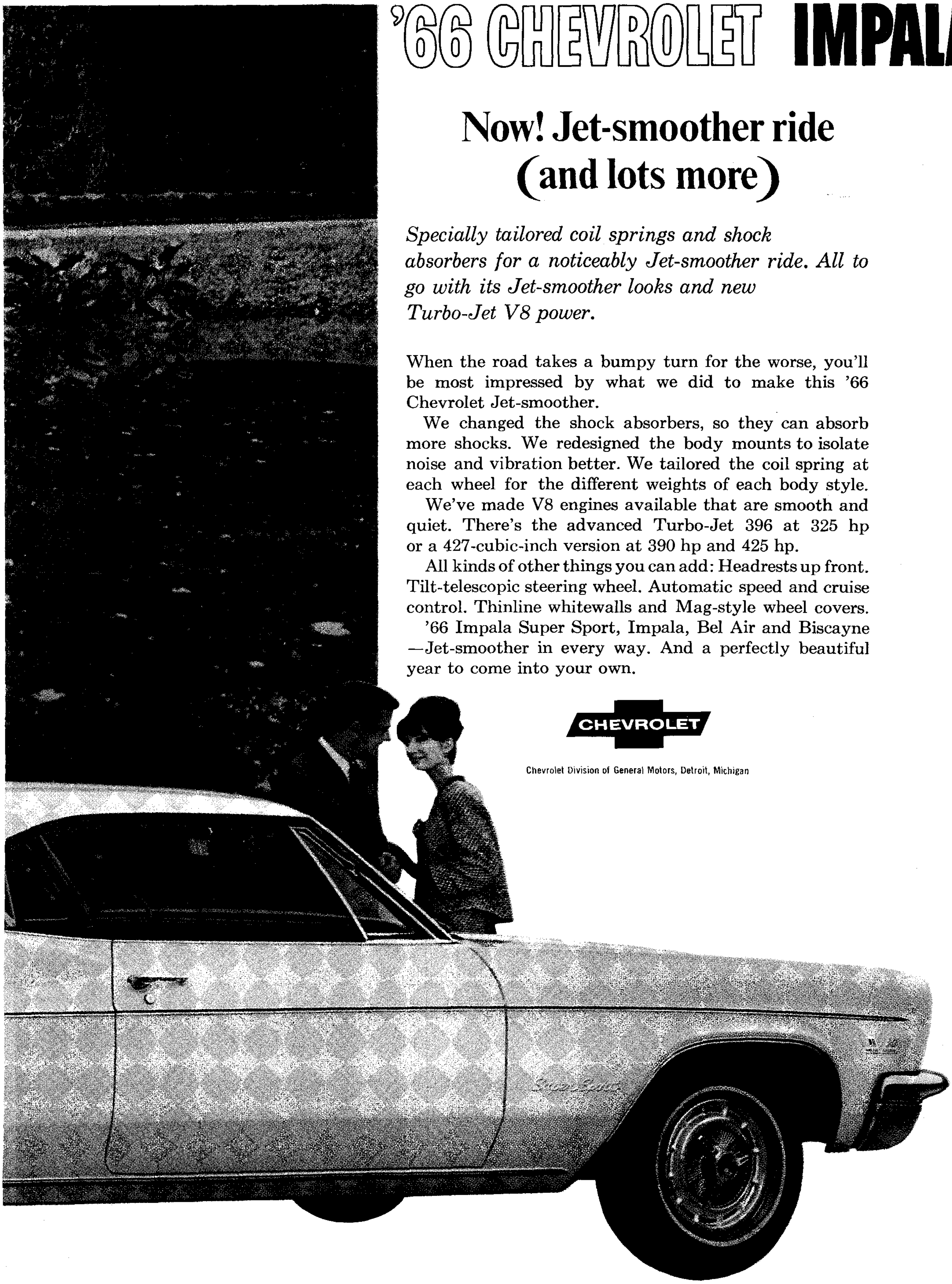

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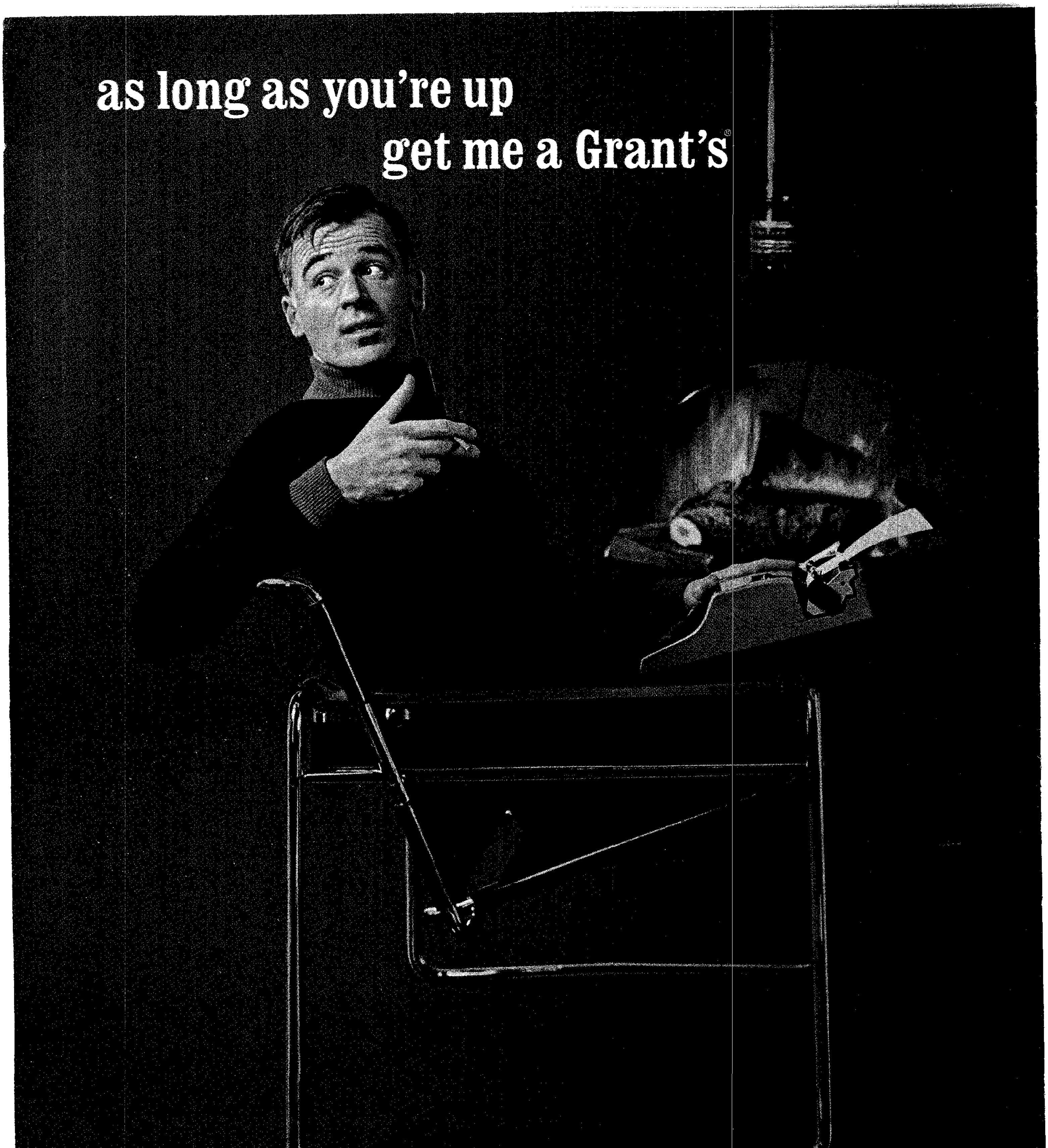
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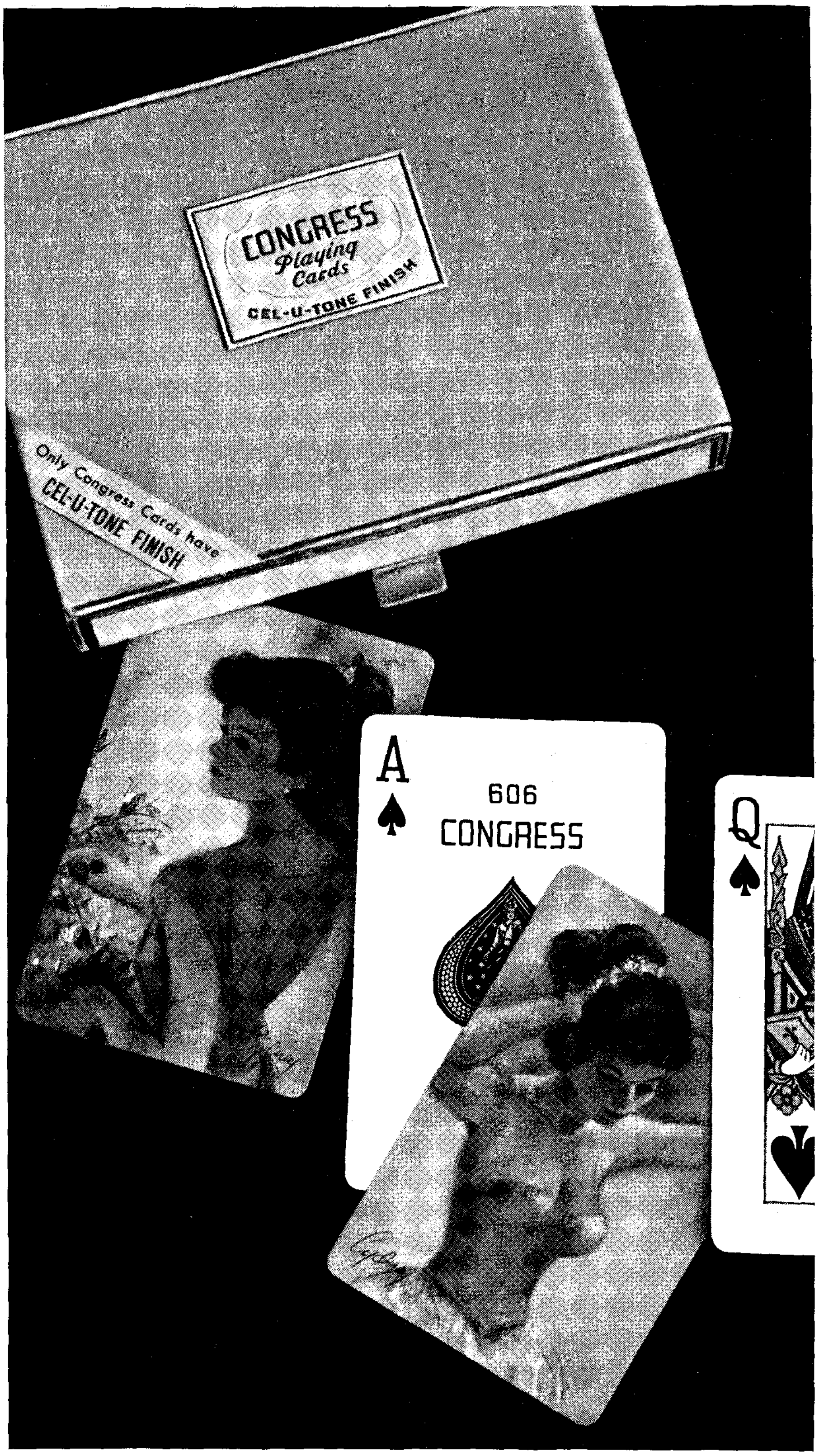
White Paper on immigration policy, published last August, turned out to be much more stringent than any policy the Conservative Government had issued. The White Paper announced that labor vouchers, then being issued at the rate of about twenty thousand a year, would be reduced to eighty-five hundred a year, of which a thousand were to be reserved for the economically depressed (and racially compatible) island of Malta. It also outlined rather harsh measures concerning police registration and deportation of certain Commonwealth immigrants—measures made only slightly less harsh by calling deportation "repatriation"—and it narrowed the definition of dependents and students who could enter the country without labor vouchers.

A sarcastic critic later noted that on its new immigration policy "the Socialist government was vigorously attacked from the Left by the *Times*." The *Spectator*, in a reaction fairly typical of the serious journals, called the White Paper "a surrender to racial prejudice, vilely dressed up to appear reasonable." Critics pointed out that the Government offered no economic justification for cutting the supply of workers and presented no evidence that the immigrants were putting any serious strain on housing facilities, the schools, or the social services. The White Paper emphasized that part of Labour's policy was to assure complete equality for those immigrants who were already in England, but the critics charged that the integration measures it outlined were inadequate, and, in any case, were totally undermined by its implied acceptance of the premise that colored immigrants were basically undesirable. Local voluntary committees working for racial harmony were named as the main vehicle for bringing about integration, but the same committees soon sent the government a resolution stating that the White Paper had made their task more difficult. The government's previous move against discrimination—a Race Relations Act that outlawed discrimination in certain "places of public resort"—was also criticized by immigrant groups, which pointed out that except for one minor clause the Act did not deal with the two most serious areas of integration, housing and employment. It also had no effective machinery for enforcing equal treatment in the places it did deal with.

After the White Paper was issued, the best-known immigrant leader, Dr. David Pitt, a West Indian physician who was once a Labour candidate for Parliament, resigned from the Execu-



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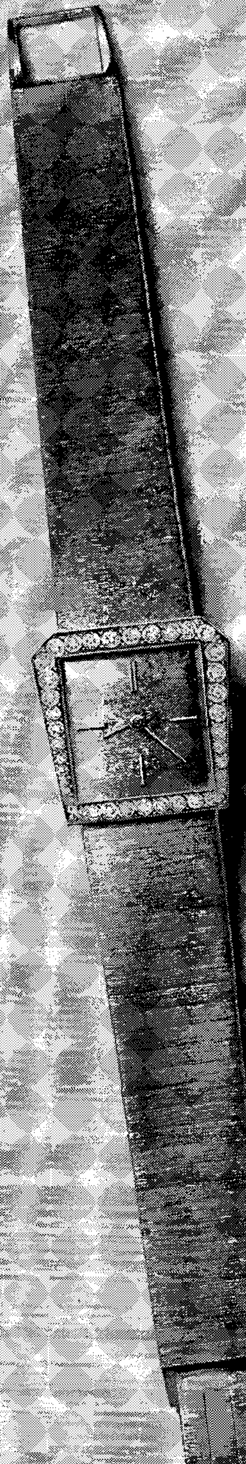
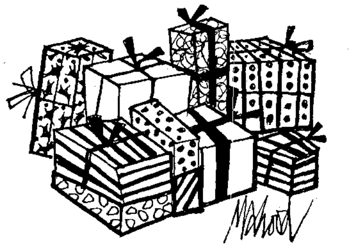


tive of the London Labour Party. He did not resign from the Labour Party itself, and no one expected him to seek solace among the Conservatives, who, it was pointed out by the *New Statesman*, were likely to win any contest on who could make the stronger appeal to the racist vote. When somebody remarked to one immigrant that it must have been embarrassing for the Labour members to hear their own speeches against the 1962 Act quoted in Parliament, he replied, "But who is there to quote them?"

Among people in England who are working for equal treatment for colored immigrants, the word "deterioration" is often used to describe the events of the past year, and there is a general pessimism about making a great deal of progress in the present political atmosphere. They read news reports that a housing-development builder says he will not sell houses to colored people, or that the chairman of the police federation says that the men on the force will demand consultation before the country can take such a serious step as appointing a colored policeman, or that a medical officer says that having immigrants remain in their own neighborhoods for five or ten years serves the function of preventing the exotic diseases they carry from spreading to the host community—and some of them talk about a drift toward racism with no check in sight. "In the past year," Nicholas Deakin says, "we have fought a series of limited, losing battles."



THE earliest and most consistent advocates of immigration control had always argued in racist terms, and as more and more people came to believe that a policy of free entry to all Commonwealth citizens was unwise, support of immigration control became intertwined with acceptance of the racist argument. Today, practically nobody in England favors unrestricted entry. A survey showed that eighty-seven per cent of the population approved of the White Paper restrictions, and an early Parliamentary advocate of control like Sir Cyril Osborne, who wrote not long ago that he did not want England to become "a chocolate-coloured Afro-Asian mixed society," can hardly be expected not to say that he told them so. It is thought that public opinion made a substantial shift in the direction of Sir Cyril's position in the early sixties, when West Indian immigrants began to be outnumbered by Asians—a group that the English seem to find particularly alarming, both for their habits and their potential numbers. "I think something might be worked out with the West Indians," a British journalist said recently. "But it's ridiculous to expect us to take the entire Indian subcontinent and that lot."

Opposition to immigration also seemed to reflect a bewilderment at what was a relatively sudden transformation of England into a multi-racial society. In 1953, when some people in Birmingham formed a committee to assist the new arrivals, there were approximately forty-six hundred colored immigrants in the city; today there are approximately seventy thousand. A while ago, a young Englishman who happened to be in a church hall shortly before a meeting held to protest the White Paper began got into a discussion on immigration with an Indian who was there for the meeting.

"This is a crowded country," the young man told the Indian.

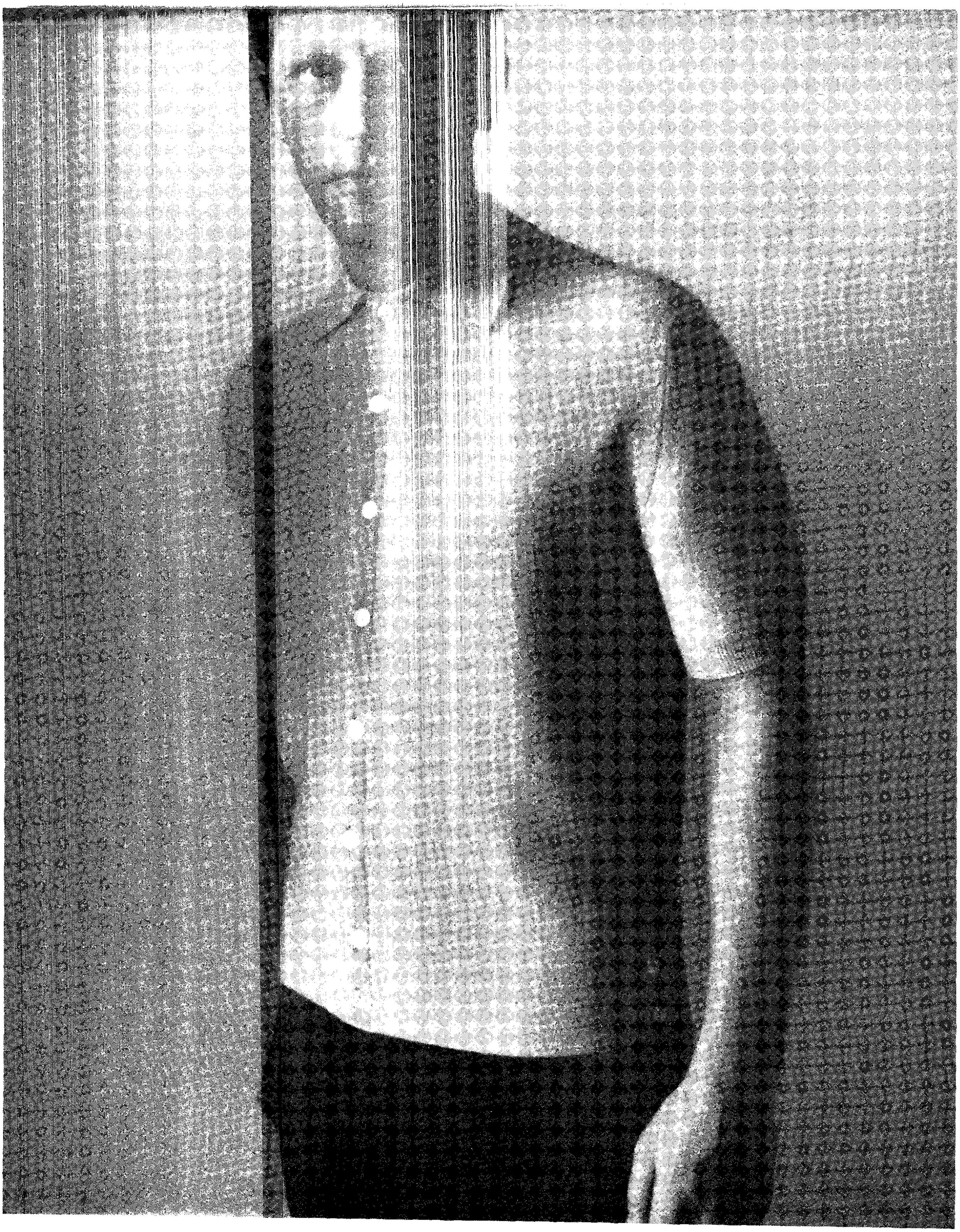
"Rubbish! It's not a crowded country," said the Indian. "The government has said in the National Plan that two hundred thousand more workers will be needed by 1970. Where are they going to come from?"

"Well, there's the housing shortage. . . ."

"The housing shortage isn't caused by the immigrants. Even the White Paper admits that. Immigrants probably build more houses than they take up."

The young man tried a few more tacks—the clash of cultures, the language problem, British traditions—but the Indian, who had addressed a few meetings on the subject himself, had too many facts at his disposal. "Don't you see?" the young man finally said in desperation. "It's all happened too fast for us."

Some Englishmen are obviously offended by the sudden transformation of colonial servants into neighborhood equals—a state of mind one sociologist calls "the Wog complex"—but even those who are not must sometimes feel that the whole business is the result of a dreadful misunderstanding. For the former empire to become a multi-racial family of nations seemed harmless and pleasant, but what does that have to do



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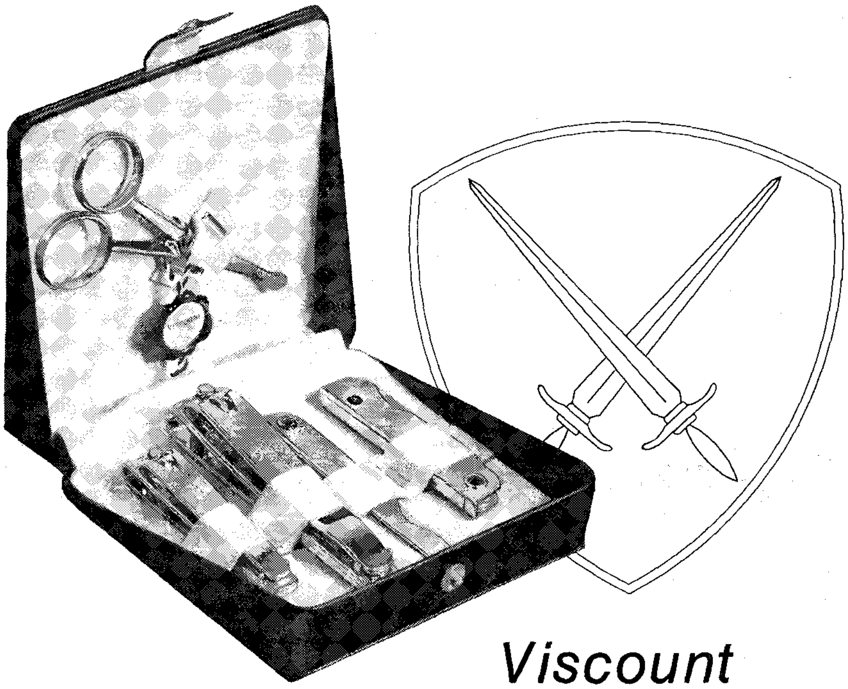

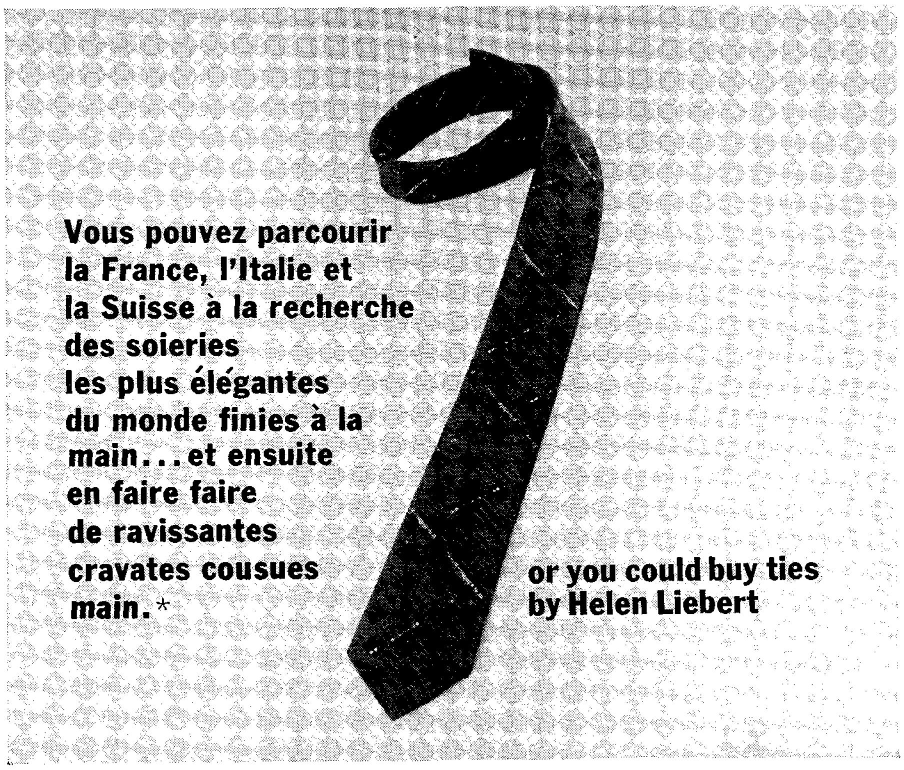

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with a houseful of West Indians holding parties all night, or to the use of an abandoned local church as—of all things—a mosque? Wasn't the sacred right of a Commonwealth citizen to come to the mother country based partly on the fact that not many Commonwealth citizens had ever exercised the right? Why should England worry about the unemployed of countries that had demanded the chance to settle their own problems?

A number of people in England, of course, believe that the mother country has a responsibility—some would say a debt—to its former colonies. The complaint of some of them about immigration is that England has merely been draining away the few skilled people of the new nations—doctors, for example—and using their unskilled people to do the blind-alley jobs that English workers no longer care to do. "When we look back on this," says Ben Parkin, a Labour M.P. from Paddington, "I think what we'll be most ashamed of is not the racism or the riots but the agreement between London Transport and Barbados. It means that in twenty years or so we'll be sending back to the emerging nation of Barbados a steady supply of elderly, experienced tube drivers."

A far more common criticism of immigration—particularly from people living in areas with large immigrant populations—is likely to begin with, "It's all very well . . ." A resident of Birmingham might say, "It's all very well for some middle-class intellectual in Hampstead to talk about the rights of man—he's not living next door to a rooming house full of Pakistanis who use the back yard as a lavatory," or "It's all very well to say one should go round to welcome the colored family that's just moved in next door, but the fact is it's likely to be six or eight colored families that have just moved in next door, and what one should do is go round and tell them that it's bad planning in a dirty city like Birmingham to take the bathtub out so another family can be fitted in—but the person you tell probably doesn't speak English." The phrase is also used by Maurice Foley, a Midlands M.P. who was appointed by the Labour government to be a special Minister overseeing plans for integration. "It's all very well for intellectuals to criticize the White Paper as racialist from the lofty heights of their own living rooms, because they don't know the problems," Foley has said. "If they had to teach a classroom of thirty to forty children who didn't

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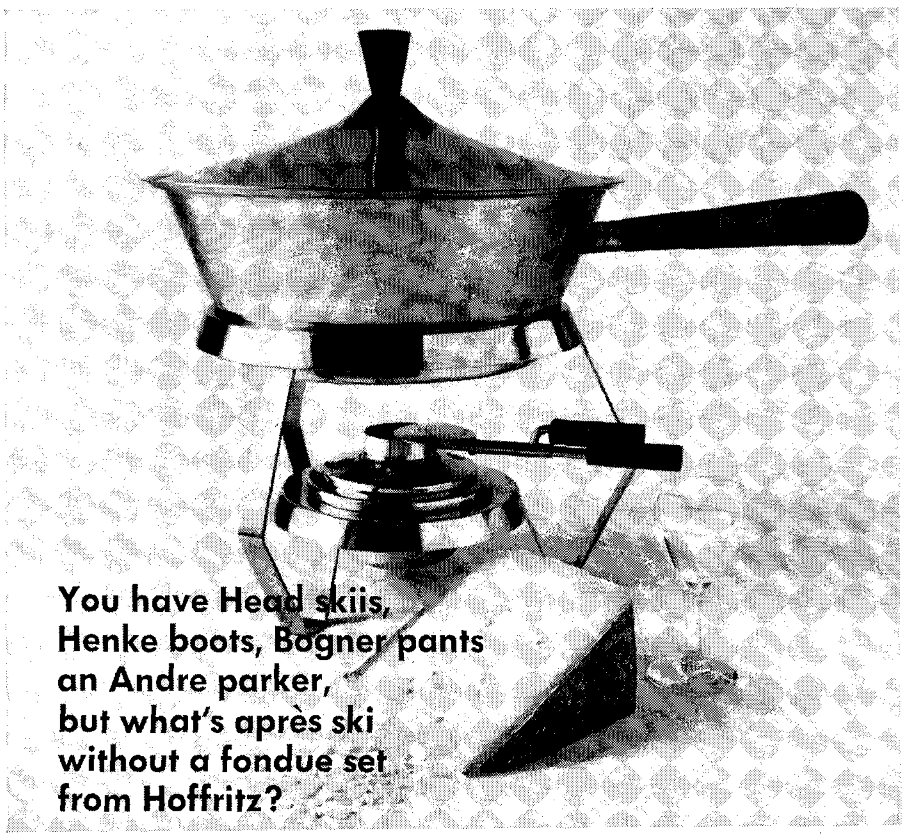

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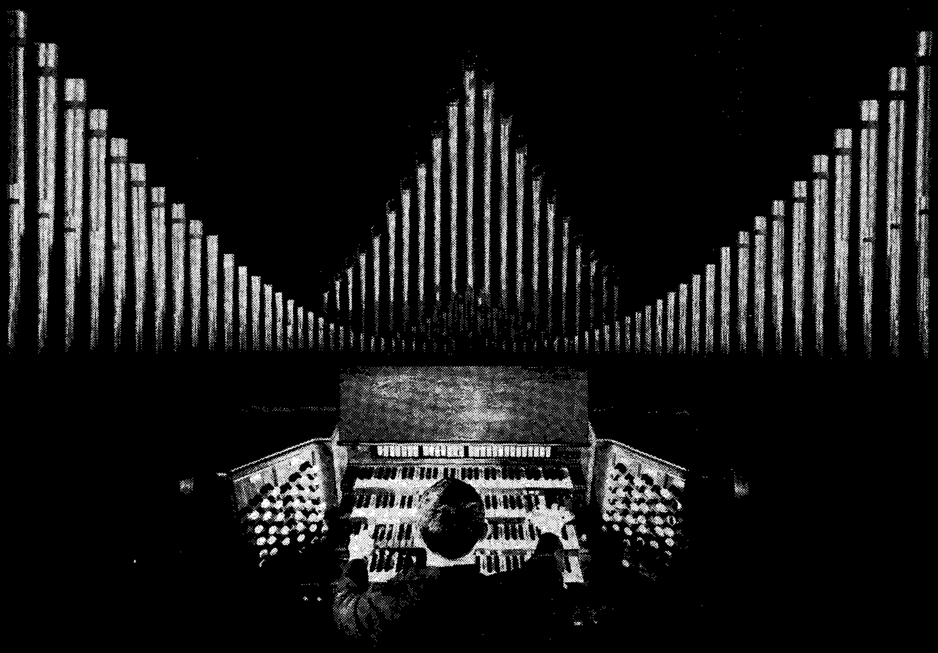
speak English, they would have another view.”

A long series on immigrants in the *Times* last winter concluded that the immigrants have functioned in England like a medical tracer dye, showing all the weaknesses in English society. Because they are visible, and because their use as scapegoats has been more or less sanctioned by the people in power, they are often blamed for such chronic problems as the shortage of housing, the shortage of teachers, and the shortage of hospital beds. There are places where the presence of immigrants has caused problems that are quite real. In Bradford, a textile center in Yorkshire, an average of twenty-four Asian children enter the school system every week, and twenty-two of them cannot speak English. In a city like Birmingham, immigrants obviously exacerbate the problem of the industrial areas having too many jobs and too few houses—a problem that was, of course, there before they arrived and will remain in one way or the other whether they are replaced by some other source of labor or not.

A good deal of the English resentment against immigrants—or against England, for that matter—centers on the subject of housing. Partly because of discrimination, immigrants have developed the custom of buying houses—often crumbling old houses in the city centers—and filling them with other immigrants, in order to pay off what is almost certain to be an inflated purchase price or a high-interest mortgage. In the London neighborhood of Willesden, which has a large immigrant population and a history of progressive race relations, almost all the conciliation cases handled by the local racial-harmony committee in its first few years of existence were brought in by white rent-control tenants who complained that immigrant landlords were trying to drive them out of their apartments. In some cases, the committee found, they were right—the landlord wanted to subdivide the apartments and rent the rooms at an exorbitant rate to his fellow-immigrants. In other cases, the tenant merely could not stand the thought of having a colored landlord. In a few, the tenant had encouraged—even arranged for—some harassment, in an attempt to arouse enough sympathy so that he would be given a preferred spot on the waiting list for municipal housing. In a country where the largest city is pretty well closed up by midnight, a group of sociable West Indians can seem intent on driving out any Englishman in the area just



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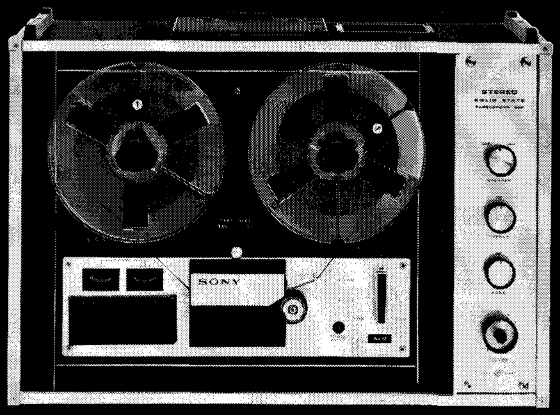

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by behaving normally. Particularly in the early days of immigration, West Indians were notorious for having parties that might last all night, and might have music carried to all the rooms in a house through a series of loudspeakers. In provincial cities, where fewer people live in rented apartments, the complaints come less often from tenants than from neighbors, who sometimes talk of widespread vice and disease in all-male lodging houses where space is so overused that some tenants occupy a bed in shifts. Calmer neighbors complain that immigrants lower the tone of a neighborhood, that they have too many children, that they make too much noise, that they have too little regard for the front garden, and, of course, that they have no idea of dustbins. Recently, a man in Birmingham who was trying to explain the feelings of neighbors finally said of the immigrants, "They're simply not English."

Defenders of the immigrants ordinarily acknowledge that some of the complaints are justified. Most immigrants, after all, were given no preparation for living in England, and many arrived without knowing even what kind of clothes were necessary for English winters or how unlikely it was that a nation with a balance-of-payments problem would have gold in the streets. The defenders try to demonstrate that a few examples do not justify permanent stereotypes, but the task of catching up to a fable with a statistic has proved no easier in England than anywhere else: Yes, it is true that because immigrants often live in substandard housing a larger percentage of colored women than white women are sent to hospitals to have their babies, but there are not enough of them to "take up all the maternity beds," and since approximately forty per cent of the doctors in English hospitals are Asians and nearly twenty per cent of the trainee nurses are West Indians, the immigrants obviously man more beds than they take up. Yes, the Pakistanis do have "a tuberculosis rate thirty times higher than the rate for white Englishmen," but that is thirty times practically nothing, and it has been no threat at all to the indigenous population. Yes, the immigrants are "eligible for national assistance the moment they arrive," but, because of their interest in making money, they tend to use national assistance less than white Englishmen do, and their willingness to move from town to town for jobs means that they provide a mobile labor force that rarely falls into hard-core unemploy-

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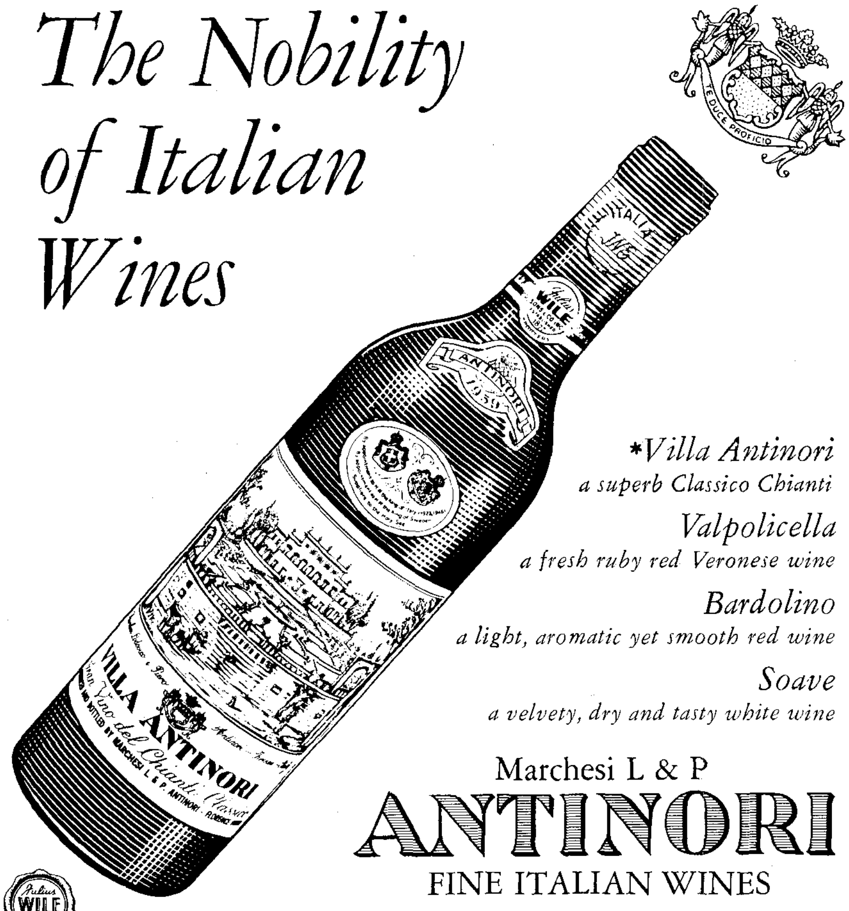

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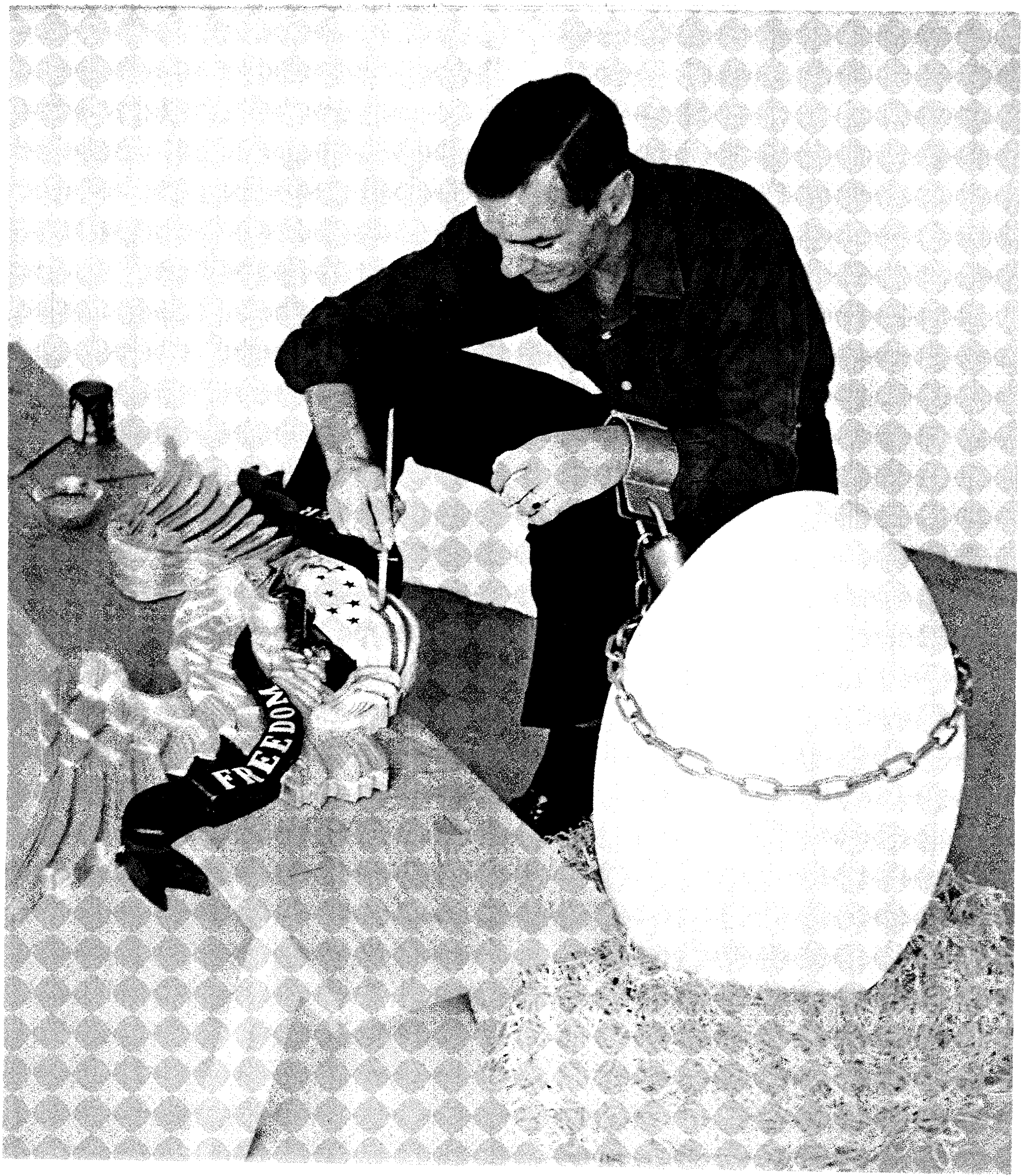

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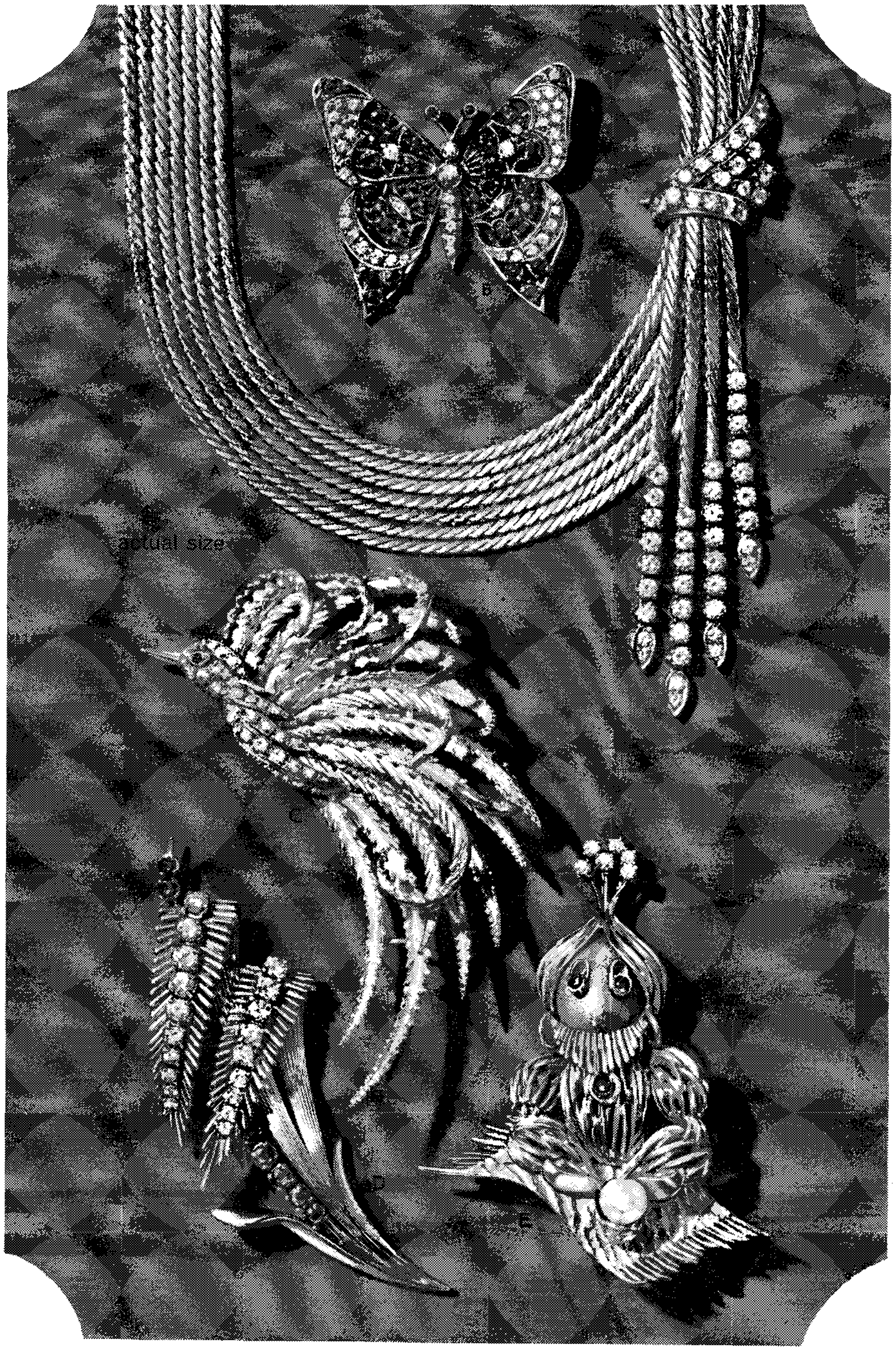
ment. Yes, British industrialists have tried to break unions in the past by importing cheap labor, but these immigrants do not work for less than the union wage and there is, in fact, a scarcity of labor in England. No, the immigrants did not cause the housing shortage. No, the immigrants did not cause the housing shortage. No, the immigrants did not cause the housing shortage.

One charge that can never be answered, of course, is that the immigrants "simply aren't English." There is no historical reverence for the pluralistic society in England. One of the difficulties of defending immigrants is that often the question is not whether a Sikh can fit into British society but whether or not he can become an Englishman. "They shouldn't come here and wear red robes and do the same things they do in Pakistan," says W. I. Whiteoak, a Bradford alderman who has worked for better understanding between immigrants and the host community. "That's what causes the resentment. They're planning to build a mosque. Although nothing has been said publicly, I know people don't want that mosque built." Any romantic ideas about a mixing of cultures fall into the category of "It's all very well." "It's all very well for some university professor to say what a marvellously enriching experience it all is," says a man in the Midlands. "The people who live next door to immigrants just don't feel that way. The last thing they want is to be in the middle of a social experiment."

"THIS is how I would sum the question up as far as Bradford people are concerned," Alderman Whiteoak said not long ago. "If you asked 'Would you like one of them to live next door to you?' most people would say no. But I've never heard of there being any serious objections from workers on the factory floor. People know that the hospital service would break down, the transportation service would break down, and the textile industry would break down without them." Alderman Whiteoak is an official of the wool combers' union as well as an alderman, and his union, like many of the unions in England, has a number of colored members and several colored stewards. Some people would not even say no to the question of having an immigrant live next door. There is at least one colored person living in every ward of the city of Bradford, and no serious objection has ever been raised to their presence. Bradford is known for its relatively peaceful race



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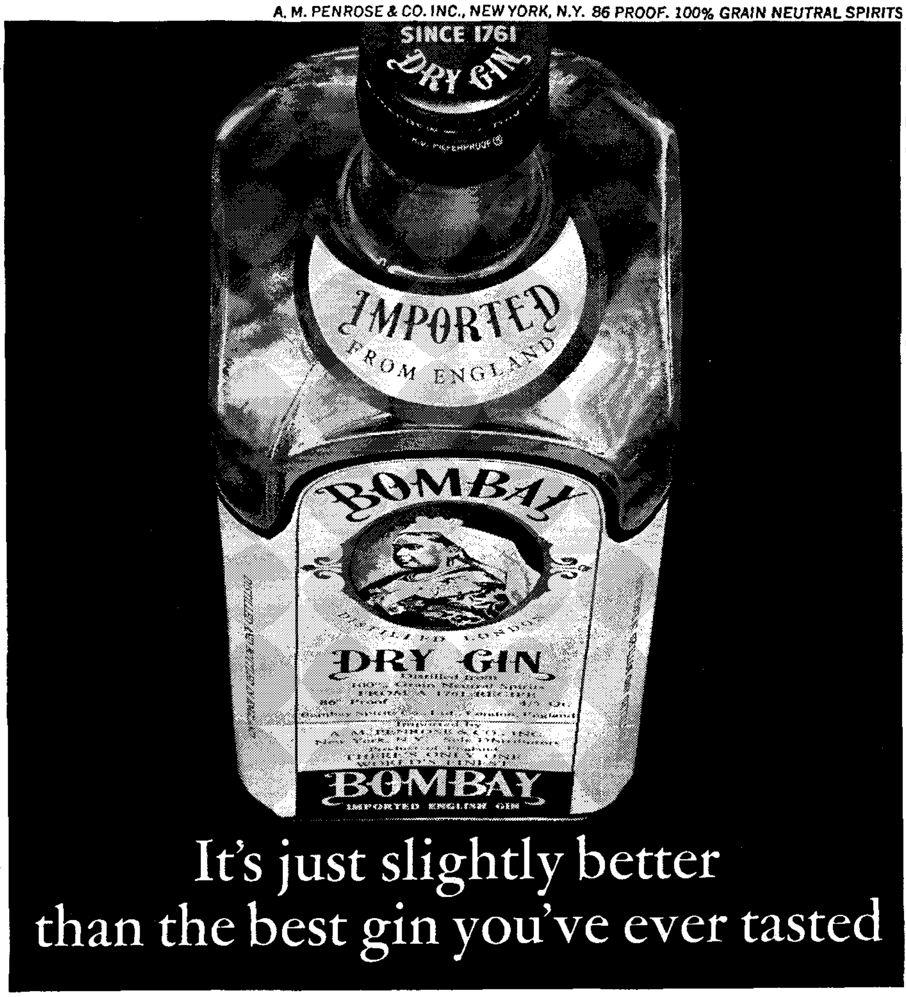

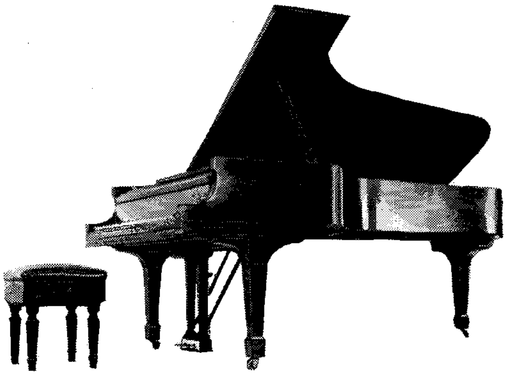

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relations, but even towns of the Midlands, which are not, provide scene after scene to support the original optimism about British tolerance: In Sparkbrook, a run-down section of Birmingham with a large immigrant community, a West Indian girl of ten or twelve, immaculately dressed in an English school blazer and tie, leads an equally spotless little brother home and chats with three or four white friends in a broad Midlands accent. In Smethwick, the saloon bar of a pub contains a group of West Indians accompanied by two very blond English girls, all of them arguing about cricket; a tableful of Pakistani workers talking loudly over their card game; and two middle-aged English couples, oblivious of the din, concentrating on a game of dominoes. Interracial couples are a common sight on the streets of London and other cities, and the occasional signs saying "Nigger Go Home" or "Keep England White" as often as not are partly painted out. In Wolverhampton, England's first colored publican, a Sikh named Jaswant Singh, who runs a place called the Flying Dutchman, pauses in a game of darts with three other Indians to tell a visitor that he has retained much of the pub's English trade, and points to a sign announcing that the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes meets at the Flying Dutchman every Monday at seven-thirty.

The discrimination that the colored immigrants do face is often mixed in with this apparent lack of discrimination. A factory that will not hire colored workers might be next door to one that has a colored shop foreman, or even a colored personnel officer; refusal to rent or sell houses to colored families might be widespread in a city where colored and white live peacefully side by side on many streets. There is no shortage of jobs for colored workers—or for any other workers, for that matter—but there is a definite shortage of promotions and a definite disinclination to hire colored people as shop clerks or office assistants, or to accept them for certain apprenticeships. In Wolverhampton, the Youth Employment Bureau believes that none of the large department stores is willing to be the first to hire a colored shopgirl; in Bradford the Youth Employment Officer says he has finally succeeded in placing the first one. Asked recently about promoting any colored worker to foreman, the personnel officer of a wool factory in Bradford said, "We would have to consider it very carefully; we would have to think about it a

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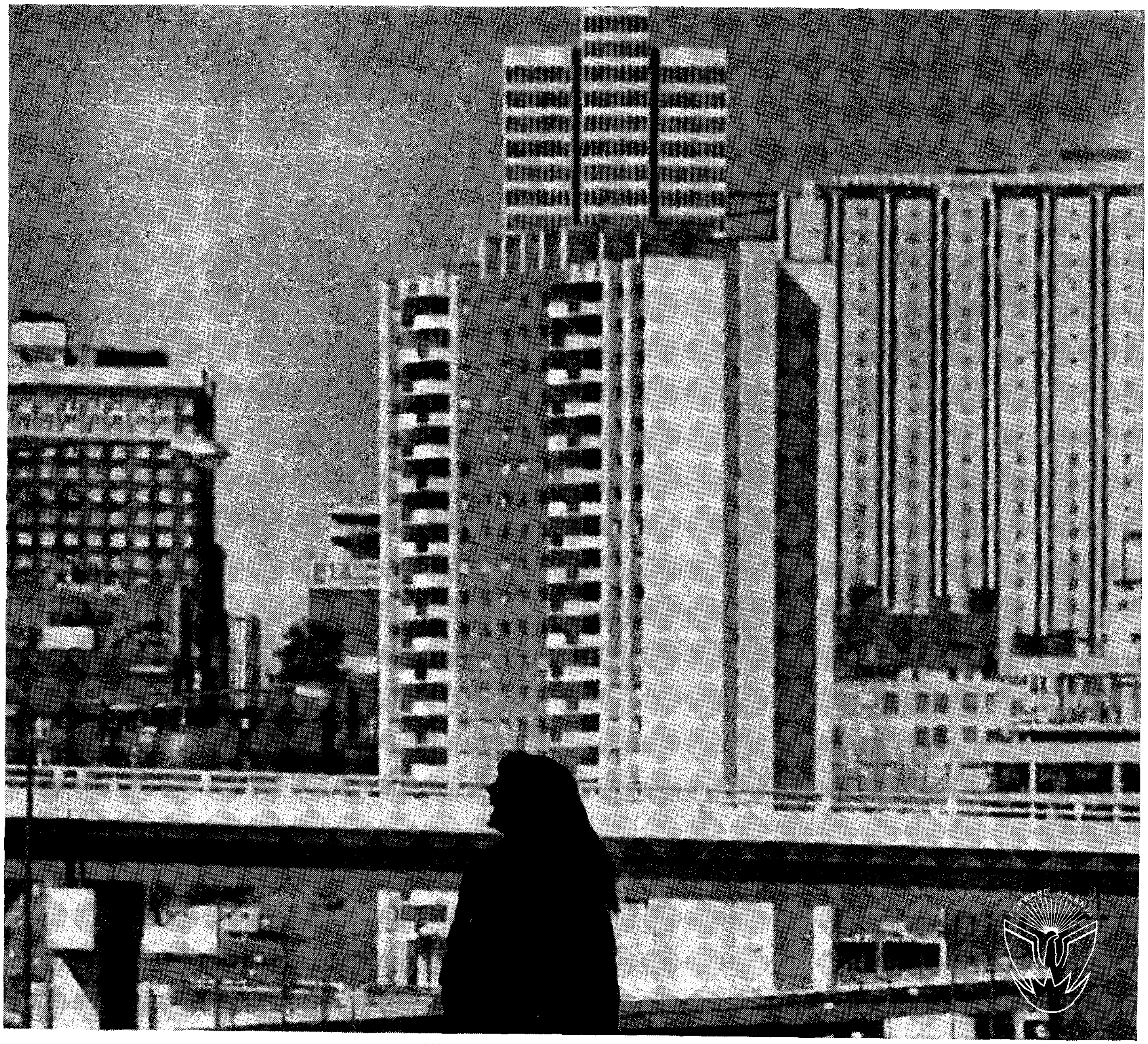

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lot. I can't see the possibility in the near future." The average English worker is proud of his feeling that one man is as good as another, but, according to local officials, all eight workingmen's clubs in Wolverhampton maintain a color bar of one sort or another, and in a survey made in Smethwick last summer ninety per cent of the workers interviewed said they would not work under a colored boss. "In some areas, unions agree with management that there will be so many immigrants and no more," says Maurice Foley. In some areas, management has decided all by itself that there will be none. Cities with scores of colored bus drivers and conductors, including London, have never promoted a colored worker to bus inspector—because, the immigrants say, an inspector checks tickets, and thus has authority over whites. Some cities have appointed colored welfare officers to deal only with colored or have avoided appointing any if they would have to deal with whites. ("We couldn't send a Pakistani to an old person to ask intimate questions," one city official says.) There is not one permanent colored policeman in England. And, in the words of a colored carpenter in Brixton, "Colored people pay the most for the worst." The prices of houses are raised for colored landlords; the interest on a mortgage is often higher, provided that a mortgage can be obtained; and automobile-insurance companies consider "Colored Immigrant" a category that automatically calls for higher premiums. Immigrants in England speak so casually of a "color tax" that a stranger might think it was written into law.

A common opinion among Englishmen about color discrimination in England is that there isn't any. Many Englishmen are unaware of the discrimination that does exist, and their belief that there isn't any would not necessarily be changed by providing them with examples; the English definition of what constitutes racial discrimination is so narrow that practically nothing qualifies. Restricting colored people to one part of a public house, for example, is deplored by many Englishmen, but it is not easy to find one who regards it as color discrimination. A common analogy is that a man who is not wearing a coat and tie is not warmly welcomed in the saloon bar of a posh pub—an analogy that is not affected by providing a hypothetical colored man who is wearing a coat and tie. A typical comment from a pub owner who had directed colored customers to the public bar was recorded not long ago by the *Guardian:* "We

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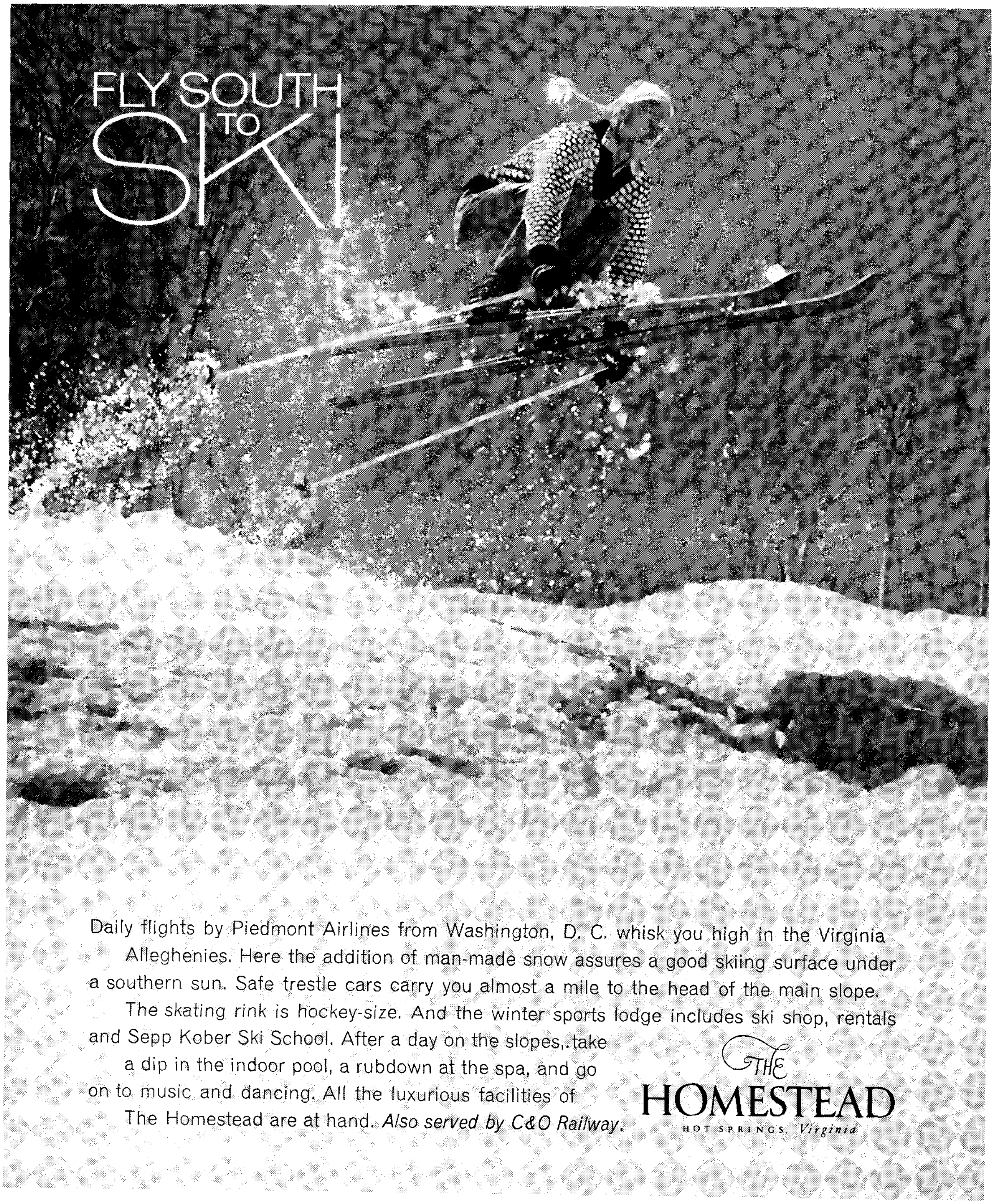

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have had several unsavoury characters. How was I to know these were not the same? I am in this job to make money, and when these people came in I saw the looks on the faces of the whites—of my regulars—so I felt I had to take a stand. There is no question of a colour bar, and I can't see what the objection is to being told to go to the other bar." This attitude is so common that it is not difficult to find a local immigrant leader whose only objection to the publican's statement is that he might not be telling the truth about having had previous colored customers who were unsavory characters.

Non-discriminatory discrimination in pubs and clubs has even produced a parody—presumably unintentional—in the Kingston Colour Club, Ltd., a Wolverhampton night spot, which caused a stir at its opening by announcing that it would accept no white members.

"Do you allow whites in as guests?" the manager, a West Indian, was asked.

"As guests, yes," he said. "As long as a man behave and be of himself, we let him in. It's not a matter of a color bar."

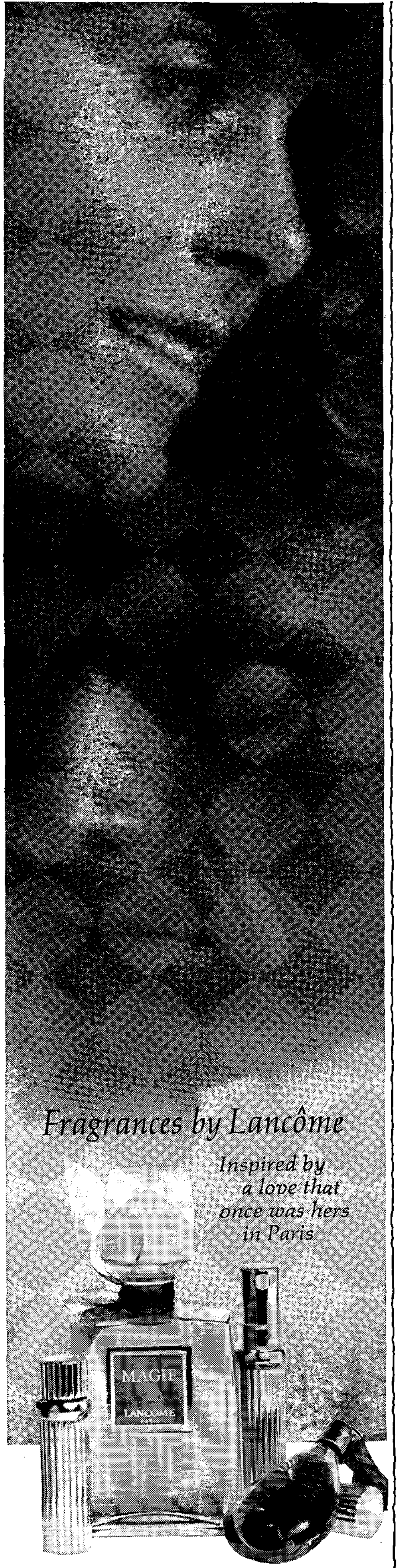
"How about Pakistanis?"

"One or two students, yes. But not the rough types."

Discrimination in pubs is not widespread, of course, and publicans do not significantly affect the lives of most immigrants. Many officials who do, however, seem to agree that it is not racial discrimination to treat color the same way one would treat a lack of proper clothing or to judge one ill-clad person by the behavior of another. In explaining that most colored teen-agers are offered the type of job for which they are recommended, the manager of the Birmingham Youth Employment Office did admit the possibility that his Youth Officers, aware of difficulties in some trades, might "aim off a bit"—that is, recommend a colored boy for a slightly less advanced position than his record warranted. "But they also aim off for a boy with a court record or a physical handicap," he went on. "Some employers don't like boys with long hair or too tight pants. You have to deal realistically with the real world."

An easy guide to this outlook is provided by a sentence in the White Paper: "An employer who attaches discriminatory conditions is not to be helped by the [Government Employment] Exchanges to fill vacancies if it appears that he is acting out of personal prejudice." Although some labor-exchange managers smile when the sen-

PHOTO/ WILL ROUSSEAU



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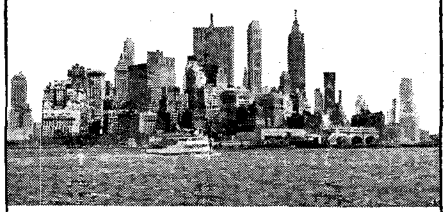

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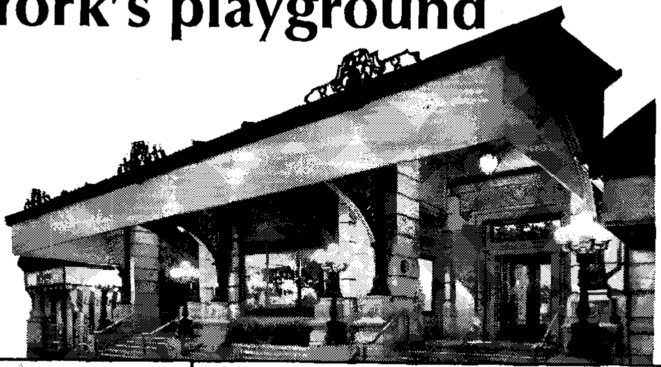

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tence is mentioned, others are able to take it quite seriously, and insist that a company's refusal to hire colored people represents neither personal prejudice nor racial discrimination:

"It is true that there are some firms that do not hire over a certain percentage of colored workers," says a Youth Employment Officer.

"But isn't that color discrimination?"

"No. The employer may know that if the balance is tipped his white workers will leave."

"Color discrimination."

"No. It's not that they're white workers. It's that they're the experienced workers, the ones who have been there long enough to know the business."

"But the reason they leave—isn't that color discrimination?"

"Oh, no. It might be any number of things. The white workers might not want to work next to someone who smells of garlic. It's not a matter of color."

"Wouldn't assuming that a man smells of garlic because he's colored be color discrimination?"

"It's not the employer's color discrimination."

"Oh."

It is not easy to find an Employment Officer who has felt the need to stop coöperating with a firm because of racial discrimination. A bakery in Birmingham that will hire colored workers for the plant but not for delivery jobs ("because the British housewife isn't ready to have her bread delivered by a colored man") is not considered discriminatory by the local labor-exchange manager, who reasons that it is not the business of the employment exchange to tell an employer how to deploy his workers. The Youth Employment Officer of Bradford says, "There might be an immigrant boy who ought to be an electrician. A firm that did mostly domestic work couldn't take him. They just couldn't take him. The customers might object. It isn't the employer; it's the people for whom he works. So you try to place the boy in a firm that does mostly industrial work."

The same kind of conversation may be held concerning housing:

"There's no not renting to colored in Birmingham," says the liaison officer employed by the city to help colored immigrants adjust to life there. "That's a figment of the press."

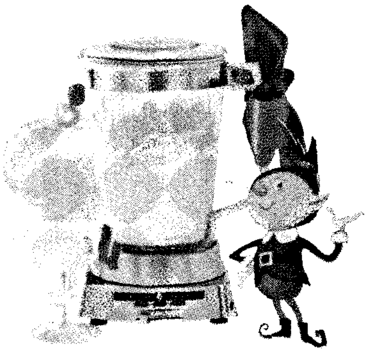
"An alderman just said that a colored man was turned down for a luxury flat specifically because he's colored, with that reason given."

"So what? He'll do without it. We can't have everything in life. If I had a house and I thought I'd lose out with substandard living, I wouldn't rent, either. It's not a matter of color. It's all clashes of cultures."

An unwillingness to consider almost anything color discrimination can be found even among those Englishmen who are sincerely interested in seeing the immigrants obtain equal treatment. An honest and progressive English journalist who believes that people must be taught to regard immigrants as individuals also believes that an automobile-insurance company's charging higher premiums for all colored people is no different from its charging higher premiums for all journalists. The Employment Officer who does not regard it as discriminatory for a domestic electrician not to hire colored people may well have spent a good deal of time trying to break through the reluctance of department stores to hire colored clerks. "I know it's hard to believe," a West Indian law student said recently. "But I really think they're more naïve than cynical."

In England, it is not customary for anybody to consider himself a racist. Peregrine Worsthorne, a conservative columnist for the *Sunday Telegraph*, approached the logical extreme of this attitude when he wrote last winter, "Most people in this country want to keep Britain white, for perfectly decent reasons. But because no respectable political party will endorse this aim it is left to the Fascists . . . to debase it into an evil racialist slogan." The final defense of a Birmingham resident who feels he is suspected of racism is likely to be a vicious attack on the Irish. Toward the end of a frank discussion about sexual promiscuity among West Indians and shady business practices among Pakistani landlords, he may launch into a description of how the Irish tinkers—a strain of transient Irishmen who often deal in scrap iron—dump their unwanted scrap anywhere they happen to be, infest formerly respectable rooming houses to live in the most horrifying squalor, and beget chil-

Shoe Polisher



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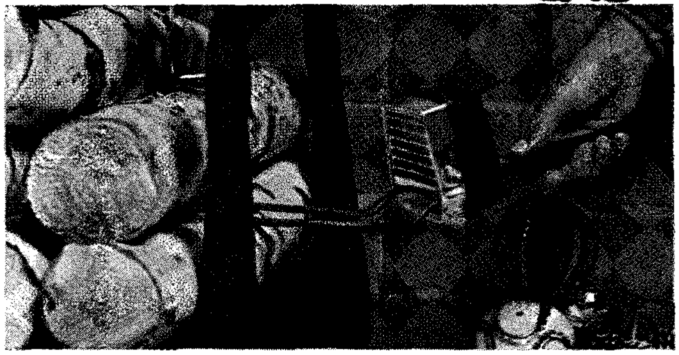

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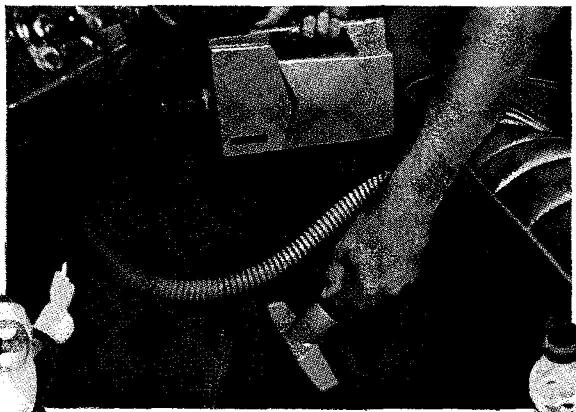

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dren who are like untamed animals. The speaker concludes by saying he would rather live next door to a West Indian than an Irish tinker any day—"so, you see, it's really not a question of color."

THE disillusionment with England that West Indians feel is often expressed in some variation of a familiar story: "We were brought up to think of ourselves as British. In school, we were told that all the areas in red on the map belonged to our Queen. England was the mother country, and many of us truly came expecting to be welcomed home. Instead, we were asked how long we had been out of the trees." West Indians, raised on cricket and Christianity, are considered more likely than Asians to aspire to integration with the English community, and, perhaps because of their reaction to being rebuffed, they are thought by many Englishmen to have "a chip on the shoulder." For the most part, though, the much discussed "foreign culture" of the Pakistanis and the Indians provides Englishmen with what is (depending on the interpretation) either "the greater cultural shock" or "a better rationalization for their prejudices." West Indians may be accused of loitering around their front doors or living off immoral earnings or having common-law wives, but all these non-English habits together probably do not draw as much attention from Englishmen as "the smell of curry." Many of the Indians are Sikhs, and some of them continue to wear their beards and turbans as they walk the streets of Southall or man the buses of Birmingham. The Pakistani schoolgirl is less likely to be dressed in an English school uniform than in an elaborately designed scarf and the baggy trousers known as salwars. She also might object to appearing in shorts for physical education, and might want special food because she is not permitted to eat pork. Politicians, policemen, and other people who find it important to communicate with immigrants are often baffled by the multitude of Asian languages, and occasionally find themselves producing a pamphlet in a properly exotic-looking language, only to find that the immigrants in question understand it no better than they do themselves. East Pakistanis often cannot understand West Pakistanis, Indians may be able to talk to one or the other type of Pakistani but not to other Indians, and hardly anybody seems to be able to communicate with the host community.

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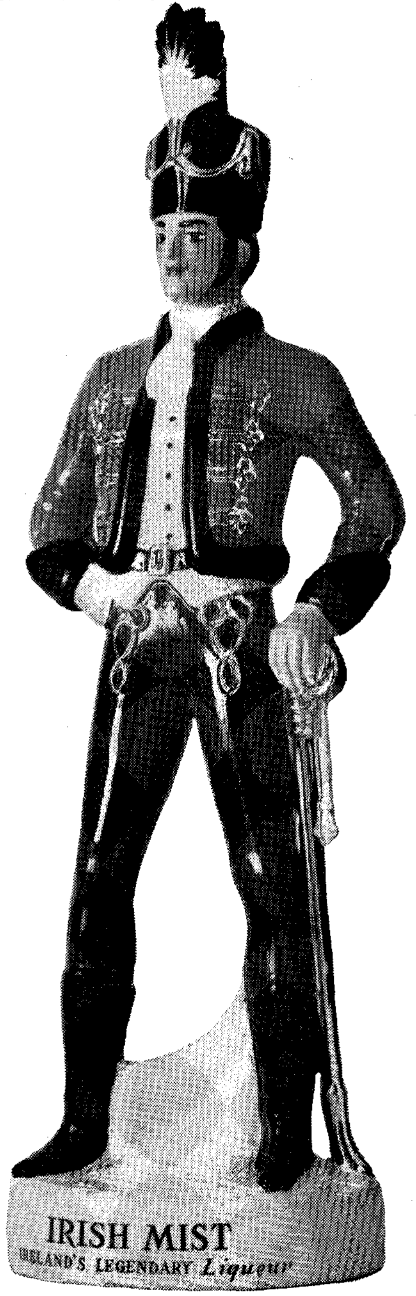

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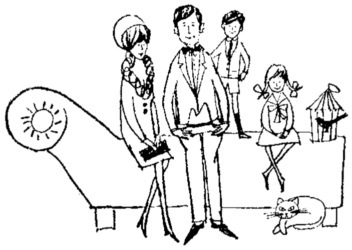
adult Asian immigrants have invariably ended in failure. Many Asian women find it contrary to their customs to attend public classes, and most Asian men are more interested in making extra money on a night shift than in learning a language they rarely need. Although there are doctors and teachers among them, most Asian immigrants are uneducated, or even illiterate, people, often from rural villages. A large number of the Pakistani men came to England without their families, in the hope of returning home in a few years, after earning enough money to buy a piece of land or to provide a dowry for a sister; some of them have done that. Although many of those remaining have sent for their families with the idea of settling permanently, Asian immigrants show little interest in becoming integrated or Anglicized. Even West Indians talk about going home someday, and while it is not thought that a significant number of them will, nostalgia for the homeland does not encourage concern about what the future holds for them in the mother country. Some West Indians insist that job opportunities in Britain are among their rights as British subjects, but most of them feel the vulnerability that would come with being a demanding foreigner. Moreover, most immigrants of this generation—Asian and West Indian—are conscious that being a second-class citizen in England is a good deal more comfortable than being a first-class citizen in many other places. All in all, pressure to change the racial situation in England is not expected to come from them.

Those who have tried to organize protest among the immigrants have found that the immigrant community is already highly organized, but in a way that tends to hamper rather than encourage protest. The West Indians have dozens of tiny clubs, but they invariably concentrate on the social rather than on the political, and people who hold protest meetings that depend on attendance by West Indians are usually disappointed. The Pakistani community tends to be organized in small groups of people from the same village gathered around the patronage of a former neighbor who has made good as, perhaps, a restaurant owner—meaning that he is a leader who is not likely to have social revolution in his heart. The Indians are by far the best organized. The Indian Workers' Association is the one immigrant organization that can attract a large group to a meeting. The I.W.A., however, often seems engrossed in internal politics, and someone

People tell us things they won't even tell their analysts



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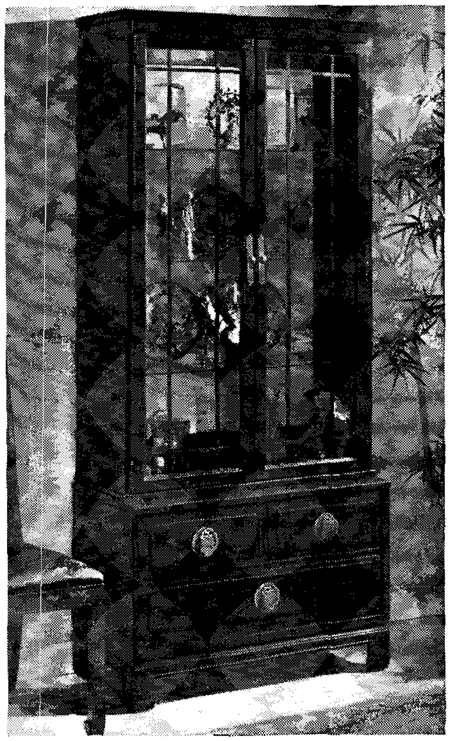

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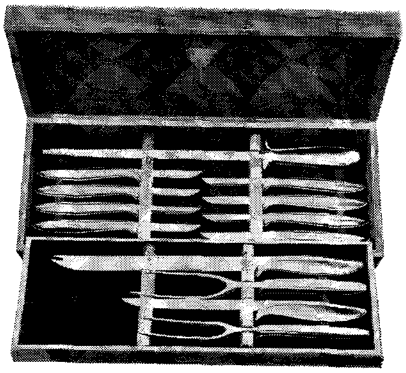

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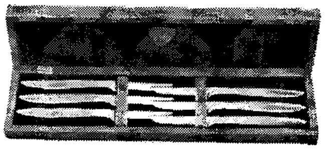

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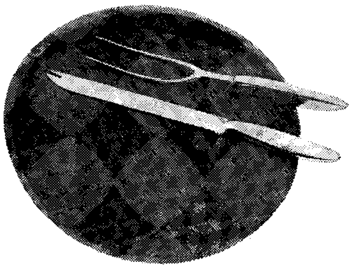

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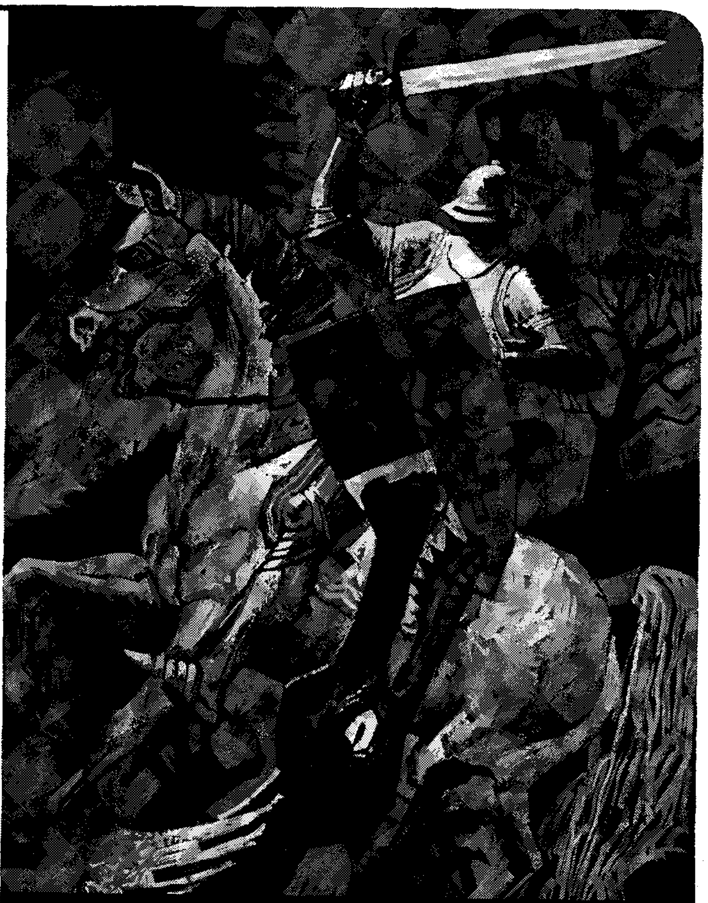

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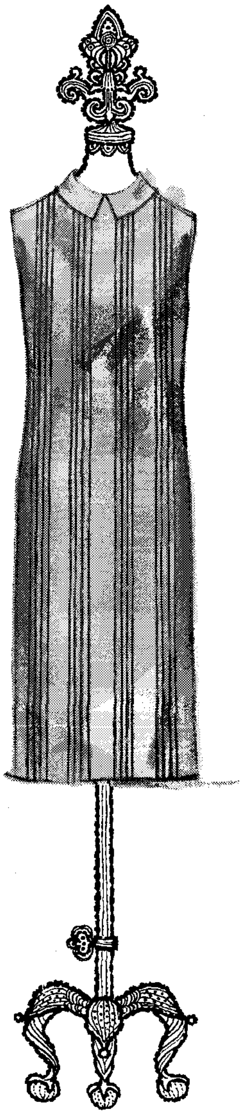

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dealing with the organization in a number of cities soon grows accustomed to being told that the local president has just been swept into office, or that the man who everybody thought was the local president has just been swept out.

The Campaign Against Racial Discrimination (known as CARD) was founded last winter in the hope of forming a protest organization that would encompass the entire immigrant community—which, a visitor is occasionally reminded, "is not entirely immigrant and is certainly no community"—and would also include those whites who believe that the host community could improve its hospitality. CARD, with David Pitt as its chairman, has had some success in lobbying for the race-relations bill in Parliament (its lawyers wanted a considerably stronger bill), very little success in lobbying against the White Paper at last fall's party conferences (a resolution repudiating it was soundly defeated at the Labour Party conference), and practically no success in rallying a great number of immigrants to its cause. "We are failing," a CARD speaker told the audience at one of the local protest meetings called after publication of the White Paper. There were only about twenty people in the room, almost all of them white. The meeting was being held in a ballet school in Notting Hill, on a quiet street that still seemed to be populated mainly by white people; the bulletin board at a news agent's shop, down at the corner, had about twenty-five notices advertising rooms to rent, and more than half of them said "No Coloured" or "Europeans Only." When the speeches were over, there was some discussion of why the meeting had failed. Considering how few of the normal means of publicity had been used by those in charge, it seemed extraordinary that there were any people there at all. The discussion eventually wandered from the subject of administrative inefficiency to a broader charge that is often made against CARD: that it is middle-class, multi-racial, and moderate (occasionally called the Three Ms), and therefore has no contact with the grass roots. The charge—which is usually made by middle-class moderates who have no contact with the grass roots—is, of course, true. CARD leaders, by inclination and necessity, have concentrated their energies on lobbying with the Parliament and the public. Although most immigrant organizations are affiliated with CARD, the affiliation is mainly on paper, and CARD is just beginning to experiment with forming local chapters of its own. Many people believe

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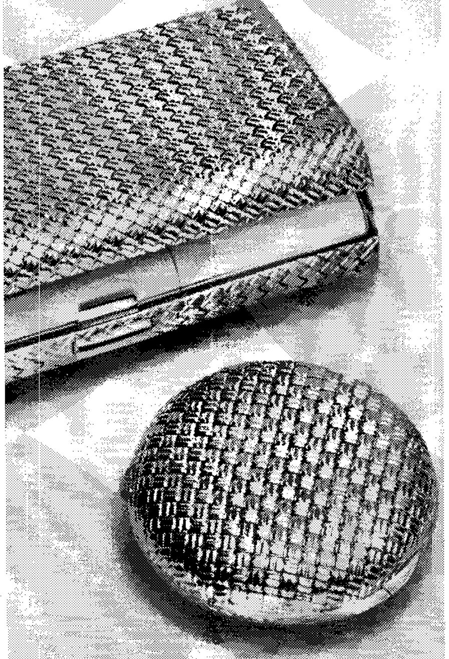

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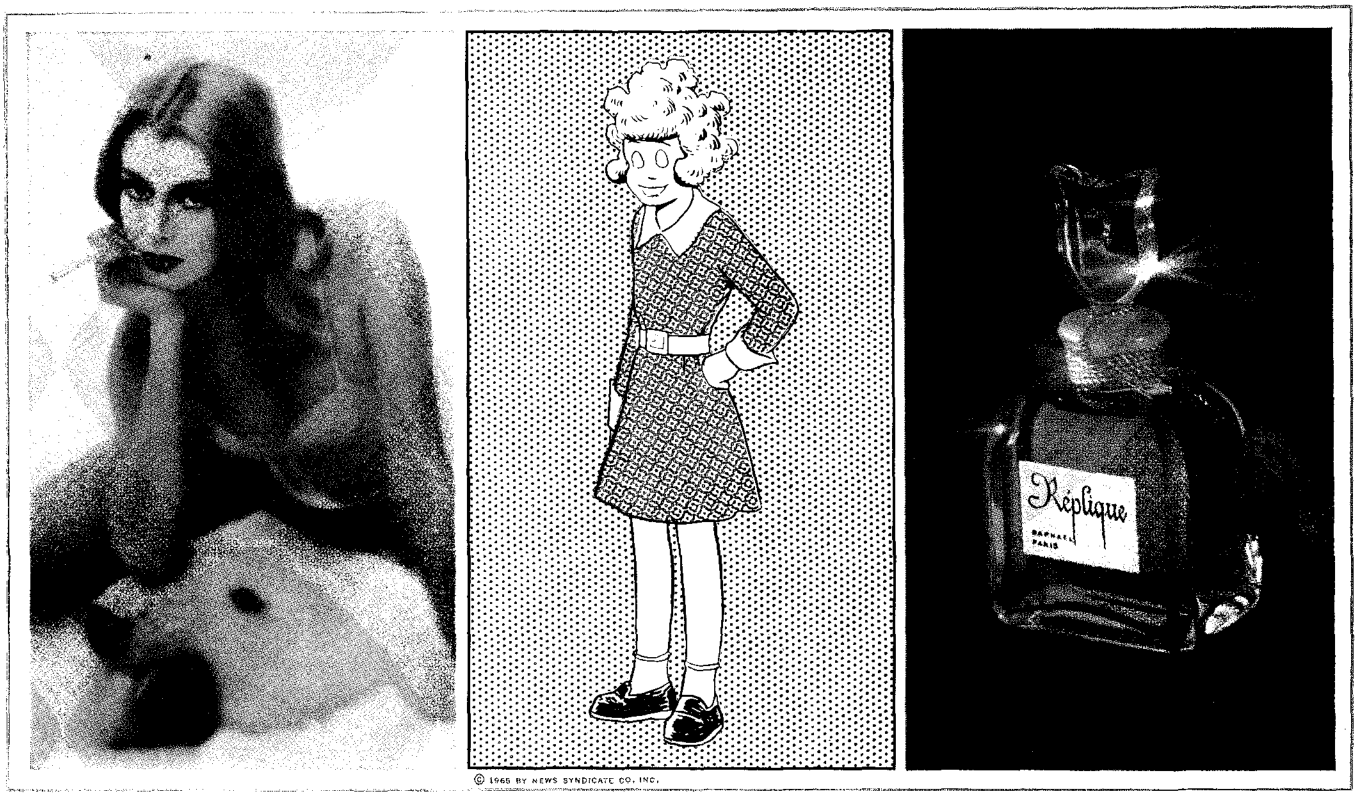
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that contact with the grass roots is bound to remain an academic question until there are large numbers of young colored people who know only England and who will settle only for the same treatment that everyone else gets. CARD leaders believe that in the present atmosphere their main accomplishment has been to raise the issue—"to show that the immigrants have a voice and to let the British people know that what we're dealing with is racism."

An American who sits through a few anti-discrimination meetings gets the feeling that this is what Human Relations Councils in the upper South must have been like before the Supreme Court decision and the Montgomery bus boycott and the sit-ins. CARD has made some effort to catch up. CARD lawyers studied the fair-employment-practices and fair-housing laws of several American states as models for the legislation they suggested, and a CARD leader has recently returned from studying the methods that the Congress of Racial Equality uses in fighting housing discrimination. CARD leaders acknowledge, though, that so far anti-discrimination groups in England have approached the vigor of the American protest movement only in the field of bickering. Many of the complaints against CARD come from the Standing Conference of West Indian Organizations, which is one of the groups affiliated with CARD. The Standing Conference was founded after the Notting Hill disturbances to promote integration—in England, integration often means what Southern Negroes used to call "having tea and cookies with the white folks"—but lately the organization has taken a more militant stance. At a meeting in Birmingham not long ago Standing Conference leaders intimated that the threat of the Ku Klux Klan might be met with "vigilantes." In England, militancy ordinarily means militant statements to the newspapers rather than conciliatory statements to the newspapers (there has been no significant direct action), and those who know the Midlands calculate that if the threatened war between all the Klansmen and all the vigilantes in the area erupted, it would be a very small war indeed.

There is also some skepticism about the claims of another CARD critic, Michael De Freitas, a Trinidadian, who is the leader of the Racial Adjustment Action Society, or RAAS. De Freitas emerged rather suddenly as a race leader from what he acknowledges was a relatively sinful past, and English newspapers like to refer to him as the Mal-

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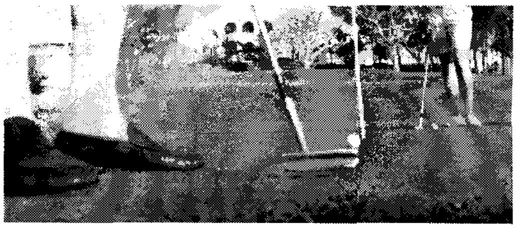

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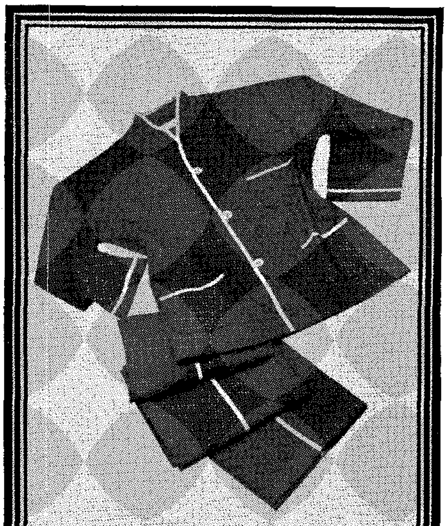
colm X of England. Like the Klan, Malcolm suffers in translation. De Freitas says that he was a friend and admirer of Malcolm's ("He came and spoke to me and told me nice things"), but that he is himself an orthodox Moslem and preaches only that black people should stick together, should register to vote, should become active in their unions, and should not turn the other cheek. A man with a shaggy beard, a heavy walking stick, and a soft, wispy way of talking, De Freitas can interrupt a statement about black people building an economic base to say, "I write poetry, you know. I like doing that. It's a lot of fun." Or he might look up after stating that he has twenty or thirty men in physical-education classes and say, "I like that President Johnson—he's a swinger." RAAS occasionally hints at a membership in the thousands—mostly Asians rather than West Indians—and some people believe that it actually could gain fairly widespread support. There is no sign, though, that RAAS has found a way to transform militant oratory into a militant program; RAAS leaders are quite eloquent on the stupidity of the English, but their present program would not embarrass the Urban League. There has already been some dissension in the leadership, and De Freitas talks about heeding the call of his people to return to Trinidad and run for office. "You should go down to the foreign department of the *Mirror* and see the cuttings on what the people in Trinidad think of me," he says. "They say, 'There is a man actually doing things for his people.' Black people tend to love me."

The hope of some protest leaders that the political picture can be changed by organizing the black vote is clouded by the fact that whatever political feelings immigrants have are likely to concern the division of the Jamaican Parliament or the determination of the Indian-Pakistani border. West Indians jammed halls in several cities during a speaking tour by Norman Manley, the leader of the Opposition in Jamaica, but those who are aware of British politics at all tend to believe that the choice between two white men will make no great difference in their lives—an attitude that seems to have been supported by recent events. The Indian vote has been organized in a few places, and CARD is now talking about organizing the entire colored vote to use selectively against candidates of either party who are particularly racist. But political realists doubt whether there are many constituencies where the immigrant vote would be large enough to make any dif-



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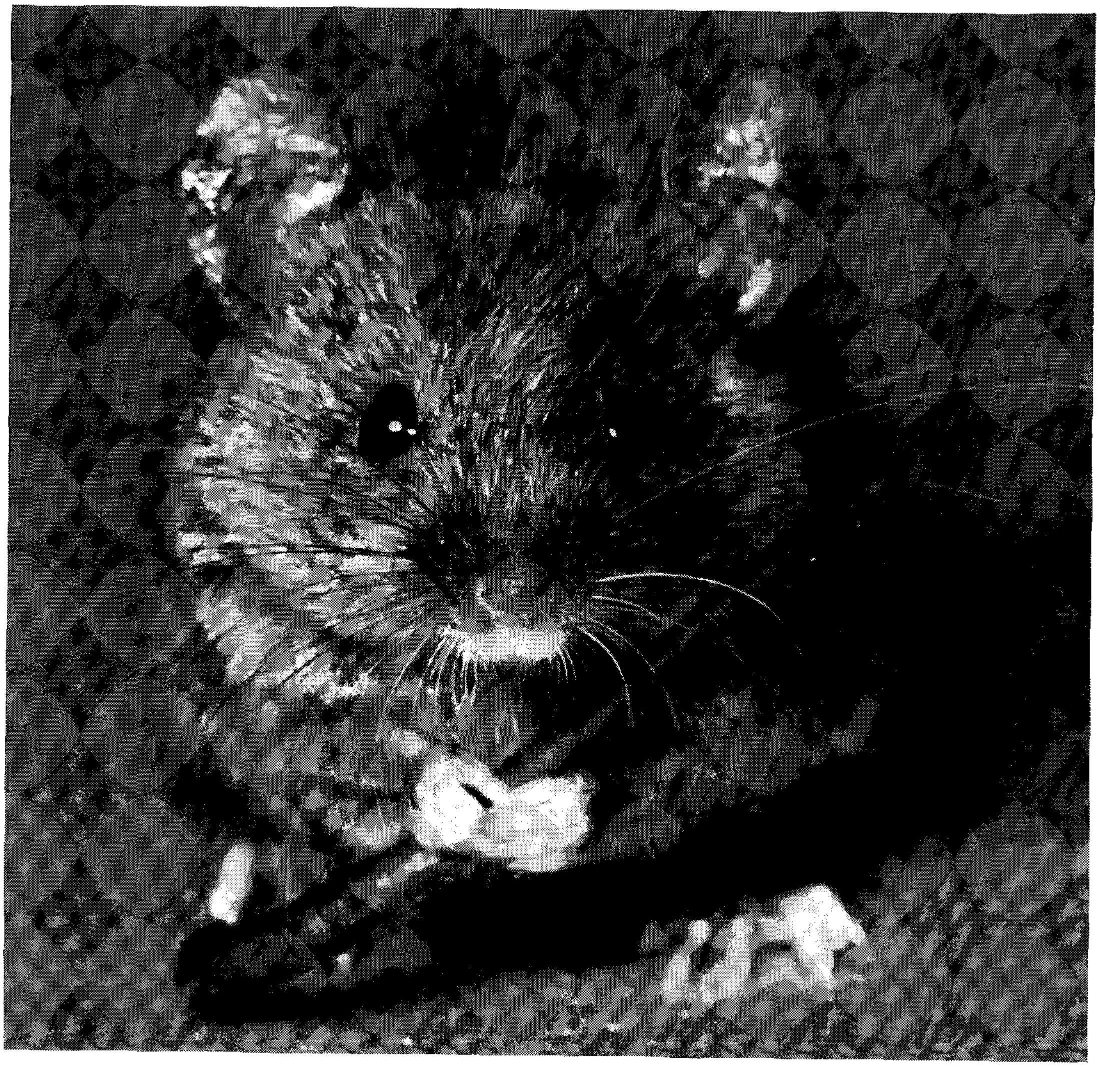

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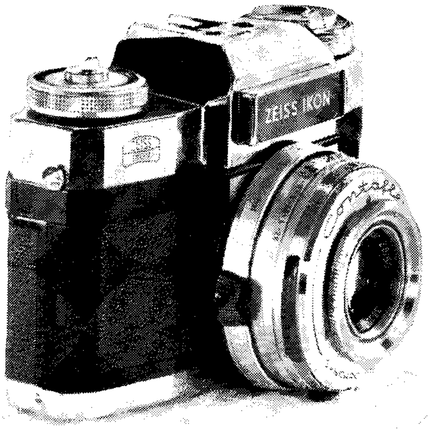

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ference even if it could be delivered, and they have only a sympathetic smile for anyone who talks about trying to deliver the West Indian vote.

One Sunday afternoon not long ago, some CARD volunteers, most of them white, were making a survey of colored voters in a neighborhood of west London called Barons Court. Most of the colored residents were West Indians, practically none of them had ever heard of CARD, and not very many of them expressed much interest in voting for anybody anywhere. One characteristic response came from a short, very dark West Indian who met the volunteers in the doorway of a house he owned. When he had greeted the mention of CARD with the usual puzzled look, one of the surveyors, who was also a West Indian, said, "Well, there is some racial discrimination in England."

"Yeah, I read about it in the paper," said the man.

"Well, you might not have experienced it yourself," said the surveyor.

"Yeah, I experienced it," the man said. "But I don't pay any attention to it."

Liberal whites in England have about the same sense of urgency. Meetings of the Anti-Apartheid Movement protesting South African racism regularly draw thousands, but most Englishmen, understandably, find it rather difficult to believe that there is a problem in England, where brutality is unthinkable and only a tiny percentage of the population is colored. CARD had to go to American liberals for financing, after finding that British liberals did not believe there was a race problem. Some people think that it will eventually be possible to interest white English students in the problem. Anthony Lester, a white lawyer who is one of the most active of the CARD executives says, "We're hoping to visit the colleges this term to say, 'Congratulations on South Africa, very nice demonstration on Vietnam, good job on Santo Domingo—but have you looked at Brixton lately?' " There is increasing support in CARD for direct action, although some people believe it would do more harm than good, and some doubt whether enough people could be found to take part even if a dramatic issue emerged. That is not considered likely; the possibility that a racist society is gradually being formed provides far less drama than the manifestations of one that already exists. "There's no easy slogan," Nicholas Deakin says. "If you went down to Southall and told an Indian worker he

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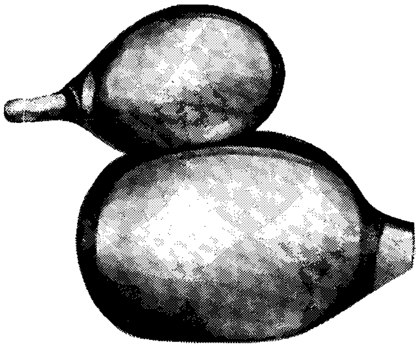

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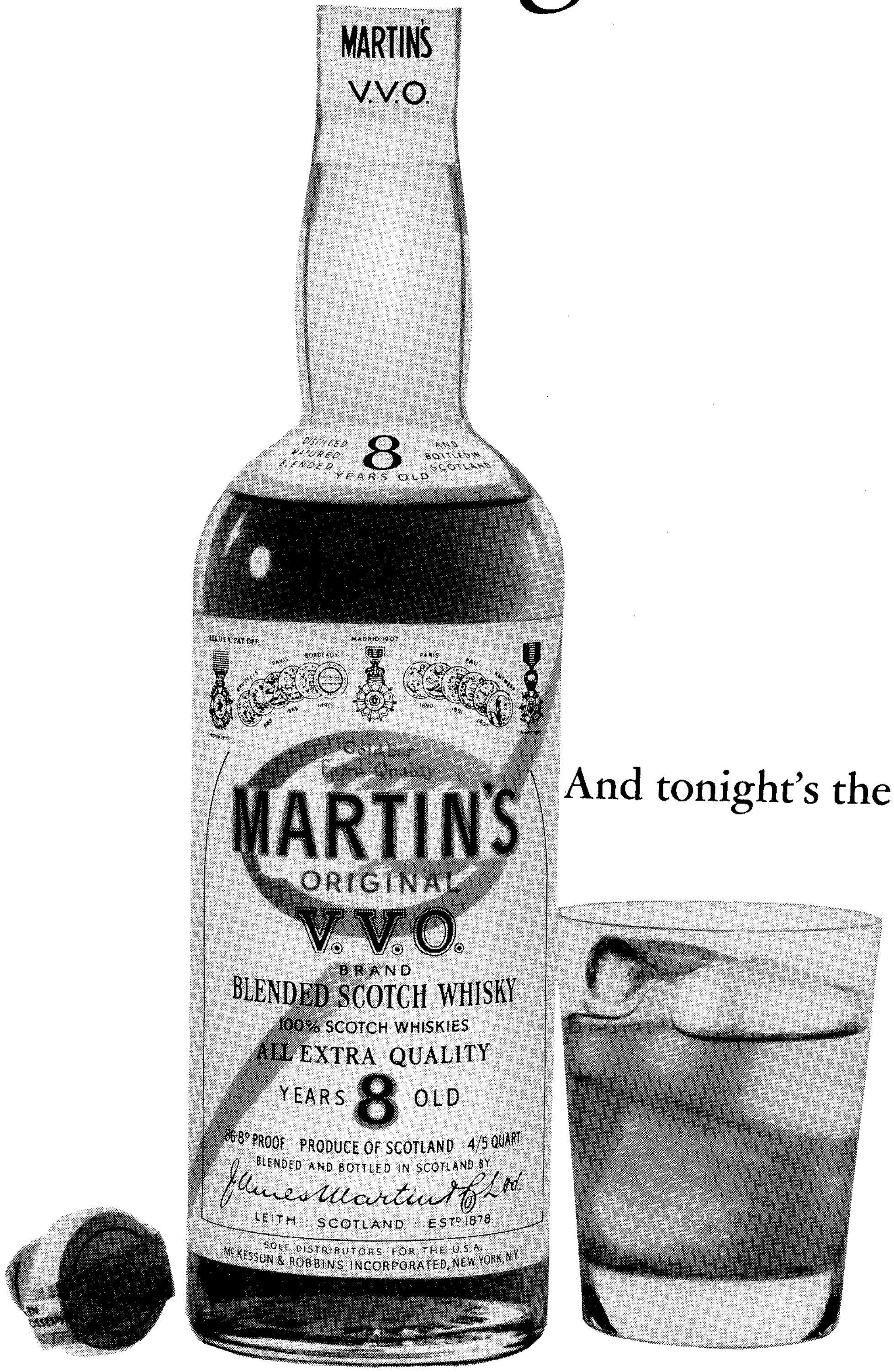
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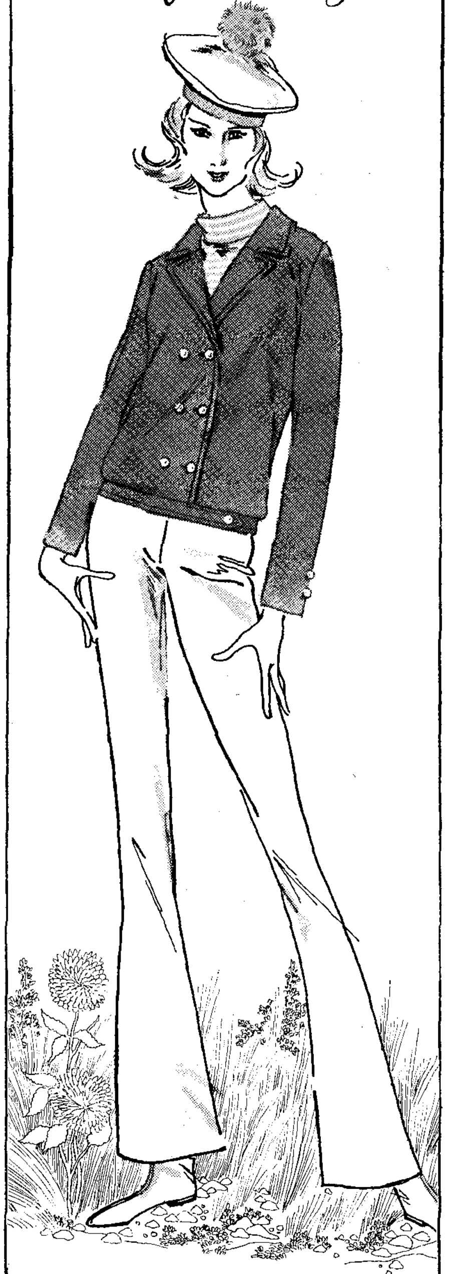

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A DOCTOR'S wife in Birmingham recently expressed her approval of the White Paper by saying, "Somebody had to tell us they couldn't all come." Supporters of the government's immigration policy say that well-publicized immigration restrictions will calm the worst fears of the people and will give heavily populated areas time to deal with the problems that are raised by immigration. All this is to take place while long-term economic planning begins to spread industry around the country. Critics of the government's policy have brought forward a number of arguments to support the view that things are not very likely to work out that way, but the government's interpretation is widely accepted by local officials. Most of them seem to think that the immediate problems are coming under control. A number of areas have set up special language classes for Asian children; Bradford has two special centers where arriving Asian children take a concentrated language course for two or three terms. The government is about to start a tiny pilot program designed to alleviate the teacher shortage eventually by giving special courses to the large number of Pakistani and Indian schoolteachers, who have been unable to get jobs in the schools, because of unfamiliarity with colloquial English and with English teaching methods. (It is a standing joke in Bradford that there are more Bachelors of Arts working on the buses than in the schools.) In a country where the "color problem" is considered almost entirely a problem to be remedied by colored people, many observers believe that tensions have been reduced by what Anglicization in appearance and behavior has taken place in the past few years, and that it will be further reduced by such devices as a new law in Birmingham designed to prevent a proliferation of overcrowded rooming houses. (The immigrants believe that the Birmingham law will merely be used to solidify ghettos.) Serious friction between black and white in the near future is considered improbable unless there is a bad recession. "When people are fighting for their livelihood, they will play every card, and the final card is that blacks are inferior," an education official in Wolverhampton says. "Otherwise, I think we can take care of the problems we have."

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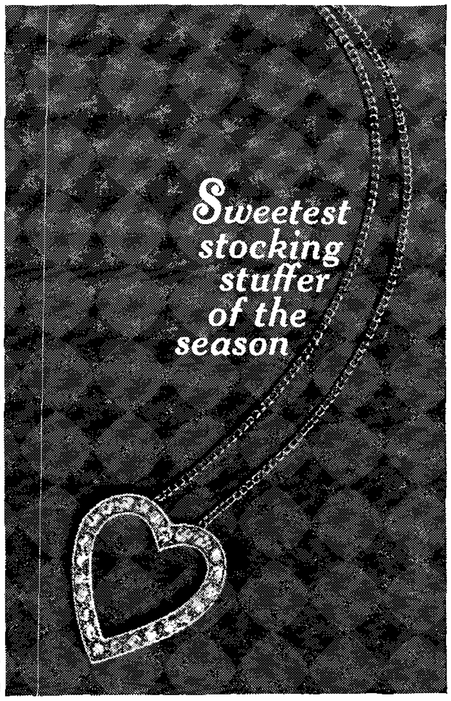

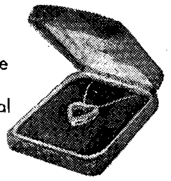

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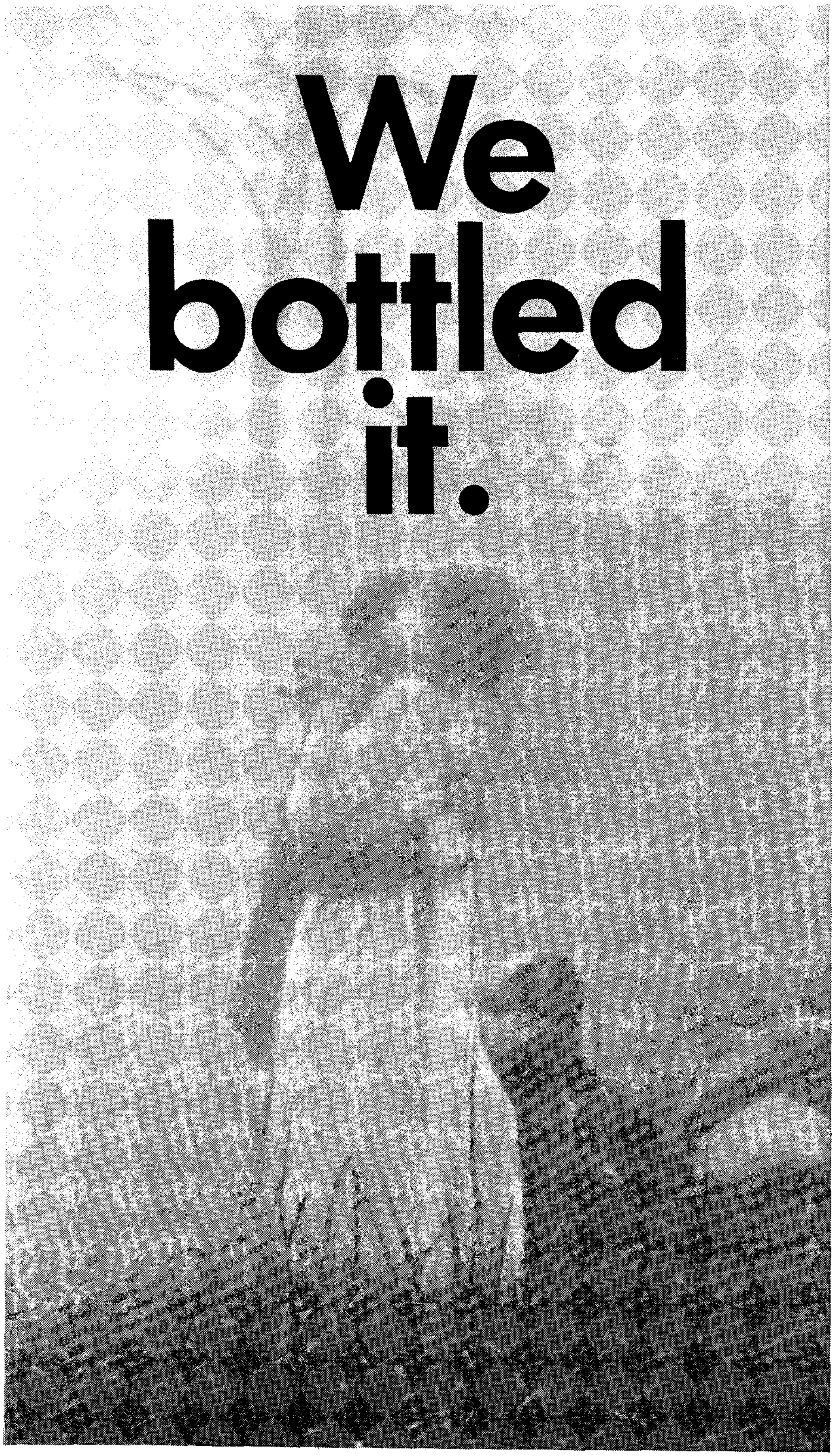
of both the government and local authorities is a "dispersal" of colored people, but local officials do not take the policy very seriously. Most of them acknowledge that, for a variety of reasons, the "colored neighborhoods" that now exist are likely to become more colored. Questions about the possibility of doing something to prevent the formation of large ghettos often bring the answer that it is perfectly normal for Englishmen to live in their own neighborhoods in India. The familiar cycle of residential and educational segregation has already started. In Birmingham, where education officials have decided not to take the advice of the Department of Education circular that a school should have no more than thirty per cent immigrant children, one educator says, "We think it's difficult enough for a child from a Pakistani village to adjust without taking him out of his own neighborhood and putting him into an alien school at the edge of the city. The question is one of housing, really: Are we going to live together or separately? Are we going to see to it that people are spread about, as the Dutch have done with their immigrants, or are we going to have segregation? It seems to be the latter by default." In Bradford, a twenty-five-per-cent limit on immigrant children in the schools has been in effect from the start. Many Asian children already travel to alternate schools by bus but there is no thought of transferring white children. "The neighborhood school is rooted in history," the superintendent says. "Why uproot it because of the arrival of immigrants?" Schools in white areas are merely enlarged to take the transfers, and if some of the old, crumbling schools in the city center cannot be operated without transferring whites, they will be closed. In other words, if the neighborhood pattern does not change, Bradford may someday have schools only in non-immigrant areas, with all the white children walking to school and all colored children coming in as transfers. The problem of housing in England is so complicated that there may be no way of changing the pattern of racial neighborhoods in cities such as Bradford or Birmingham; the surprising fact is that no one seems to be trying.

One difficulty in dealing with long-range problems is that local officials may be willing to talk about overcrowding or the clash of cultures, but they tend not to admit the existence of a real race problem—or, for that matter, of races.

"What are the chances that an area



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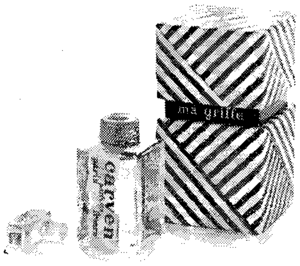

like Sparkbrook may become a completely colored neighborhood in five or *ten years?*" an alderman in Birmingham was asked.

"What do you mean, colored?" he asked in reply. "You're colored. I'm colored. I'm an International Socialist, and I don't believe in color. I believe every man is equal."

"Well, what if all the schools in Sparkbrook are ninety or a hundred per cent colored?"

"They wouldn't be colored to me."

"But wouldn't they be colored to them?"

"I don't talk in terms of color."

"But your official policy is integration. Who are they going to integrate with?"

"I've never talked about color, and I won't until the day I die."

It is not unusual for a local education department to discuss the integration of "immigrant children" without benefit of statistics, because the city council insists that counting the colored students would be a manifestation of racism. The same kind of argument was used in Parliament against the Race Relations Act. Even those officials whose views on the virtues of color blindness are somewhat less pure tend not to think beyond laissez-faire tolerance. Few of them consider the possibility of consciously trying to break a pattern of discrimination before it hardens, by appointing a colored policeman, for example, or by purposely integrating a new neighborhood. Any such step would be considered racism in reverse, contrary to the spirit of fair play, and, worst of all, something that might antagonize the whites.

The fear of antagonizing the whites has been a widespread reason for deciding against change. Antagonizing the whites, it is often said, could cause racism to rise to the surface, and racism, of course, is the very thing everyone is trying to avoid. It is thought that some local councils have avoided necessary urban renewal in colored neighborhoods because the whites might object when the displaced colored families were provided municipal housing, as the law requires. White employers do not hire colored people for certain jobs because their workers or their customers might object; stronger measures for integration are not taken because the voters might object. While taking their own tolerance for granted, people seem also to take for granted the prejudice of everyone else. In many cases, of course, their fears have been shown to be unfounded. When workers are actually asked if they would mind being joined

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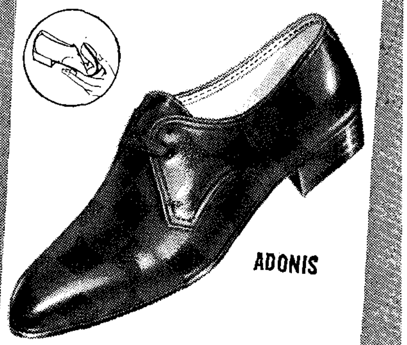
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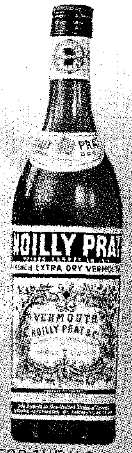
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PERFUME BOTTLED, SEALED AND IMPORTED FROM PARIS BY HOUBIGANT by colored workers, they are likely to say that they wouldn't mind in the least. Even when tenants of a public-housing development petition a local authority not to permit a colored family to move in—as has happened occasionally—the local authority ordinarily replies that the colored family has every right to be there, and that is usually the end of the trouble. It is true, of course, that the phantom may easily become real; people who are consistently expected to object to the presence of colored people eventually object to the presence of colored people. "These local authorities just have to have the guts to rehouse colored people," Maurice Foley has said, "because five years from now it's going to be that much harder."

Foley's approach to the local authorities has been that of gentle persuasion. The government has decided not to give special aid to areas with a high concentration of immigrants, on the theory that such aid would only corroborate the fantasy that colored immigrants are responsible for the shortages, and that it might bring racism to the surface. The White Paper does state that the government will pay the salaries of full-time administrative secretaries for local voluntary committees. Only a few of the local committees are effective, because two or three dedicated people happen to be involved, and the effective ones are not necessarily in areas where they are most needed. The committees vary in approach, usually for reasons that have nothing to do with the particular situation. One of them not only attempts to smooth over friction in housing but also publishes attacks on the government's race policies, or tries to persuade the local newspaper not to accept housing advertisements that say "No Coloured." Some of them are made up of Establishment figures who meet every two or three months to keep track of the situation and encourage social events. Some of them are on paper or nonexistent.

The government maintains that there is really no alternative to trying to encourage action against discrimination on the local level. The alternatives mentioned often by the government's critics are legislation—on housing, employment, and credit facilities—and some kind of strong moral lead from the top. Neither is considered likely to be forthcoming in the present political atmosphere, and the present political atmosphere is not considered likely to change for a while. There is some feeling that the removal of "immigration" as a code word may make it more

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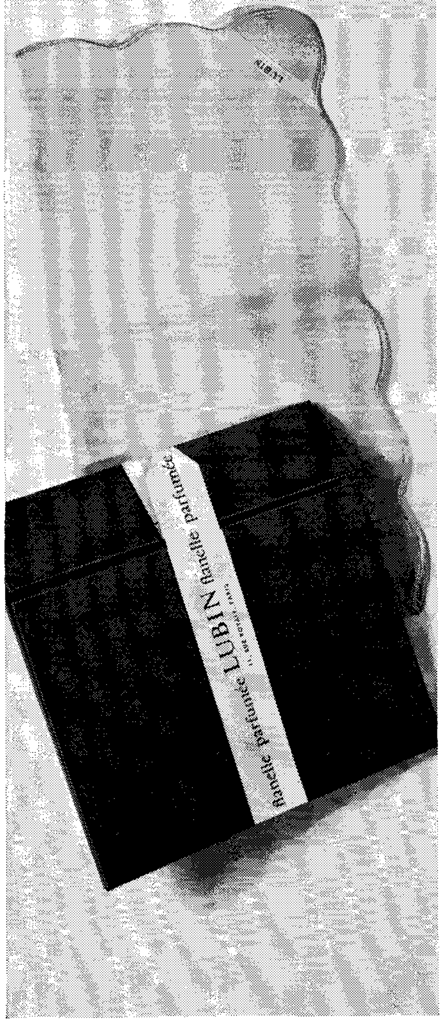

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difficult for politicians to use the race issue; there is, after all, very little immigration left to oppose. But the issue is tempting. In addition to Smethwick, one other victory in the last general election was attributed to the exploitation of racial fears, and political observers think that the number of seats affected at the next election will depend on the other issues available and on the character of the candidates. Even critics of the White Paper acknowledge that it will help the Labour Party at the polls. "I don't think there's any doubt that it was the way to prevent the defection of the workers, who are probably the most race-minded voters," says a Labour Party member who is bitterly opposed to the White Paper. "They always were suspicious of all those toffee-nosed intellectuals in London. Now we can all be bigots together."

Although in some areas neo-Fascist parties can muster a remarkable number of votes, fringe groups are not expected to have any great effect generally. In fact, the Klan, which may number a couple of dozen members in the Midlands, arouses such strong feelings against intolerance that Klansmen are more likely than colored people to be bullied. "There's no freedom here now," William Duncan said, shortly before he was sentenced to jail under a nineteen-thirties law making it illegal to wear a political uniform at a public meeting. "If you talk against the blacks and the Jews, they're on to you." There is, however, some fear that the more self-consciously white-collar groups, sensing victory but seeing no reduction of colored faces, will press for a complete cessation of immigration, or even for "repatriation." When he was asked what he thought of the White Paper, John Sanders, of the Birmingham Immigration Control Association, said, "I think it represents a great but incomplete victory of the electorate. Why any quota at all? If the thing you're taking in is making you sick, why take more in?"

An American asking about race in England is constantly reminded of the possibility that in ten or fifteen years a generation of British-born, British-accented colored people could grow up to find that they live in a ghetto, that their neighbors resent them, that they are associated by race with certain jobs and a certain kind of behavior—in other words, they are in the same position as many American-born, American-accented colored people in the cities of the North. Most people in England do not seem to think that there is a great danger of this happening. When they

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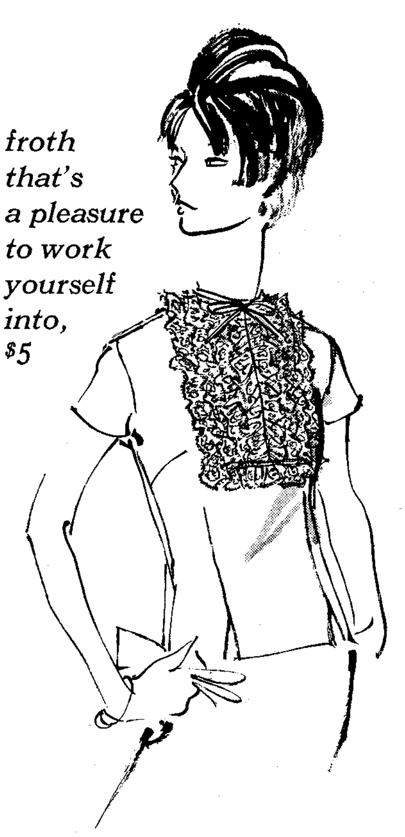

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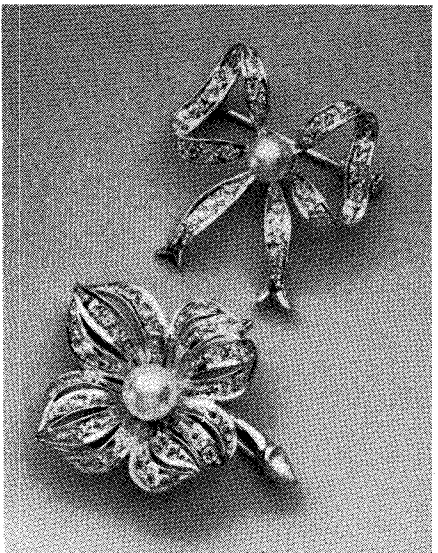

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refer to the American situation, it is usually to explain how much more serious and deeply rooted it is. Foley has said that the government hesitates to put in a fair-housing law, for example, because there is a reluctance to use a drastic American solution to a problem that has been allowed to grow up in only five years, rather than in a century or more.

Almost all serious observers of the British situation believe that it is still fluid, that whatever happens in the next few years will decide what the much discussed second generation will find. There is some optimism among those who believe that the British feeling against prejudice and inequality will tip the balance. Others believe that racism has already become more respectable. Those working for equal opportunities often discuss the difference between the multi-racial society Britain seems to be drifting into and the multi-racial society that Britain—given all modern experience, all British traditions, and less than two per cent colored people—might be expected to develop. Their pessimism is based mainly on the likely effects of inaction. Many of them think that Britain's multi-racial society will have to look much more like America's before the government and local officials are willing to employ the drastic American solutions that might have prevented that from happening. "This country could become a tolerant multi-racial community," says Anthony Lester. "The tragedy is that we seem destined to take the road to Harlem."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK IN GREEN PASTURES

[*From the 1965 United States Master Tax Guide*]

783. Gambling and Other Gains. All gains arising from gambling, betting, and lotteries are included in gross income. Gains from illegal transactions, such as bootlegging, extortion, or fraud must also be included in gross income. Also, reversing a prior decision to the contrary (*Wilcox*), the Supreme Court in *James* has ruled that embezzlement proceeds are taxable income. However, it also ruled that since the *Wilcox* case had been on the books, the taxpayer's conviction for willful evasion of income taxes had to be reversed because the element of "willfulness" could not be proved. In general, therefore, embezzlement proceeds are taxable income before or after the date of the *James* decision, May 15, 1961, but a failure to report embezzlement proceeds as income on returns due prior to that date will probably not result in a felony conviction for willful evasion of income tax and, consequently, not subject the taxpayer to criminal penalties.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

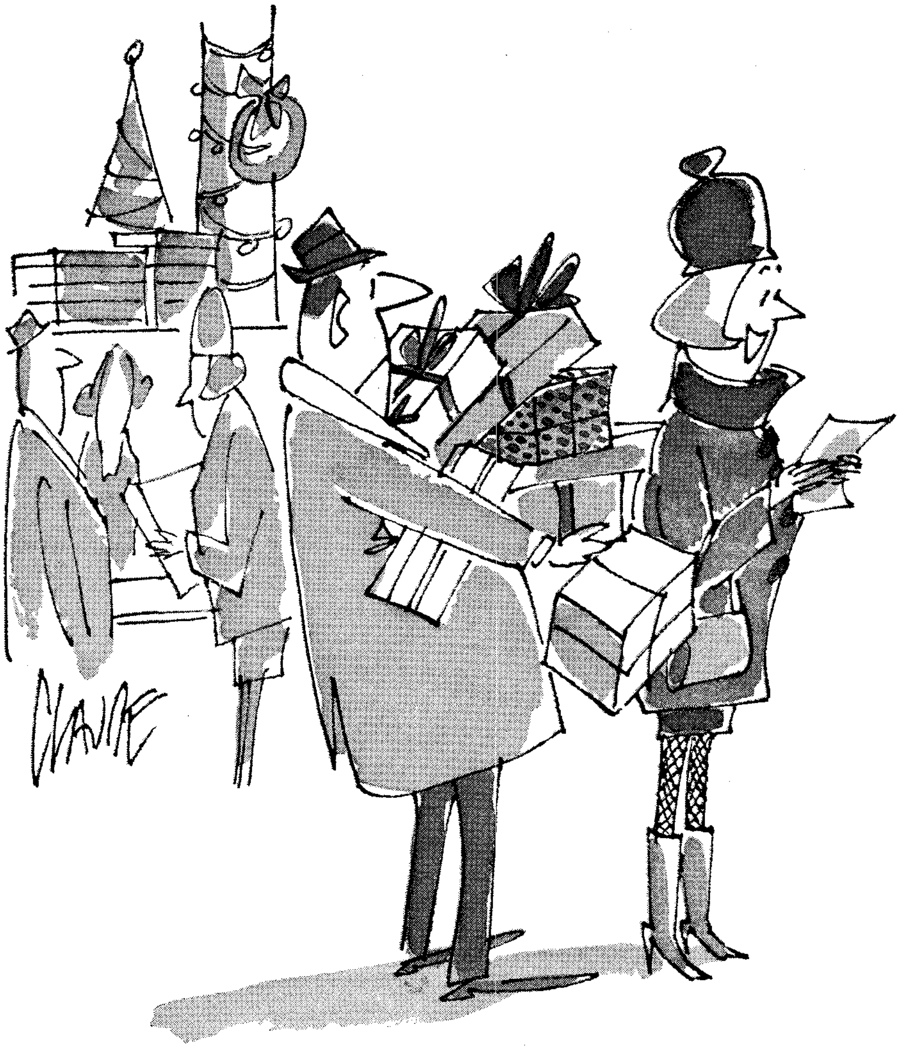
. . . AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

ON November 3, 1886, an article appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, entitled "Every One His Own Servant, by an Amateur Housemaid," and reporting a social experiment conducted by the author and her family. Driven by the Servant Problem to the desperate measure of trying to solve it, the family had undertaken to discover what would happen if they dismissed their servants and did their own housework. What happened, they found, was delightful in its novelty. "Only those who have tried it," the author fairly exulted, "can realize the pleasure and comfort of being one's own servant as well as one's own master." Since these words were written, the gratifications of self-servitude have become so commonplace—what with the steady accretion of household appliances designed to help with the work, if not actually perform it—that a number of amateur housemaids have had to resort to writing books about the Feminine Dilemma in order to fill their empty hours. We do not propose to discuss these tracts here, interesting as they no doubt are, but in presenting our customary recommendations of Christmas presents for the house we intend to limit the list to objects that are not so Eezy to Kleen or Redi to Surv as to drive their recipients to graduate school or woodworking classes in an anxious attempt to revive their flagging self-esteem.

A new French *panier à salade*, a version of the classic wire lettuce dryer, is a good instance of what we mean. It strikes the right note, promoting neither drudgery nor acedia but going about its moisture-removing business with all the exhilarating briskness of a top spinning about its axis—which, in fact, is just what it is. A rubber suction cup at the bottom of the basket keeps it steady, and as one pushes down on its upright handle the lettuce goes whirling round and round, splashing water into the sink (where the operation is taking place) and suffering no bruising. The device can also be used to dry stockings, we're told, and basket, spinning mechanism, and suction cup can all be taken apart for storage. The price is around $6 at the Village Kitchen Shop, 338 Bleecker Street (near Sheridan Square), and at Chequer, 1071A Third Avenue (63rd).

Another well-thought-out contrivance is the Village Kitchen Shop's fish baker. It solves the chief difficulty of baking a fish, which is how to turn the creature over without breaking it into pieces or divesting it of its skin. With this baker, one never has to touch the fish after once placing it in an elongated oval wire nest, sixteen inches long and five inches across at its widest point, which is hung between the uprights of a metal stand. When the fish needs turning over, one simply turns the stand upside down; there's a handle for the purpose. The price is $6.50. A "board bowl" in the same store addresses itself to the less challenging but no less common kitchen problem of flying vegetables. This board is an inch-thick, square (thirteen and three-quarters inches) wooden slab with a shallow concavity in the middle, which is designed to contain the onions or celery one is chopping, instead of abetting their tendency to scatter all over the kitchen. The wood is ash, and the price is $10.50.

The well-known and much liked Quimper china, with its cheerful, five-hundred-year-old patterns of colorful folk figures, has now been made in an ovenproof form. A capacious, bulbous soup tureen is $14.95 (we're still down at the Village Kitchen Shop), a flat baking dish is $7.50, a covered oval casserole is $12.50, and a covered round casserole is $13.95. The white backgrounds have a slightly bluish cast; otherwise there is no difference between the ovenproof Quimper and its ovenprone predecessors. Cyanophiles will be pleased to learn that the heavy enamelled cast-iron cooking ware from Belgium that is known as Descoware is now available at the Village Kitchen Shop in sky blue as well as in the yellow and orange it used to be restricted to. A two-quart round casserole with white fluted handles and a white interior costs $10.95, and a three-and-a-quarter-quart cocotte with plain handles is $11.95. A one-quart saucepan with an ingenious lid that, turned over, be-



"Now all we need is something for when he's opened all his presents."

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comes a skillet may be had for $7.95.

Up the street at Bleecker House, 359 Bleecker Street (10th), there is a collection of elegantly framed paintings of common vegetables, which turn out, on closer scrutiny, to be pages cut from a 1918 Burpee seed catalogue. The prints are very clear, botanically accurate, and subtly colored—a far cry indeed from the improbable color photographs in today's seed catalogues. Especially taking are a print depicting some tomatoes, framed in rich red and gold, and a catalogue cover, in a dark wooden frame, depicting a lovely cantaloupe and the slogan "BURPEE SEEDS GROW." The prices run from $9 to $14.50. The prints are six inches by ten, and some of them are matted (ten inches by fifteen); any of them would look splendid on a kitchen or dining-room wall.

At Design Research, International, 53 East 57th Street, we paused before an *objet* on the wall that looked like nothing so much as an outrage from a Dadaist exhibition *pour épater le bourgeois* but was in fact a perfectly respectable device *pour couper les haricots verts*. The thing, a kind of mill, fastens onto the kitchen table the way a meat grinder does, and as one feeds string-beans, two at a time, into it with the left hand one turns a little crank with the right hand. Three blades are involved in the task of stringing and slicing, but exactly how the end result—Frenched beans—is achieved is beyond us. The bean-Frencher is made in Germany of heavy cast steel painted bright red, and it costs $8.50.

Design Research's well-designed and researched toaster (which can also be viewed in the Museum of Modern Art's permanent exhibition of outstanding consumer articles of the twentieth century) is a machine that you would hardly want to disguise with a toaster cover—and, indeed, you probably couldn't find a cover for it if you tried, since the toaster is approximately twice the length and half the width of conventional toasting appliances. It is a long, thin chrome rectangle in which the slices of bread—two or three, depending on their size—stand crust to crust, and toast to degrees of doneness dictated by a dial that can be set anywhere from 1 to 6; it was manufactured in Germany by Braun and costs $29.95. Very tasteful, too, in Design Research's opinion, and ours, is a rotund, commodious enamelled (red, blue, green, or orange) Japanese colander, which is poised on a small pedestal, has two ample handles, and is of a size to accommodate a large potful of

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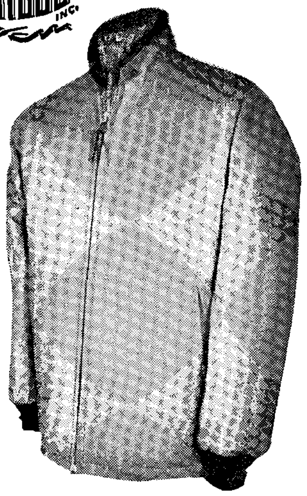

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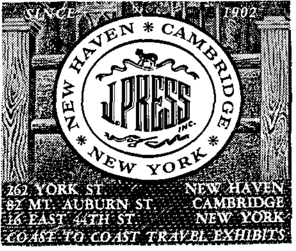
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spaghetti. The colander is $5, and matching long-handled spoons are $1 apiece.

The ubiquitous Dansk enamelware, available at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, Altman's, Georg Jensen, and many other stores, is probably not the most novel of gift ideas, but it's still worth a passing thought. The conspicuous feature of these vivaciously enamelled steel pots and pans is their extreme lightness—a great virtue in a cooking receptacle that is brought to the table or sideboard. (The bottoms of the pots and pans are heavy, attenuation taking place only in the sides and the lids.) The cover of a round casserole has a cleverly designed handle that enables it to serve, turned upside down, as a trivet for the hot pot brought to the table. The colors are red, yellow, and blue, and all the utensils have white linings; $15.95 for the two-quart size, $17.95 for the four-quart size, and $20.95 for the six-quart size. The Dansk teak-handled quart-and-a-half saucepan is narrower at the top than at the bottom and has a pouring lip; if a more intelligently designed saucepan exists, we'd like to know of it. The price is $11.95.

All pots and pans not being appointed with teak handles, the lowly pot holder still has its place, but the pot holders at Pampered Kitchens, 21 East 10th Street, fairly bristle with self-importance. And well they might, for they are covered in some cases with hand-blocked Indian prints and in others with hand-woven Indian cloth, and are filled with an insulating material that will not metamorphose into little lumpy wads when the pot holders are washed in the machine—a fate that befalls many a pot-holder filling; $1 each. Pampered Kitchens also has some exemplary kitchen mittens, made of Mexican cotton in many vivid bicolor combinations, filled with the immutable insulating material and lined with soft flannel, which makes them pleasant to wear; $2.50.

Every kitchen ought to have a fire extinguisher. Pampered Kitchens has one that is guaranteed to remain potent for twenty years and operates as simply as a can of bug spray. You turn a knob and it sprays chlorobromomethane on the burning pot holder, which promptly stops burning. The extinguisher is five and three-quarter inches tall and costs $7.95.

LET us leave the kitchen for a moment and go out and look at some porcelain hands. The ones we have in mind fill an enormous cup-

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board at Nelson's Folly, 793 Lexington Avenue (61st). Most of the hands rest on a bit of cuff and hold something—usually a flower, a cornhusk, or a seashell, hollowed out and thus usable as a vase. (One empty-handed exception is a little bisque replica of Queen Victoria's hand as a child; $26.) They cost from $15 to $42, and were all once owned, we are told, by a single collector. We bring them to your attention not as an illustration of beauty and tastefulness but as a reminder—possibly a too forceful one—that Christmas shopping is primarily an exercise in geniality, and only secondarily a chance to show off one's own good taste. One hideous porcelain hand is worth many an impeccable Danish cheeseboard to a collector of porcelain hands, so if your aunt collects hands, why not get her one?

Similarly, if some psychiatrist you know hoards little shoes, think how pleased he would be by a specimen from the collection of them at Michael Malcé, 35 West 8th Street. The cupboardful there contains tiny shoes of every conceivable sort, made of such materials as porcelain, wood, lead, pewter, rubber, steel, and glass. Many of them were originally salesmen's samples—for instance, a little wooden replica of the famous Wellington boot ($5), and a minuscule pair of galoshes ($7.50) that a galoshes salesman once booted about. The prices range from $1 to $75. Michael Malcé also has a lot of old eyecups—the tiny glass goblets that used to be given away with eye remedies. They now fetch from seventy-five cents to $5.

Richard Camp, 993 Second Avenue (53rd), has Victorian foot warmers for $10 each. They are hollow hemispheres of buff-colored stoneware into which one pours hot water through a screw-capped opening on top. There is a stoneware handle one grasps when the thing is full of hot water, and a few of the warmers are flat on one side as well as on the bottom, so that they can be used as doorstops. The warmers here are one-of-a-kind but all of a type, the variations being mainly in the relief decorations that surround the openings.

NOW (speaking of relief) let us return to pots and pans. An Irish omelette pan may have a dubious sound, but the specimen at the Village Kitchen Shop looks as if it should make exemplary French omelettes. It has a long wooden handle and is made of cast iron covered on the outside with white porcelain and on the inside with a non-sticking material like our Teflon; $8.95

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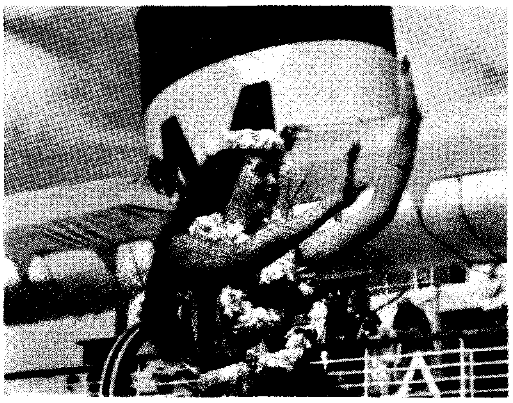

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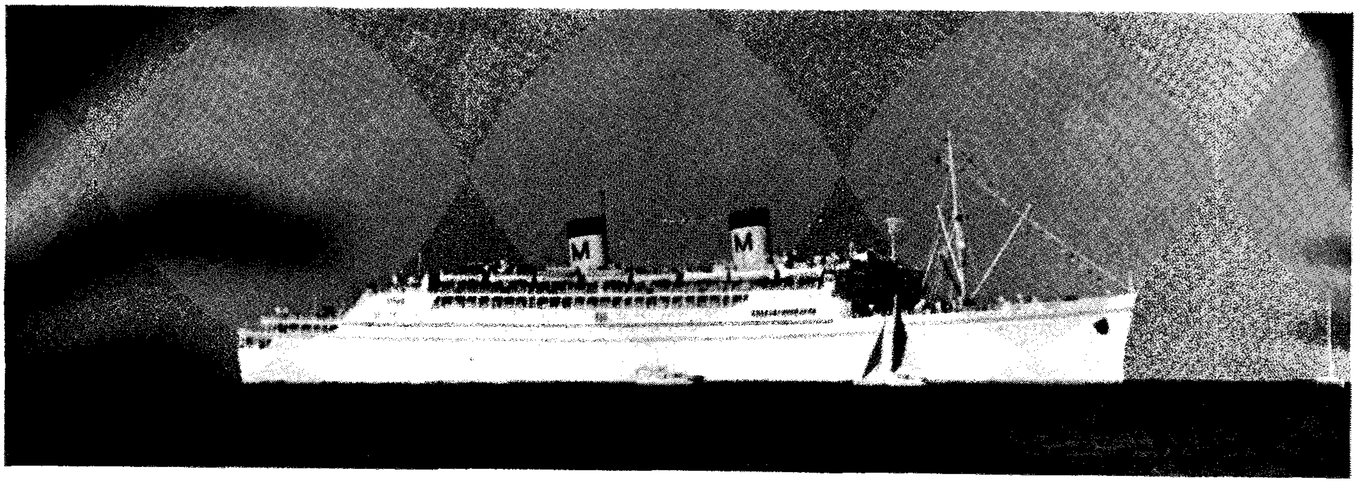

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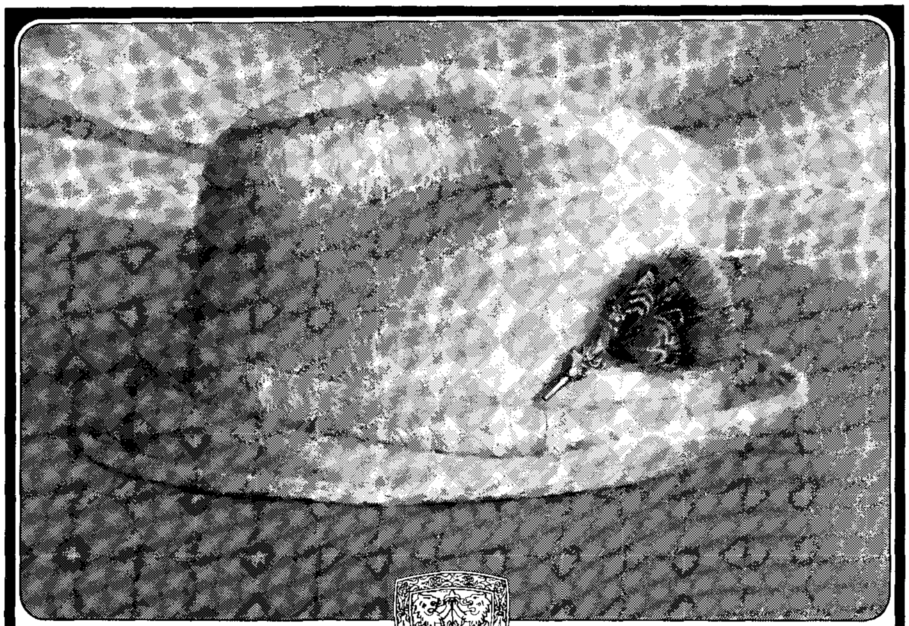
for a pan nine inches in diameter, and $9.95 for a ten-incher. Design Research's long-handled French omelette pan comes from Boston. It is polished cast aluminum and is all ready to make omelettes (that is to say, no initial pan-seasoning is required); in a size to accommodate from six to eight eggs, it is $19.95, and in the more realistic, four-to-six-egg size, $15.95. At Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th), the classic French omelette pans come from—where else?—Wisconsin. They are made of aluminum substantial enough to provide even heat but light enough to jostle about with one hand while chivying the omelette with the other. A ten-and-a-half-inch pan costs $7.95, a seven-and-a-half-inch pan $4.95.

From the Bazar's omnifarious collection of wooden spoons, forks, and spatulas, one could surely cull a choice few (or many) to give as gifts. They come in beechwood, cherrywood, boxwood, and olivewood, and range from ten cents, for a tiny boxwood mustard spoon, to $3.75, for a set of handsomely grained olivewood salad servers. In between, there are such necessities as slotted boxwood mixing spoons ($1.45 each), cherrywood jam spreaders (forty cents), beechwood mixing spoons (from thirty to seventy cents), and boxwood or beechwood spatulas (fifty cents to $2.95). (Beechwood is the common rough kitchen wood; olive and box are harder and smoother.)

A copper mixing bowl costing $16.95 that, for chemical reasons, can be used for beating egg whites and for nothing else culinary is one of those luxuries one properly doesn't allow oneself but complacently accepts as a gift from another. We are speaking of a bowl at Bazar Français measuring ten inches in diameter and with a depth of five and a half inches. It is equipped with a brass hook for hanging, and it also comes in a twelve-and-a-half-inch size, six inches deep, for $21.95, and a fourteen-and-a-half-inch size, seven inches deep, for $25.95. Another de-luxe item here is a horsehair sieve—a drum-shaped utensil composed of a round wooden frame with a fine mesh of horsehair stretched across it an inch and a half down from the top edge. The mesh is soft and pliable, and at first sight one can't imagine rubbing thick boiled vegetables through it without breaking the fibres, but the hair is as strong as steel, and the purée it produces is smooth and fine. Tin or brass sieves—also available at the Bazar—are cheaper and accomplish the same purpose, but once one has sieved with horsehair one is spoiled for any-



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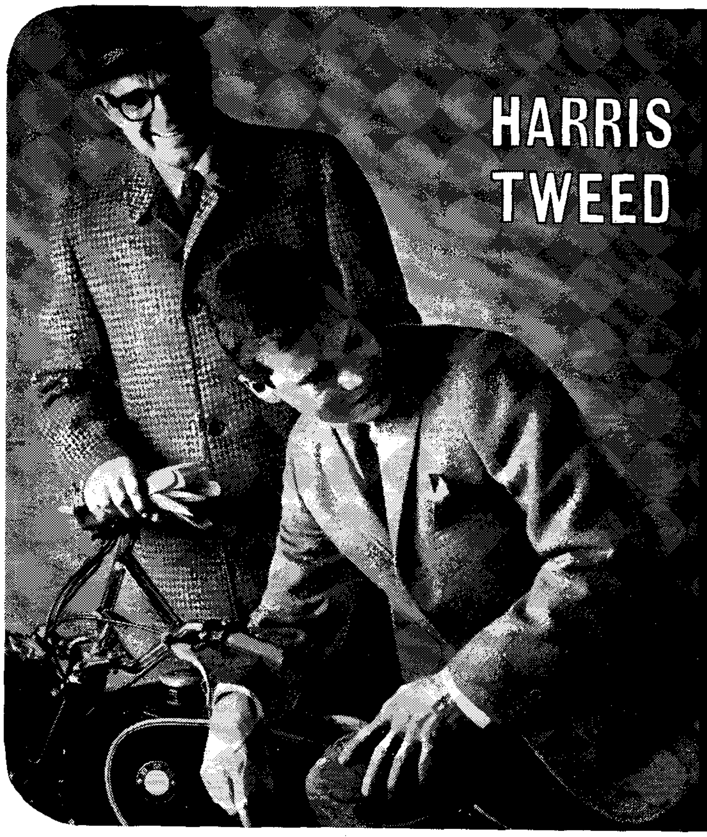

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Creme Extraordinaire

Elizabeth Arden

thing else. The sieves are good-looking, too. Hung on the wall, they are decorative indeed, being reminiscent of round Shaker boxes. A horsehair sieve eight inches in diameter is $8.95; a ten-inch one is $10.95.

We discussed earlier a fancy (and fanciful) version of the French wire salad basket, and now we offer a humble variant, a tiny wire-mesh receptacle for storing garlic or for washing bits of parsley. It costs seventy-five cents (at the Bazar and elsewhere), and could be one of those insignificant gifts whose donor is gratefully remembered long after the giver of a taxidermy kit is forgotten. In this vein, we cite a few other modest possibilities, all available at Bazar Français, though many may be bought elsewhere: 1. A scalloped aluminum egg poacher ($1) for fashioning a poached egg that looks like a six-petalled daisy. 2. The Mouli grater, a perforated aluminum mill ($1) that is "the safest grater in the world," according to its box, which also says that it is "great for grating cheese, coconut, bread crumbs, chocolate, crackers, ginger root, hard-boiled eggs, dry soap ends into chips." 3. A tomato knife (its official name is the Shar-Pee Tomato Slicer, and it's $1.25) with a serrated stainless-steel blade. 4. A waiter's corkscrew ($1.25) with a simple and reliable lever action and a retractable knife blade for cutting the foil on bottles. 5. Wood-handled butter curlers ($1.25) for making curly butter. 6. A large sardine-tin key (forty-five cents) of universal and perpetual application.

THE chief attributes of most objects made of plastic—cheapness and ugliness—are entirely absent from the Swedish plastic storage boxes at Merrill Ames, 41 East 8th Street. They are fairly expensive and very handsome. The prices range from $1, for a small cube four inches square and three and a half inches deep, to $2.95, for a container seven inches square and five inches deep. The boxes are made of clear, glassy plastic covered with flat, tight-fitting lids of cheerful red, yellow, green, or orange. At Ames, and also from Sweden, there is a small red or yellow plastic two-piece orange-juice squeezer, for $1, that does everything an electric juice squeezer does—namely, produce orange juice—by means of the human hand.

At Wilburt, Inc., 194 Third Avenue (18th), we admired canisters made in Okinawa of beautiful thick colored glass, sealed by tight-fitting plunger tops, and having all the look of old-fashioned apothecary jars. The

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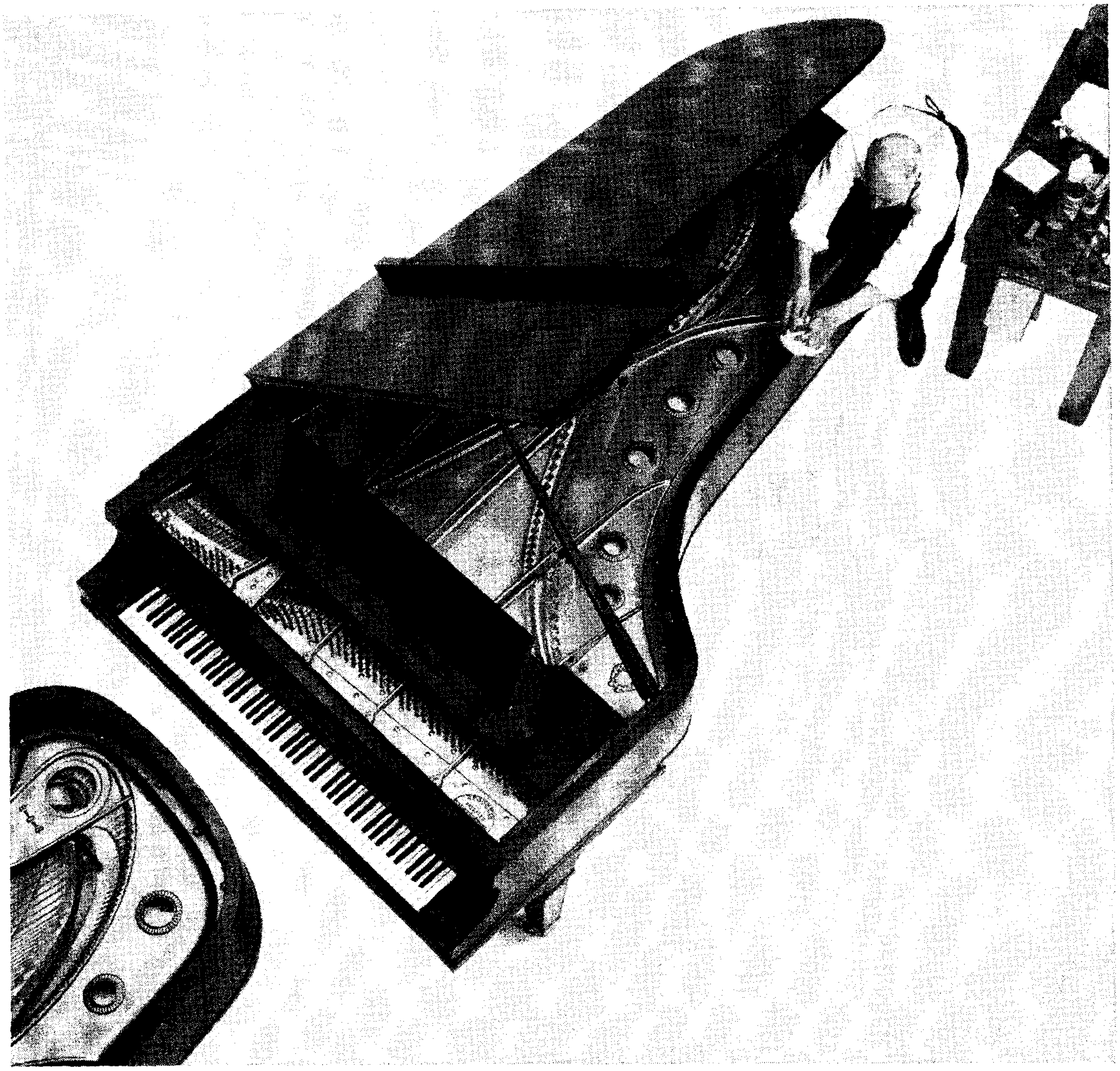

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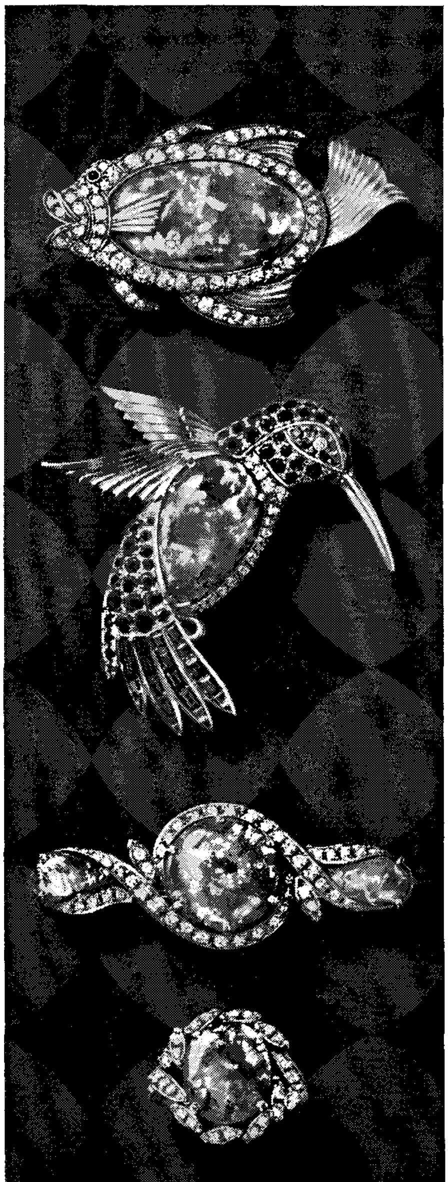

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colors are purple, green, and blue. The smallest ones ($1.25) would make fine receptacles for herbs, and, thanks to the colored glass, the herbs could be displayed on a shelf instead of being relegated to the dark (flavor-conserving) confines of a cabinet. The next size, at $1.75, would store jam handsomely, and flour or coffee is about the size of the one costing $2.25. We don't know what you're supposed to put in the enormous $5.75 container. A nice way of presenting these receptacles would be to give them filled with candy or money.

For someone who loves to serve pineapple but has no aptitude for gouging out the fruit, cutting it into neat pieces, and putting it back in the shell, what could be finer than a pineapple cutter? La Cuisinière, Inc., 903 Madison Avenue (72nd), has one that looks sort of like a potato masher—a radial blade attached to a pineapple-length handle. This is shoved into the pineapple, given a firm dextral turn, and removed, leaving behind a shell full of long, uniform chunks of pineapple; $2.40. Another helpful device that caught our eye at La Cuisinière (it can be bought almost anywhere, though) is a thermometer spoon costing $6 and consisting of a large, slotted stainless-steel bowl attached to a phenolic handle whose end is a thermometer, enabling one to know at what temperature the food one is stirring is cooking. This is often of more than idle interest, as anyone can tell you who has ever made, say, a *sauce à l'anglaise*, which curdles at any temperature over 65°F. The spoon could also be useful for heating baby foods one doesn't especially want to taste.

A breadbasket ten inches in diameter and made mostly of air and partly of thin chrome-plated wires radiating from a central base can be bought at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), for $10. It is as light as a straw basket but obviously has a much greater life expectancy. From Bonniers' omnium-gatherum of hand-woven baskets, which start at $2.50, for a small, round straw breadbasket, and end at $29.50, for an enormous laundry basket, one could easily provide for every person on one's list whose gift is estimated to fall within that price range. We were especially taken with the Italian baskets made of willow reeds. They are a rich, soft yellow, they are delicate, closely woven, and yet flexible, and they come in various forms. There is a nice one the size and shape of a fez; one that is fluted and has the look of folded cloth; and a ten-inch-long plain oval. Each of these three is $2.50.

For basket fanciers of a more earnest (or, at any rate, more expensive) persuasion, the American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd), offers examples of the weaver's craft that can fairly be called works of art. Some small, delicate receptacles woven of the fine terminal roots of spruce trees by the Tlingit Indians of Alaska are perhaps the most interesting members of the collection. They are so closely woven that they can hold water; indeed, this was their original purpose, but now that modern technology has solved that problem, we suggest you use them for cigarettes or stubby pencils. They cost from $17.50 to $22.50 and are, on the average, three inches high and four inches in diameter. Tall, urn-shaped receptacles made of honeysuckle vines by the Cherokees could serve as wastepaper baskets; $38.

The Center has some remarkable Navajo wall hangings, which, unlike the traditional, non-representational Navajo rugs and blankets, depict objects and figures. Most striking is the "sandpainting" rug that hangs on a wall at the shop with a ribbon pinned to it saying that it won third prize at an exhibition. Sandpainting rugs are woven copies of paintings done in the sand during sacred healing ceremonies. These are effaced on the day of the ritual, and reproduction is strictly forbidden, or you go blind. Some weavers, however, decided to take the occupational risk, and one can only applaud their courage and hope that everything is all right with them. The third-prize winner—wool, of course—has a gray background, and from a central dark-gray hexagon four bolts of lightning, colored blue, turquoise, yellow, and green, shoot out toward the corners. Between the bolts, and looking rather lightning-struck, cruise four creatures apparelled in white, brown, green, and Argyle. The border runs along three sides and turns out to be an extremely long woman. This is not a *quiet* rug, exactly, but it is well designed and easier on the eye than on the mind, which keeps coming back to the question of what it is all supposed to represent. The rug is four feet nine

This is Jean. And that's a brand new engagement ring sparkling on her finger. Jean's pretty sparkling herself; a girl who does all her own thinking. That's Jean's Royal Electress on the desk. And that's Marie admiring her ring.

Here's Marie. Great girl. But she's as set in her ways as the freight elevator. Never changes her hairdo or her mind. Won't even give the Royal Electress a thought. Marie's missing a lot.

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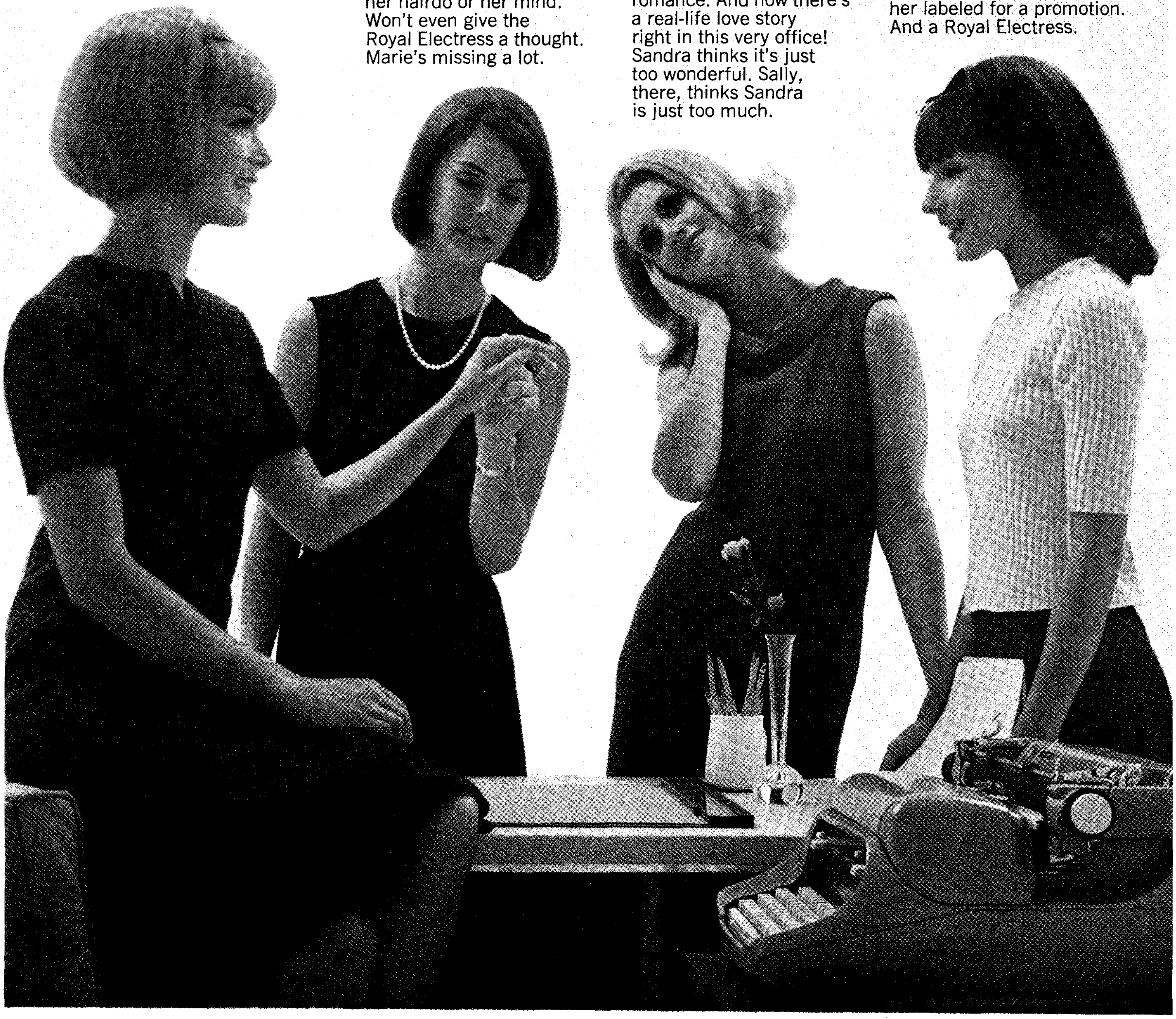
Meet Sally. Everybody's kid sister. But nobody's fool. Sally's willing to learn. Tries new things. Makes her own decisions. The boss has her labeled for a promotion. And a Royal Electress.



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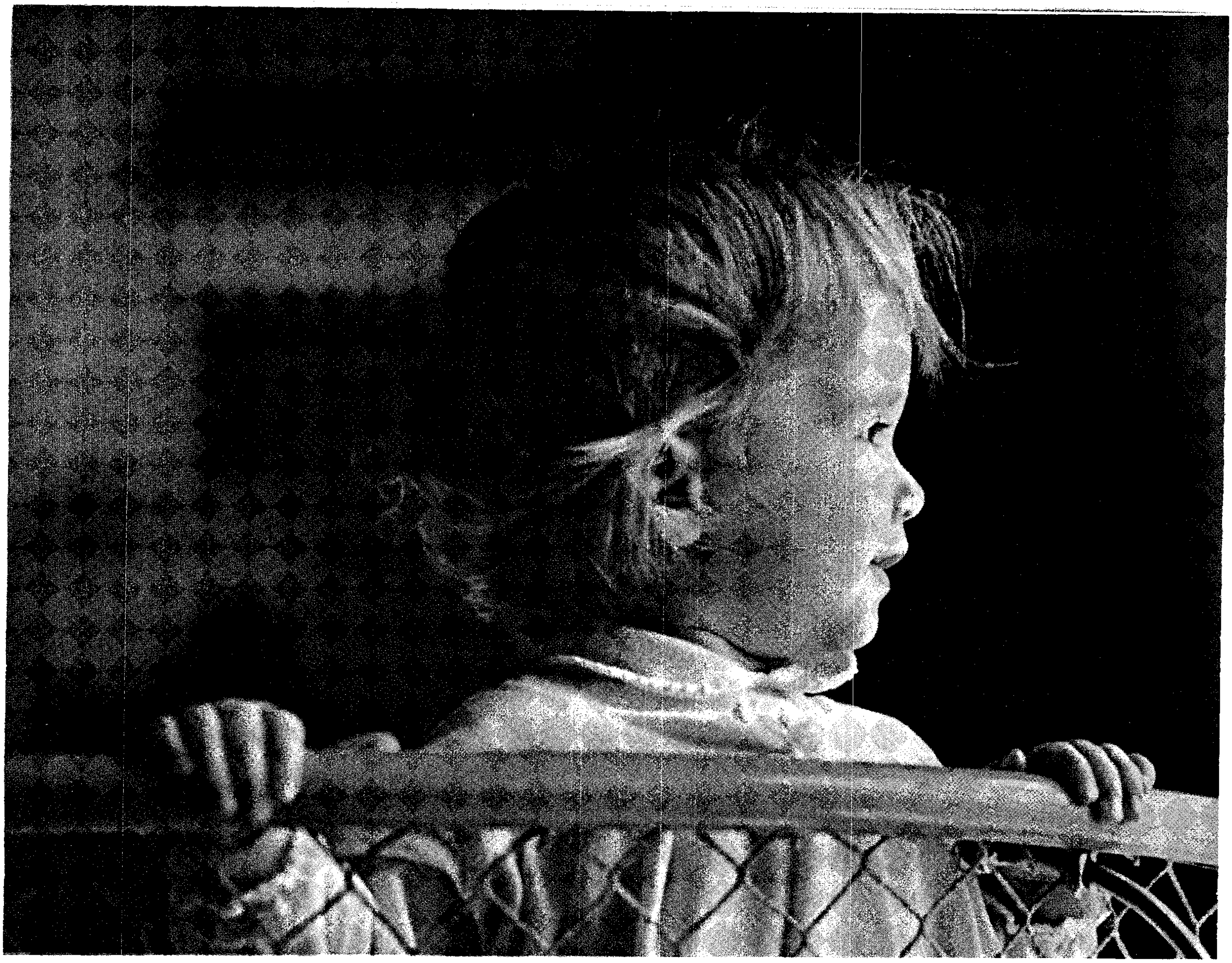

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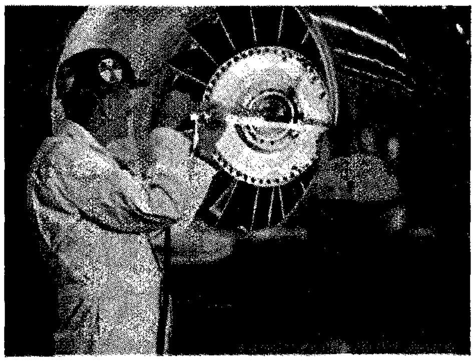

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inches square and costs $950. The Navajo *yei* hangings are not taboo, even though "*yei*" means "deity" and the figures depicted have a religious significance. We admired one with a light-brown background and a row of highly stylized, angular, long-waisted ladies holding cornstalks, variously colored red, turquoise, green, black, and yellow. It is three feet two inches long and two and a half feet wide (it hangs horizontally), and the border is another of the long thin women. The price, $65.

The Tracy Schernikow Gallery, 242 East 71st Street, has a large collection of antique New England hooked rugs, many of which, in the opinion of the store's owner, ought to be hanging in museums instead of lying about on floors. We don't know about *that*, but we certainly relished the rugs, which in many instances struck us as admirably suited to the floors (or walls) of modern apartments. Consider a small one (five feet two inches by two feet six inches) depicting a highly Rousseauesque lion and lion cub against a background of lush stylized jungle vegetation. The animals are of a leonine yellow, and the background is full of muted beiges, browns, yellows, greens, and reds; the cub has a small, articulate, eager face, which someone with $400 to spend on a rug will surely find impossible to resist. Another wonderful lion rug, measuring five feet by three, discovers the creature floating in the middle of an indigo-blue sky bordered by large, variegated flowers. The lion looks extremely fierce; this one is also priced at $400. Both rugs were made around 1890. The most beautiful rug in the collection, to our taste, was hooked around 1840. It has a black background, in the center of which stands a flower basket full of large red blossoms with yellow centers; this basket is flanked by two baskets containing delicate ferns; and all three baskets are surrounded and bordered by more red flowers and grapevine scroll leaves. The colors are extremely rich and subtle, being dyes derived from herbs whose natural colors are preserved. The red, for instance, is the red of sumac, the yellow the yellow of goldenrod. The rug measures thirty-three by fifty-eight inches and costs $1,200—a rug angels would surely fear to tread upon.

Speaking of angels, the Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 West 53rd Street, is selling a lovely silkscreen print of the Angel Gabriel as he is portrayed in an Early American weathervane. The print, which is fourteen inches square, not counting a gen-

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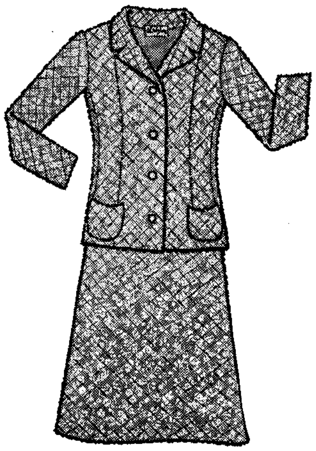

cozy

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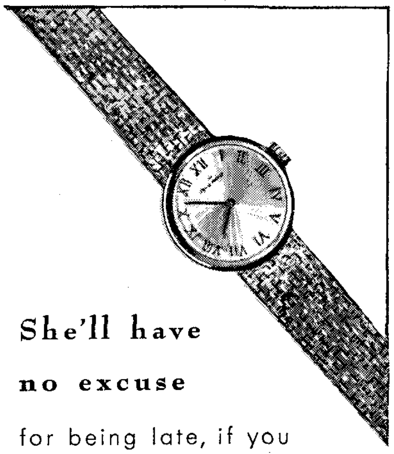
erous white margin, is in a limited edition of a hundred copies, and was designed in 1962 by Allen Saalburg, who based it on a weathervane made in 1840. The angel—who, by the way, is the emblem of the Museum—is a maculate brown, and is soaring on a background of thin gray and white vertical stripes. The price is $10.

The same angel may be had in palpable weathervane form, too—not at the Museum but at a little shop called Hackady Studios, at 111 Christopher Street (between Bleecker and Hudson Streets). The owner saw the print a couple of years ago and was sufficiently impressed by it to make a mold based on his impression, from which he now casts highly persuasive weather-beaten-looking Early American Angel Gabriel weathervanes. They cost $30 each, measure thirty-six by thirty-six inches (head to toe, and wingtip to trumpet bell), and make fine wall decorations. (They can't be used outdoors as real weathervanes, because the composition they are made of is not weatherproof.) The angel is but one of hundreds of museum pieces that the artful Mr. Hackady has reproduced in his cellar workroom. His shop, on the street floor, has copies of Egyptian, Sumerian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek, Cambodian, Siamese, and Spanish Colonial sculptures, friezes, and bas-reliefs. For $85, one can purchase the West Pediment of the Parthenon (now in the British Museum), in a scaled-down version measuring eighteen by forty-six inches, or, for $95, a splendid Babylonian lion caught in ferocious mid stride—a colored bas-relief based on a sixth-century B.C. original in the Metropolitan Museum. It measures thirty-five inches by sixteen and a half, and is about a third as big as the one in the Museum. The Hackady reproductions are all meticulously finished to look like the originals, for which the copyist seems to have a real feeling, and with which he has come to real terms—something that cannot be said of many of the sculpture reproductions sold by museums.

WE seem to have wandered away from the kitchen again. Before straying any farther, let us tell you about all the nice little *pot-à-crème* receptacles we have seen and taken down the particulars of, cagily figuring that if more hostesses had a stylish means of serving *mousse au chocolat* there would be that much more *mousse au chocolat* in the world. For the benefit of homemakers so demoralized by Sara Lee that they scarcely remember



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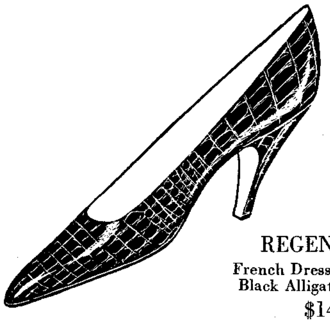

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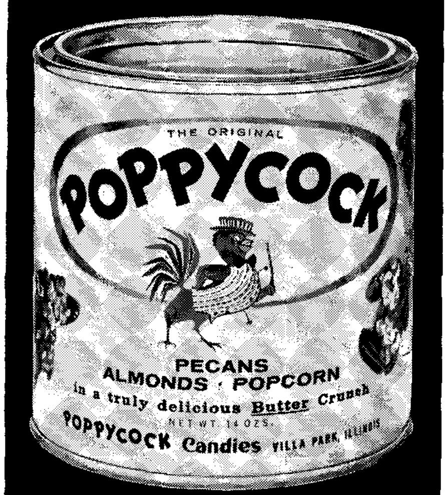
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POPPYCOCK Candies VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS

Poppycock, as every millionaire knows, is the most sumptuous thing that has ever happened to popcorn. We mix it with many times its weight in toasted pecans and almonds. Then gather it all together in a carmelized crunch into which tubs of creamery butter have been stirred, ever so gently, so as not to bruise the nutmeats. Poppycock is priced at $2 a can. Forty-six cans for $92 should trim a medium-size tree quite nicely. Or you can get two cans of this golden confection in a charming Christmas carol wrap, and gift a friend deliciously for $4. Sold mostly in fancier food and department stores.

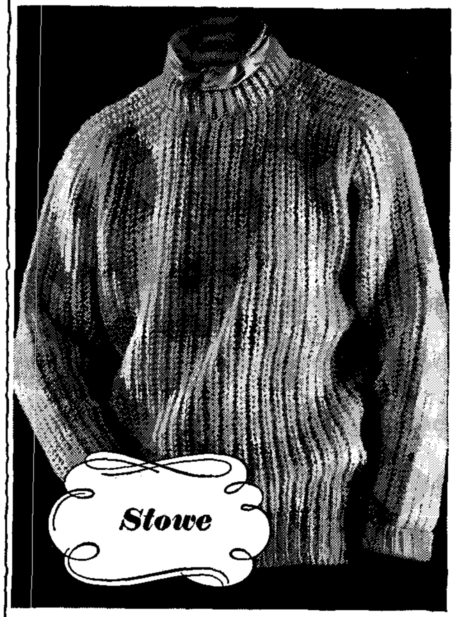
POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

what a *pot à crème* looks like, it is a small cup with one or two ears and a little cover, intended to hold an individual portion of a hot or a cold dessert. At Quai Voltaire, 1048 Third Avenue (62nd), exemplary single-eared pots of white Limoges porcelain are on hand, shaped like young boletus mushrooms and priced at $1.50 each. A tray made of the same white porcelain and of a size to accommodate eight pots costs $9. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, offers a regal set of six Limoges pots on a white china tray painted with multicolored old-fashioned flowers and fruits; $50. But the indisputable *crème de la pot à crème* is the specimen at Ginori Fifth Avenue, 711 Fifth Avenue (56th). The pot is densely populated with Neptune, nymphs, goddesses, demigods, and passersby, all done in colorful relief, and on top of the knob on the cover is a seated Cupid. This is Ginori's reproduction of the old porcelain known as Capodimonte, after the Italian town of its origin. A single pot, with cover and saucer, costs $148, and Neptune is but one of many mythological subjects offered. A set of six would cost $888, if you're wondering.

Perhaps all your friends are pudgy, in which case any gift having to do with dessert will be rightly rejected. But consider cups and saucers. They are always breaking, and so always welcome. What is more, they exist in such a prodigious choice of sizes, shapes, styles, and prices that just about everybody's predilection can be happily satisfied. At Design Research, we were struck afresh by the excellence of plain white Arzberg porcelain cups and saucers. This design has been around for a long time (it was created at the Bauhaus), and it will doubtless stay around. The cups are thin, translucent, round, wieldy, and exempt from the charge of dullness that can be levelled against the unadorned dinner plates of the service; the cup's shape is adornment enough. A cup and saucer are $5.50.

In an altogether different vein are the cups and saucers at Ginori, where a large choice of old-fashioned patterns is offered. We liked one called Italian Fruit—multicolored plums, strawberries, melons, and flowers floating lucently about on white porcelain that is bordered by wavy blue and gold lines. A teacup and saucer are $8.50. Ginori also sells something it calls a "tête-à-tête coffee service," which consists of a small coffeepot, a sugar pot and a creamer, and two demitasses set on a porcelain tray. The idea is for a hus-

Alan Paine



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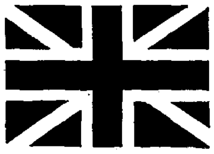

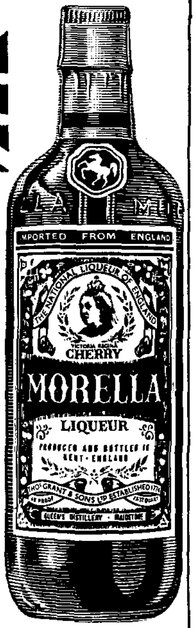

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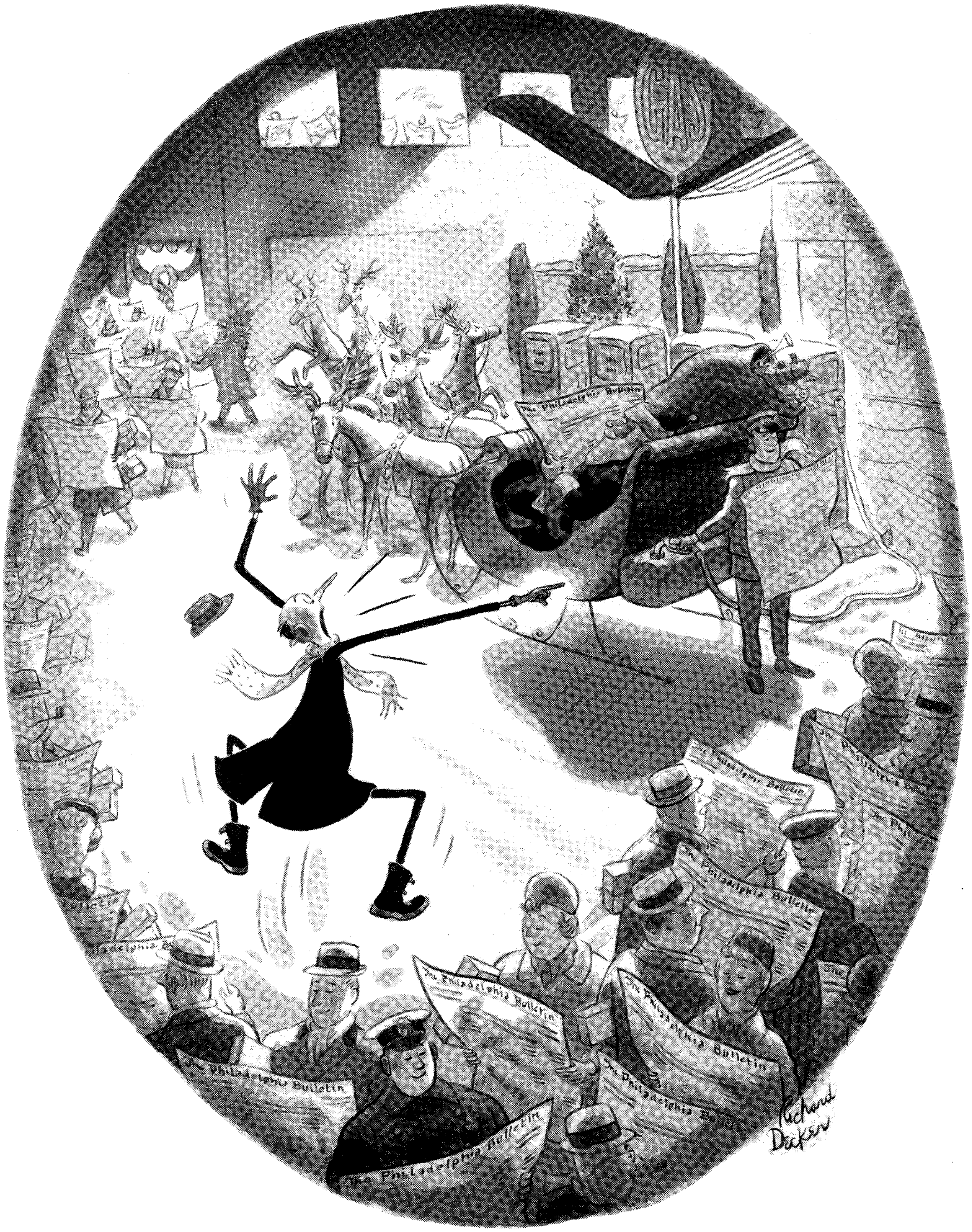
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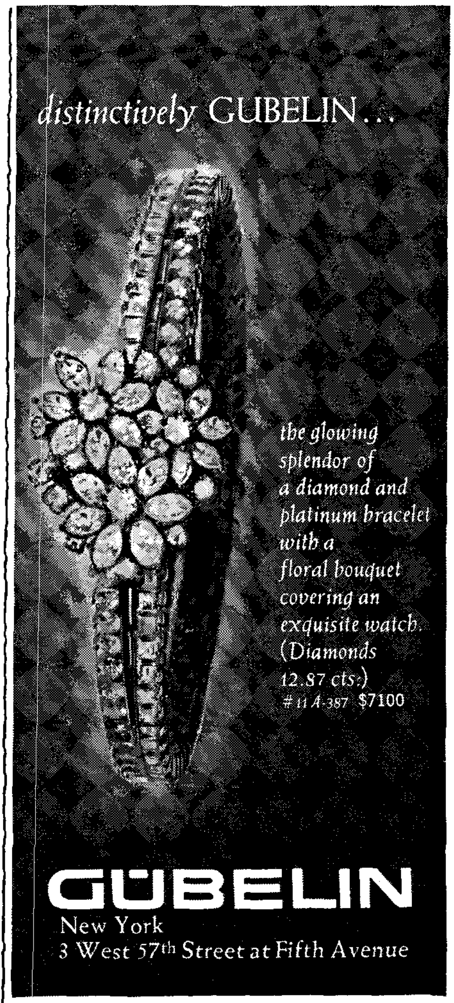
band and wife to sit in the living room after dinner and drink their coffee like civilized people. This commendable notion, in Italian Fruit, costs $55. At Tiffany, we were taken with the pleasing demitasses of white Staffordshire bone china upon which bird engravings by Thomas Bewick are reproduced in black. Six birds are offered (the ringdove was on the floor sample we examined), and the price is $33 the set.

Moving crisply on to salad, we proffer an eximious set of twelve hand-painted glazed-earthenware plates from Sweden, each decorated with a single well-observed wild flower; namely, dandelion, wild strawberry, crimson crane's-bill, vetch, speedwell, violet, bluebell, dog rose, buttercup, moon daisy, hawkbit, and red clover. The plates can be bought separately or as a set at Georg Jensen; in either case they cost $3.50 each. A large, round platter with a bouquet of some of the above flowers on it may be had for $16. (If these plates are regularly exposed to the dishwasher, the colors will fade, we are unfortunately in a position to tell you.)

For bird watchers, Jensen has a set of hand-painted earthenware plates upon which birds of named species are scrupulously depicted within a wide rich-blue border. We are neither ornithologist nor linguist enough to identify the birds from the paintings or from the French names given on the backs of the plates, but if someone on your Christmas list is one or the other, a gift of one or more of these plates should please him very much indeed. They cost $7.50 each.

BONNIERS' bird feeder would probably not be appreciated by people whose country house was built much before 1960, but to the owners of, say, an A-shaped house the sight of one of these futuristic objects swaying in the breeze ought to be a source of deep satisfaction. The feeder is a red, green, or yellow enamelled-aluminum dome, eight inches high, with six arched doorways—each, we presume, the height of an average hungry bird—cut into its circumference. It sits on a matching tray nine and a half inches wide, on which the bird food is to be scattered, and it comes with a long wire with which to hang it in a tree; $10.

IT is always a pleasure to visit the Argosy Print Gallery, on the second floor of the Argosy Book Shop, 116 East 59th Street, and right now might be an especially good time, what with



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Penthouse Gallery
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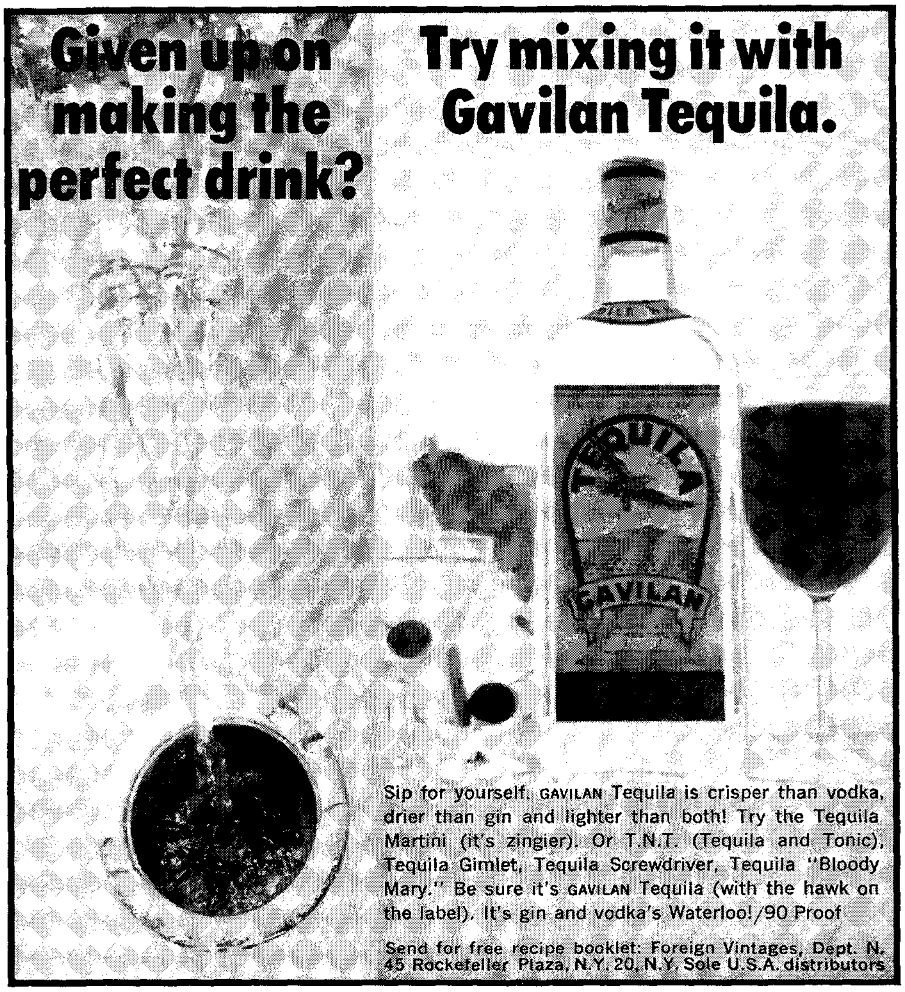
the crowds in the stores at their most madding, to seek out its quiet and orderly atmosphere. The Gallery has what is undoubtedly the largest collection of antique maps in the city, and, assuming that while not everyone would be overjoyed by a reproduction of van Gogh's "Sunflowers" or of a can of Campbell's soup, no one could possibly object to a map for Christmas, we propose to describe some of those we inspected on a recent visit. Among a set of ancient world maps, a handsomely colored chart, ten inches by thirteen, dated 1570, depicts the world as a squat dome surrounded by twelve puffy-cheeked disembodied faces, captioned "Vulturnus," "Chorus," "Boreas," "Zephyrus," "Subfolanus," and so on. It was made in Germany by a cartographer named Munster, and its price is $125. Another map of a dome-shaped world, fifteen inches by twenty, has the added feature of a side panel giving the mapmaker's imaginative conception of the inhabitants of the then unexplored regions of the world. These must have made people of the time (1493) extremely glad to stay at home. Shown are a man with six arms, a completely hirsute woman, a man with four eyes, and a man with a bird's long neck and beak. The map is from the Nuremberg Chronicle, the first picture book ever printed, and sells for $300. Among early maps of New York City, we delighted in an 1850 street plan of Manhattan half filled with little empty rectangles representing blocks upon which nothing had yet been constructed; the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, for instance, was still bare of buildings. The map, fifteen inches by eighteen, is printed in black on gray-blue paper and costs $15. A facsimile of a 1790 street plan of the city looks positively bucolic, with its meandering lanes and open spaces. It measures nine by fourteen inches and is also printed in black on gray blue; $7.50. A small French map, seven inches by nine, entitled "Ville de Manache ou Nouvelle Yorcke" shows the wall from which Wall Street received its name. This map was made in 1764, at which time there appeared to be nothing beyond the wall but a green field. It is brightly hand-colored, and it costs $40.

A literary man or woman on your list might like a picture of a favorite author, to which end the Argosy Gallery keeps an extensive file labelled "Literary Portraits." A brief inspection of the folder marked "G—P" revealed a pensive Goethe, for $3; a fat Robert Herrick (with the familiar mustache,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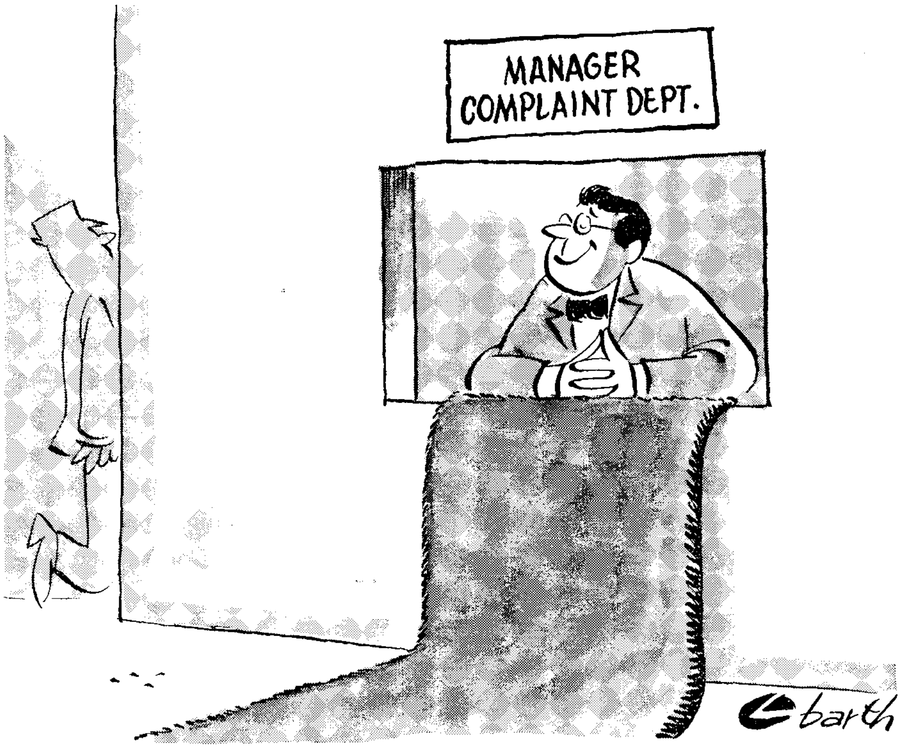

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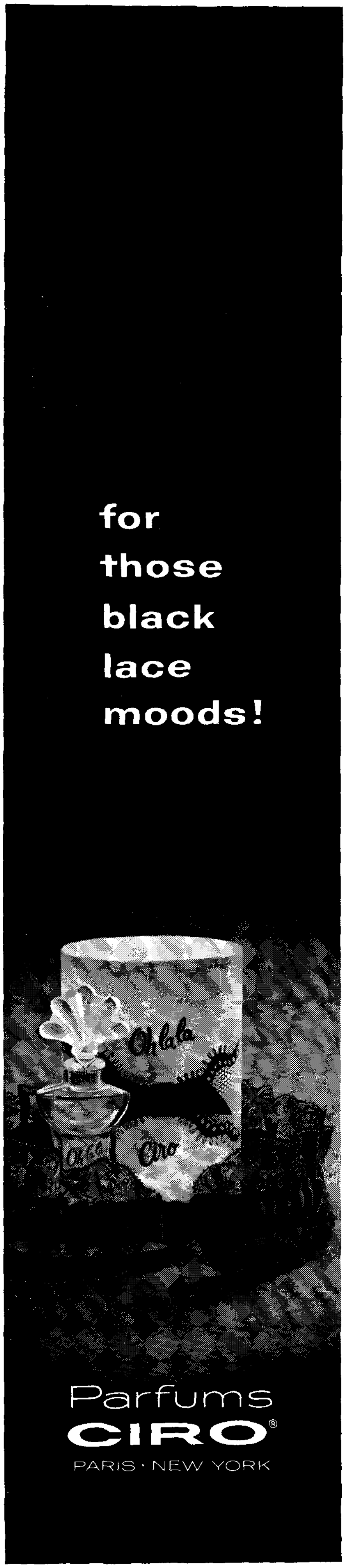
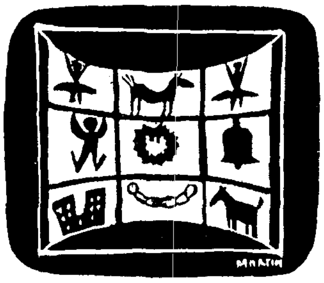


curls, double chin, and rakish expression), for $2.50; Hazlitt, aged thirty and looking grave, for $2; a plump, amiable Felicia Hemans, for $2.50; Dr. Johnson in the famous grumpy portrait by Reynolds, for $10; Poe in an engraving printed on white satin, for $12.50; and a mysteriously large number of portraits of Andrew Lang, for $2.50.

And now for flower prints. Here again Argosy's collection is exhaustive. Some of the least expensive ($3.50), but by no means least appealing, are nine-by-fifteen-inch hand-colored engravings of single specimens extracted from Curtis's 1780 and 1790 editions of *The Botanical Magazine; or Flower Garden Displayed, Intended for the Use of such Ladies, Gentlemen and Gardeners, as Wish to Become Scientifically Acquainted with the Plants they Cultivate.* The plates are indeed scientific, but also beautiful, and from the hundreds in the Gallery's files one is sure to find a specimen worthy of a flower-loving friend. Another large group of eighteenth-century prints depicts twelve small colored specimens per seven-and-a-half-by-nine-inch page—three rows of four plants each. These were taken from an herbal (Culpeper's, probably), and though the herbs are not drawn in such great detail as the Curtis specimens, they are accurate enough for purposes of identification. A page contains, for example, love apple, lavender cotton, lady smock, wild lettuce, liquorice, white lily, lungflower, oak lungwort, lovage, motherwort, white mullein. (The rough alphabetical order reveals the pre-Linnaean system of classification used by the herbalist.) They are $5 each.



As more and more old flower books are taken apart and sold by the page, it follows that fewer and fewer old flower books remain. At Wakefield-Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (64th), a number of these rarities are for sale, and, considering the cost of a single old flower print, are very reasonably priced. For $30, one may buy a copy of "The Botanic Garden," by B. Maund, F.L.S. (London, 1835), containing an instructive text and many plates of small, lucid flowers (four flowers to a plate), colored by hand. "The Romance of Nature," by Louise Anne Twamley (London, 1836), is dedicated "To the Poet Wordsworth . . . by his kind permission." It is a miscellany of poems (some of them by poets, others by the authoress), reflections, and observations on flowers, with a few color plates done by Miss Twamley. The plates are rather strident and the reflections are not markedly profound, but the book, like a hundred-year-old violet found pressed between the faded pages of an old novel, is something to relish, if not, perhaps, to the tune of the $95 the volume costs. "The New Family Herbal," by William Meyrick, Surgeon (Birmingham, 1790), would be a pleasant gift for a doctor. The book cites herbs from Acacia to Wormwood, giving descriptions of them and listing their properties, their virtues, and their modes of preparation, and ends with an index of ailments from Aches to Wounds; $17.50.

A new book, entitled "The Concise British Flora in Colour," by William Keble Martin, M.A., F.L.S. (London, Ebury Press & Michael Joseph), would be gratefully received by anyone with a more than casual interest in flowers. This compendium, also at Wakefield-Young Books, has remarkable illustrations, often of more than twenty specimens per plate. On first sight, the illustrated page looks like a beautiful but unapproachably complex patchwork quilt of flowers, but in fact the specimens are so artfully deployed on the page that they can easily be singled out for individual study. Opposite the plates are short, accurate descriptions of the plants, classified according to the Linnaean family plan. The author is a clergyman, who worked on this opus over a period of sixty years. There is a short, princely introduction by the Duke of Edinburgh; $7.95. An American edition of this work, published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, is available at most bookstores for $8.95.

THERE is nothing quite so dispiriting as the slow death, leaf by leaf, of a large, expensive potted plant, and nothing is further from our intention than to recommend large, expensive plants as Christmas presents. We propose instead young, inexpensive plants that will not immediately shrivel up in protest against their move from the cool, moist greenhouse to a hot, dry city apartment but will have sufficient *élan* to adjust to these trying circumstances. This is looking at it a bit an-

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thropomorphically, to be sure, but, whatever the explanation, it is demonstrably true that the larger a plant is, the less capable it is of adapting to an alien environment; a puny cutting, on the other hand, may display the most amazing resilience and grow into a plant that flourishes under conditions it has no business tolerating at all. On the assumption, then, that you want to give a plant to someone who is willing to take care of it but not to hover perpetually over the pot, we suggest the following reputable sources of hardy, healthy stock, and a few species that seem especially to the point.

The City Gardener, 437 Third Avenue (31st), has an abundant supply of grape ivy, which, strictly speaking, isn't an ivy at all, being a member of the Cissus family rather than the Hedera family; however, it has all the twining concinnity of ivy and does not have ivy's vulnerability to spider mites. A sturdy and fast-growing plant, it requires light but not sun, and no special treatment. A well-filled five-inch pot of it costs $3.50. Another tough species is the long-leaved, rather grassy spider plant. With its cascading replications of itself, it looks wonderful hanging in a window, and at certain times of the year it blooms with tiny yellow-centered white flowers. A four-inch pot with a wire device to hang it by costs $4.50. Creeping fig is still another pleasant and easily pleased hanging plant, with long, trailing branches of small, stiff, rounded leaves; $3.95 for a four-inch pan. The City Gardener has a variety of small plants in two-and-a-half-inch pots, ranging in price from ninety cents to $1.50. For around five dollars, one could buy six such plants—for instance, boxwood, pellionia, Cretan brake fern, wire fern, heartleaf ivy, and saxifrage.

At the Greenhouse, 254 East 51st Street (where a number of the above-mentioned plants can also be bought, for approximately the same prices), we admired a plant with bright-green parsleylike foliage, called *Aralia chinensis*. It loses its leaves from time to time, but, according to the shop's owner, "That's nothing to panic about," because by so doing the plant forms its final, interestingly gnarled and twisted tree shape. It costs $4.50 in a five-inch pan; for $55 you can buy an enormous one, if you must. (Pans, by the way, are squat, wide flowerpots.) The Greenhouse has an enormous collection of ceramic hanging pots and planters, ranging in price from $2.50 to $100. Miss Toby Berg, the proprietress, is always on call for horticultural advice,

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and sick plants can be brought back to the shop for diagnosis and treatment. Miss Berg, who takes her calling seriously, once overheard a young man in her shop advise another, "Don't tell her what kind of light you have, or she won't sell you the plant you want."

The Manhattan Gardener, 201 East 74th Street, is another responsible establishment well stocked with the basic city-proof house plants, and it is notable for its collection of African violets, carrying up to eighteen named varieties, at prices that range from $3 to $15. These are not the easiest plants to grow, the owner allows, but they certainly aren't as forbidding as they are reputed to be. If they are given good strong light (but not direct sunlight) and are watered from below, they generally thrive and bloom.

There is a device, improbably named the Bronx Sprayer, that may be ordered from the Annenberg Florists, Inc., 332 East 72nd Street, and that could make an enormous difference in the lives of a group of house plants. It is a flat one-quart glass bottle with a metal tube inside that comes out through the neck and curves several times around itself in the manner of a hunting horn, terminating at last in a pointed nozzle that emits the finest imaginable spray. The sprayer comes in clear or dark-blue glass and may be had within two weeks for $5. (It is wonderful for ironing, too.)

THE furniture collection at The Children's Workbench, 252 East 51st Street, "was conceived," according to the store's catalogue, "on the premise that children are never too young for good design and fine workmanship," and while this seems to be going a bit far (Shades of the Bauhaus begin to close/Upon the growing boy), there is no question but that parents benefit greatly from the store's determined effort to rid the nursery of its traditionally hideous examples of Grand Rapids Cute and fill it with pieces promoting the impression that the room belongs to the rest of the house. Almost every piece in the store is tasteful and thoughtful and worth consideration as a Christmas present to a parent. We were greatly taken with a crib that by the mere removal of one of its sides becomes a settee, which could sit in a living room just as well as in a child's room. It is made of lacquered natural birch and is fifty-one inches long, twenty-five and a half inches wide, and thirty-one and a half inches high. It adjusts to three heights, and its polyfoam mattress has

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a zippered waterproof cover. Price: $99.50.

A different view of childhood is reflected in the F. A. O. Schwarz collection of children's furniture made at the Hitchcock factory, on the Farmington River, in Connecticut—the source of the famous Hitchcock chairs. If the furniture at the Workbench says that children have their rights, the furniture at Schwarz says that children should know their place. The chairs, tables, beds, and benches are scaled-down copies of grown-up pieces, certain to meet the approval of parents holding the traditional view of children as adults *manqués* and impatiently yearning toward their majority, rather than noble savages who must be constantly appeased if they are to be borne. A splendid present for a strict parent would be a small high-backed cherry bench whose seat lifts up to reveal storage space beneath and whose back is painted, in Pennsylvania Dutch folk style, with a bird in a tree. Two children could sit on the bench, which costs $110. A small, cuneiform cherry stool decorated with a decal of a little cat (sitting on a little stool) may be had for $15. A cherry checkerboard table with a small drawer for the pieces is $55.

Whether they are strictly or permissively reared, children between the ages of two and reason spend a great part of every day in intensive dealings with their chairs, carrying them from room to room, standing on them, jumping off them, pushing them, throwing them, kicking them, and sometimes even sitting on them. A chair admirably suited to all these activities, and costing only $2, is on sale at Paul Secon, 7 East 53rd Street. It is made of laminated cardboard painted olive green and blue, or magenta and orange, and decorated with three rows of crosses down the inside of the back and continuing onto the seat. The chair, though it is said to be capable of supporting two hundred pounds, is obviously not going to last forever—but then neither is childhood.

At Wilburt, Inc., there are some interesting children's stools, each one carved from a single piece of wood by a Pasto Indian, of Colombia. The seat is round and slightly concave and sits on two widely splayed planklike legs, and the wood is carved and painted with designs typical of South American Indian art (or of one of the late Picasso styles). The colors are derived from vegetable dyes and masticated tree gums (in case you were concerned about whether they contain lead), and

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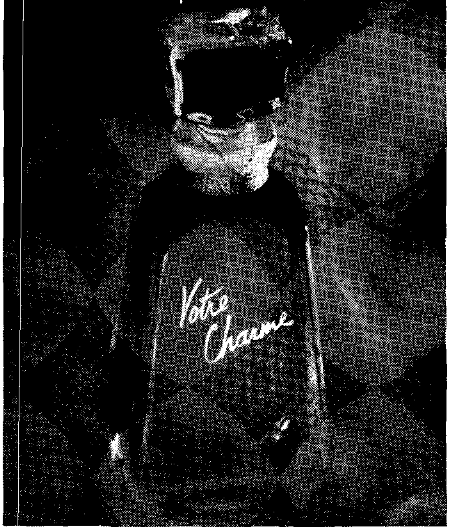

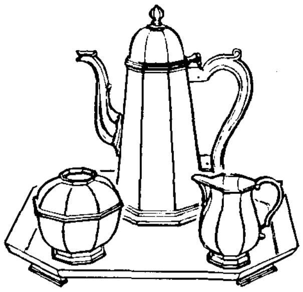

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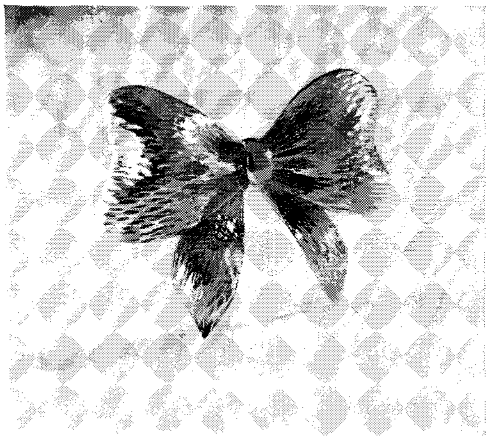
their combinations are black and white; red and black; and black, beige, and white. There are three sizes: the tiniest, eight inches high, is $8.95; the next, ten inches high, is $13.95; and the largest, eleven and a half inches high, is $17.95. Bloomingdale's has agreeable wicker chairs for children—sixteen-inch-tall replicas of the old-fashioned summer-porch variety. In red or white wicker, they are $9. While you're at Bloomingdale's, you might look at a new bassinet, of flexible natural straw trimmed with a single thin band of either red, green, blue, or pink. This would be a splendid gift for a couple whose expected baby will have to live in the living room until larger quarters are found, for there is nothing infantine about this bassinet; it would look fine anywhere. Its shape is reminiscent of a wine basket, and it is sturdy but not so hefty that it cannot be picked up by its two handles and carried from room to room with a howling baby in it. The price is $10, and for $4 more you can get a mattress to fit it.

THE HALF MOON, 546 Hudson Street (near Charles Street), has a wonderful collection of handmade toolboxes, sea chests, and blanket chests, the majority of pine and most of them dating from the years between 1800 and 1880. A handsome domed sea chest, thirty-eight and three-quarters inches long, fifteen and a half inches wide, and sixteen inches high, meticulously dovetailed and bearing the original iron handles by which the sailor lugged it about, was made around 1880 and costs $75. A circa-1800 specimen, also domed, which has a small inner compartment and whose corners are reinforced with triangles of iron, is twenty-eight inches long and was evidently made by a cruder hand; many gnarled old nails are visible (helpful for dating the piece), and the craftsmanship is in general quite primitive. However, yesterday's struggles with a refractory medium are today's folk art, and the chest has a roughhewn charm that is much to today's taste; $125. The Half Moon's proprietor travels around New England, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, poking into barns and farmhouse attics on the lookout for discarded boxes. He refinishes the chests but rarely has to rebuild them, because of their basic structural soundness. One especially rewarding find was a shoemaker's kit, lined with an 1841 newspaper and filled with the original contents—shoe nails, pieces of leather, wooden lasts, iron shoemaking tools. It has a comely rectangular iron clasp and costs $37.50. The pine



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of these boxes, by the way, looks nothing like the pallid one-by-sixes you get at the lumberyard. Time has given the wood a lovely rich, warm orange-brown color.

A box made today that is likely to be handed down over the generations is Paul Secon's sleek silver-storage chest, seventeen and a half inches long, lined with blue velvet, and fitted with two pull-out drawers beneath a stationary top compartment (providing three storage levels altogether). The chest is from Sweden and may be had in white pine, oak, or teak; $98.

A most felicitously proportioned octagonal wall mirror, five and three-quarters inches across, turns up at Casa Castellana, 14 Christopher Street (near Greenwich Avenue), in a narrow wooden frame with an antique finish of gold leaf combined with glints of color; it costs $9. Jensen's hexagonal mirror, ten inches across, is framed with natural pine and stands on one of its sides, leaning upon a hinged support in back. It could perch with equal complacency on a Swedish-modern or an Early American dressing table; $10. The Workbench, 241 East 51st Street, has two exemplary hanging mirrors—one round, eight inches in diameter, and set in a dark rosewood frame that is shaped like a frying pan and hangs like one ($25), and the other an eleven-by-thirteen-inch rectangle with a narrow teak frame featly dovetailed at the corners ($12.50). Richard Camp's lovely nineteenth-century hand mirrors from England are oval and are framed in fruitwood, maple, or walnut. They are available in a variety of sizes, but all are light, flat, long-handled, and reflective of the simple, substantial comfort of the bedrooms of English country inns. The prices range from $7.50 to $20.

WE have noticed in our travels about the city that store proprietors will proudly turn an object over to show that it was made in France or Denmark or Finland or England, but we have yet to meet a merchant who will deliberately bring "Made in Japan" to a customer's attention. We hold no particular brief for the general run of Japanese workmanship, but surely something ought to be said in praise of Japanese crust. Who but the Japanese would have the nerve and the wit to manufacture a paper Tiffany lamp? Or a match striker that says "Café de la Rive Gauche"? Or Paris-bistro saucers? The lamp is sold in several Tiffanyesque patterns at Creations 'n Things, 265 West 72nd Street. It is made of

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Dinner every night from 6:00, Brunch from 12:00 on Saturdays and Sundays. Call for reservations.
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Japanese-lantern paper—in point of fact, it *is* a Japanese lantern—but the leaded glass of the originals is faithfully aped, and the effect is as Art Nouveau as anything costing $4 needs to be. The match strikers and the saucers are sold at the Village Kitchen Shop; they are made of white porcelain with the French letters outlined in blue or orange, and they cost $2.95 each.

Antique match strikers, costing rather more—many of them originally reposed upon the tables of English clubs or regimental mess halls—are sold at La Cuisinière. A match striker, for the illumination of the uninitiated, is a receptacle for wooden matches, whose outer surface is abrasive, so that non-safety matches can be struck on it. Nobody (except the Japanese) makes these useful objects anymore, so the extant specimens have become collector's items, commanding extraordinary prices. An earthenware striker decorated with the arms of the Hindoostan Regiment fetches $18.50, for example, while an extremely heavy globe from a London club and made of ribbed and cut crystal brings $50.

THOUGH good gastronomic practice forbids, common humanity demands that a hostess give her guests something to eat with their apéritifs when dinner is late. The canapé sets at Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, afford about as handsome and efficient a way of serving cheese and crackers, or whatever, as any we know of. One set consists of a rimmed wooden tray with handles, divided into a narrow section for crackers and a place for two small porcelain jars, plus a couple of porcelain-handled spreaders. The jars are decorated with a yellow-and-green floral pattern and bear the words "Fromage," "Poisson," "Soupçon," or "Jambon;" $9.75 for the tray, $7.50 each for the jars, and $3.50 each for the spreaders—i.e., $31.75 for the set. Brillat-Savarin wrote that "a dessert without cheese is like a beautiful woman with only one eye." Let that sink in, and then consider Soupçon's cheese marker: a tiny silver- or gold-plated cow standing on a cleated oval disc (the cleats sink into the Camembert) and supporting a little clip, into which one puts a slip of paper saying "Camembert;" $12.50 each. The need for a bread or meat slicer has lost a great deal of its edge in most households, what with all the brandishing of electric knives that went on last Christmas, but the chopping knife is as yet unpowered, and Soupçon's offering in this genre is a considerable one, being decorative as well

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NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

as utilitarian—a thin blade shaped like an axehead, upon which perches a fox, whose tail is the handle by which the instrument is wielded against onions, celery, and the like. It's $27.50.

THERE is something rather inhospitable about coasters—a suggestion that one has a far less important place in one's hostess's affections than the finish on her coffee table. This notion is not likely to set guests at their ease, but no guest could possibly take umbrage when the coaster being pushed under his drink is made of alabaster inlaid with semiprecious stones—hand-cut bits of jade, carnelian, agate, and lapis lazuli forming leaves and petals that take their colors from the subtle greens, reds, oranges, and blues of the gems. Such coasters, made in Agra (as was the Taj Mahal), cost $9.45 apiece at Sona the Golden One, 11 East 55th Street.

If we seem a little lukewarm about coasters, we are more than moderately exercised about the dearth of ashtrays in the otherwise thoughtfully appointed homes of people who have given up smoking. All such persons, in our opinion, should be given an ashtray or two for Christmas. Here are a few that are fraught with good looks as well as Meaning. Serendipity 3, at 225 East 60th Street, sells a large white porcelain ashtray with a flat raised rim broken by several cigarette-holding indentations, at $4.50, and also, in the same white porcelain, an ashtray with a central round raised platform, upon which cigarettes may be squashed or pipes incontinently banged, at $4. Wilburt's round ashtrays made of hand-blown Swedish glass are similarly substantial, and come in green, amber, or clear crystal; $6. At the American Indian Arts Center, a small sterling-silver ashtray is handsomely bordered with a square-cut scroll design. It was made by Hopi Indians and costs $45.

WHILE the next suggestion is not precisely a gift for the house, domestic merit will readily be conceded to an appliance that gets the tables and beds out from under their unsightly winter mantle of wet sweaters spread out on towels to dry. We are talking about Bloomingdale's sweater dryer—an electric pad, two feet long, upon which a sweater is laid and upon which it dries in a matter of hours instead of days or weeks. The sweater comes to no harm, because the dryer is maintained by a thermostat at a temperature congenial to wools and synthetic yarns. (The heat is so gentle that a sweater

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IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
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LIGHT GOLDEN — MEDIUM DRY

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If it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry... if it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best!

Imported, of course!

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... INTERPRETED BY PAUL STUART IN A SUPERBLY TAILORED TOWN SHIRT. FOR COCKTAILS, DINNER OR THE THEATRE. LIGHTWEIGHT SILK WITH A SOFT SUBDUED LUSTER. EGGSHELL OR BLUE. NECK 14½-16½. SLEEVES 32-35. FRENCH CUFFS. $16.50

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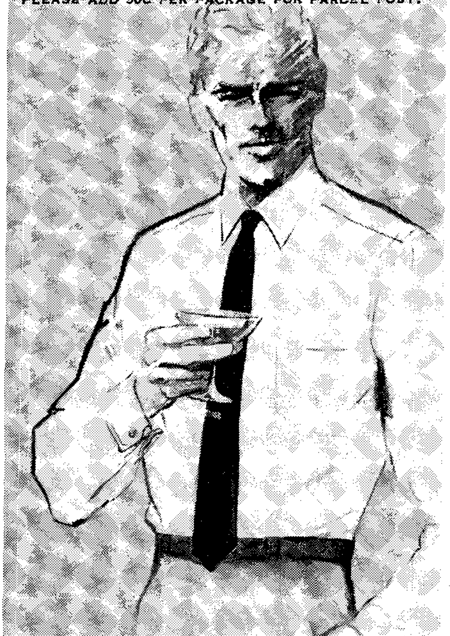

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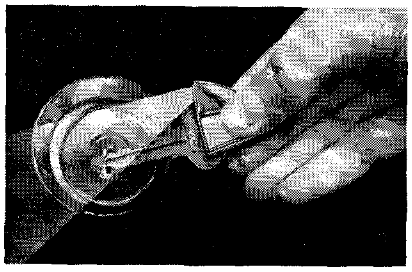

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Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y.

left overnight on the dryer won't bake or burn.) This is $13.

If every bird were as decently housed as the canaries on the second floor of Bonniers, there would be no reason to feel sorry for the owners of caged birds. The cage, which we'd better warn you may have been snapped up before you get there, despite its price of $1,250, is modelled on the Taj Mahal and is made entirely of crystal and glass and gold-plated metal. Its base is twenty-five inches square, and its topmost, glass-enclosed dome towers twenty-six and a half inches. The whole effect must be very much like the Magic Nightingale's idea of nirvana, but in fact the cage is very simply and reasonably constructed. It was designed by Lin Tissot and made at the Murano factories, in Venice, and it comes equipped with four swings and an assortment of feeding dishes, and with or without the resident canaries. There were three when we paid our visit, but one was sitting on eggs, so doubtless there will be more by the time you pay yours. Incidentally, everything about the cage comes apart. The bars simply lift up out of holes in the gold-plated supporting structure, and the floor slides out in sections, so cleaning and feeding are no problem.

FOR systematic Christmas shoppers, we now offer an Alphabet of Gifts, from A to Z, with the exceptions of D, J, K, Q, V, and X.

A is for Alice *cum* Mad Hatter, Walrus, Carpenter, White Rabbit, Queen of Hearts, *et al.*, who have been made into small, brightly painted wooden figures by an old lady in England. They are extremely realistic (reality being Tenniel's drawings) and assiduously in character: the Walrus and the Carpenter are weeping, for instance, and the Mad Hatter is carrying a teacup and a slice of bread and butter. This might be a splendid gift for a doting grandmama, who could put it in her vitrine and take it out as a special treat for young visitors. At Chequer, $30 for a set of ten figures.

B is for a blackboard/bulletin board at West Town House, 260 West 86th Street, framed in teak and measuring twelve inches by twenty-three. Approximately two-thirds of its length is slate, the other third cork. It can be hung vertically or horizontally and would go well in the kitchen or in a child's room; $7.

C is for coat rack—one based on a bentwood design and consisting of three sinuous hangers that curve forward from a narrow horizontal board, which

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we've begun to keep an eye on Mary Alice

She's at that barrel a dozen times a day, drawing off the five-year-old, bonded liquor she ladles over Grace Rush fruit cakes. Mary alice insists that the fourteen kinds of fruits and nuts which make up 90.4% of the weight of Grace Rush fruit cakes need "plenty of sauce" to get acquainted. True enough. But generous liquoring is only half the story. The *unique* flavor of Grace Rush fruit cakes develops during six months or more of careful aging in our cool cellars. They are the only fruit cakes you can buy aged in bonded liquor.

Half dark (with brandy), half white (with rum), 2 pounds at $4.50.

Delightful gifts: miniature fruit cakes in the 1½ pound tin, $4.25.

Slightly higher in the West.

Larimers, Wash., D.C.
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Made and imported by Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Dumbarton, Scotland. All sizes—14 styles—10 colors. Dry cleaning service. Money Back Guarantee. Catalogue on request.

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is painted bright blue, green, yellow, or white. It costs $17 at Michael Malcé. It comes with hardware to hang it by, and would be fine near the door of a country kitchen or in the hallway of a modern apartment.

E is for an eleven-sided tulip-shaped bowl of heavy crystal, with a crenate rim, at Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street, for $117.50. This is simply a beautiful bowl.

F is for fruit, made of stone, which is a far cry from the plastic travesties one sees about. David Laurence Roth, Inc., 833 Madison Avenue (69th), is the source of these heavy, substantial, ingeniously flawed apples, pears, peaches, and plums, which look not quite like nature's fruits but more like those in a Cézanne still-life; $2 each.

G is for grapefruit spoons, of Sheffield stainless steel, whose heart-shaped bowls are edged with fine serrations. A set of six costs $5 at Wilburt, Altman's, Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and elsewhere.

H is for a heavy meat pounder at Henri Bendel, made of polished brass, which is shaped more or less like a flat-bottomed darning egg. When it is not beating veal into a prostrate *Wiener Schnitzel*, it can be used as a paperweight; $9.

I is for the invincible British Admiralty clocks at Biru Antiques, 1235 First Avenue (67th). They are huge (more than two feet in diameter), are framed in mahogany, and are the counterpart of the timepieces that hang today on the invincible British Admiralty walls. They sell for $75 each.

L is for a ladle that the ladies down at the Village Kitchen Shop inform us holds exactly the right amount of batter for a perfect crêpe. It is made of tin and costs $1.

M is for a marble cake stand, darkly veined, cake-size, and set on a graceful pedestal; $15 at the West Town House.

N is for the nice little wooden boxes at Old Things, 244 East 77th Street. A narrow, rectangular Victorian specimen, a foot long and four and a half inches wide, and meant for thimbles and brooches and smelling salts, has an inset of plumply upholstered red-and-yellow damask in the top, and the added delight of three small pictures (a sheep, a nosegay, a rabbit) under glass affixed to the inside of the lid. It costs $30, and there are other boxes here that are just as appealing.

O is for an ostrich egg, half a foot long, from South Africa, that has an interesting pitted texture resembling pigskin and could be shown to startling

Castlecliff

PINE CONE
...A VERSATILE ORIGINAL
DESIGN...GOLDEN TEXTURE,
EXQUISITELY PAVÉD WITH
BRILLIANT RHINESTONES.
PIN $12.50

original design shown actual size

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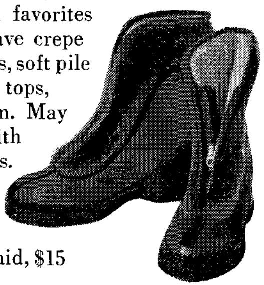

Snug and warm, these sturdy hard-to-find favorites in suede have crepe rubber soles, soft pile lining and tops, leather trim. May be worn with heels or flats. Black or Brown. Full sizes 5-10, postpaid, $15

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The Talbots
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MEISSONIER
Curassier, 6 11/16" x 5 1/2"

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GALLERY
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advantage in an eggcup or on a stand. It's a change, anyway, from those marble eggs; $16.50 at La Cuisinière.

P is for Pique-Pommes, a three-pronged implement, rather like a small pitchfork, for removing baked potatoes from the oven. The cook gets a good grip on the potato, and the potato, for its part, gets a chance to release its pent-up steam; $1.25 at Bloomingdale's and elsewhere.

R is for rugs, of cotton, hand-loomed with a concise old Williamsburg pattern: rows of small ovals, alternately standing side by side (00000) and end to end (⬭⬭⬭⬭⬭), in a two-color combination—red, green, brown, yellow, or black with white. They have a cleanly charm, are fringed and reversible, and would settle down comfortably in a country bedroom. An eighteen-by-thirty-two-inch rug is $4.95, a two-by-four-foot one is $9.95, and one three feet by six is $14.95—all at the Lighthouse Craft Shop, 111 East 59th Street.

S is for the Spanish street organ at The Place on Second Avenue, at 175 Second Avenue (11th). It plays "The Blue Danube" and nine other well-known Spanish airs, and costs $750.

T is for Tiffany, in whose glass case labelled "Gift Suggestions About One Hundred Dollars" we admired a sterling-silver compote—simple, tasteful, and $80—and the well-known Revere pitcher, a silver reproduction, at $100, of one made by the equestrian silversmith around 1800.

U is for the unexceptionable round stainless-steel bowls at Jensen, whose insides are enamel (smoky blue, deep blue, red, turquoise, black, orange, and white are the color choices), and which can go into the oven but can't be set over direct heat. They were designed by Grete and Arne Korsmo, of Norway, who won a Grand Prix for them in Milan. There are four sizes, from a small soup or nut bowl ($5) to a large salad or dessert bowl ($25).

W is for a wholesome gift for a health crank—Aquaspring, an electrical appliance, requiring no special installation, that distills water and removes from it, among other things, fluorides and detergents. This at Hammacher Schlemmer, for $34.95.

Y is for yellowware, sometimes called creamware, exemplary specimens of which reside at Amber Springs Antiques, 357 Bleecker Street (near Charles Street). These are the bowls that country wives used during the last century for mixing sourdough or corn puddings, and that city wives collect today as antiques. A small, mildly decorated buff-colored bowl costs $10, and a huge bowl with a pouring spout and a white lining costs $37.50.

And Z is for *Zeitgeist*, that mysterious, invisible force that causes people at a given moment in history to think and feel and behave in uncannily similar ways, as if they were deliberately invoking the spirit of the times. We have seen much beauty, utility, ingenuity, and playfulness on our shopping expedition, and surely these qualities can't be altogether irrelevant—the bleak pronouncements of social critics notwithstanding—to the quality of contemporary life itself. Anyway, Merry Christmas!

• •

THE KINGDOM

Where have they led you, into what disguise,
Those not so sobering realities?
The body bears them, being dutiful.
Only the eyes grow vacant. The soul
Walks from a window, unsatisfied at home.
He will wait for his kingdom.

It is true that the eye that feeds on what
It sees is not much darker, shut.
Still, why condemn it or turn from the view?
Nor was the ear made only for listening to,
But for, and through. Yet, to be secure,
The soul locks each door.

The rooms of recognition are unused!
The ghost is restless, an unwilling guest,
Ageing. The disappointed eye receives
Visions of his white and bitter loves.
He listens to silence. This is his kingdom.
He is not at home.

—Jon Swan

favorite
fragrance
of
the world's
most beautiful
woman
JUNGLE
GARDENIA
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Lord & Taylor

Just to the

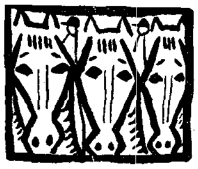
Country Clothes Shop

Donald Davies of Dublin
sends his marvelous little
Irish shirtdresses—
all sorts of reedy young
shapes in soft, washable
wools, wonderful colors.
This one, 45.00 Ours alone,
at all Lord & Taylor stores

THE RACE TRACK

Who's Who

MAYBE I'm just noticing such things more as we near the end of the season, but it seems to me that we need a small miracle to improve the quality and consistency of our horses. With the conspicuous exceptions of Moccasin and Buckpasser, who were voted the best filly and the best colt in the annual polls (this year they came along earlier than usual), the two-year-olds of 1965 have been far from a vintage lot. (Maybe they'll all be champions as three-year-olds, but don't bet on it.) To give you an instance, the Garden State Stakes, the season's last big prize for the younger generation, was won Saturday before last by Prince Saim, who had scored only once in his eleven previous starts but who this time around beat such stakes winners as Our Michael, Spring Double, and the favorite, Fathers Image. It's only fair to say, though, that Prince Saim ran a bang-up race. As I caught it on television, he was the quickest of the dozen colts to leave the gate, and then Culmone, who rode him, eased him in the early scramble for good positions. He was no better than tenth for the first half of the mile and a sixteenth, way behind Fathers Image, but he improved steadily from the far turn on, and, wearing Gunflint down in the stretch, passed the post a neck to the good. Amberoid was third, a couple of lengths behind. Prince Saim, a sturdy roan by a French stallion named Saim, is owned by the Pepino brothers, Albert, Angelo, and Joseph (Albert trains the horses), who operate a motel near the Jersey track and have raced a small stable with fair-to-middling success for a number of years. When they bought Prince Saim for $4,500 at the Maryland yearling sales last autumn, I'm sure they never dreamed what a pickup he was. Indeed, as the story goes, he wouldn't have been in the Garden State Stakes at all if Culmone, who also rode him in his only previous victory (he won by ten lengths), hadn't persuaded the Pepinos to make the colt a supplementary nomination for the race. Culmone was so sure the Prince would click that he offered to put up half of the ten-thousand-dollar fee himself, if need be. As it turned out, Culmone did all right, for the winner's share of the purse was $187,167, and the jockey always gets ten per cent. While we're on the subject of the high dollar, it seems that Fathers Image, who finished down the course, has been syndicated for a million. Dearie me—why?



PICKING up the loose ends at Aqueduct: Pia Star, who won the Suburban and the Brooklyn there last July, was well fancied for the Queens County Handicap, but the track wasn't as hard as he likes it, so he was never in the picture. Still, the race was anything but dull. In fact, as Prairie Schooner, Tibaldo, and Just About flashed under the wire I thought it was the closest thing to a triple dead heat I'd seen in ages. However, the photographs showed the three of them noses apart, in the order named. Prairie Schooner paid $77.20. His next stop is Santa Anita. . . . On Thanksgiving Day, racing began at eleven o'clock in the morning—perhaps a bit too early for the favorites. At any rate, eight of the ten were beaten. The disappointment of the afternoon came in the Firenze Handicap when Straight Deal and Petticoat, saddled by Hirsch Jacobs, went to the post at odds-on and finished behind Sailor Princess. . . . Offhand, I'd say that the Gallant Fox Handicap last Saturday was something to forget—a whoop-de-do affair in which Baeza, on Going Abroad, and Belmonte, on Charger's Kin, scooted off in front on the sloppy track as though they were going five furlongs instead of a mile and five furlongs. As their mounts pooped out, to finish last and next to last, Choker, ridden by Venezia, dashed past them into a lead of, at one time, half a dozen lengths. Though he slowed down in the stretch, he managed to win comfortably from Brave Lad, with Sheet Anchor third. Incidentally, Jack Dreyfus, Jr., an investment broker, got a quick return on Choker. He bought the horse for $50,000 in October, and his share of the purse was $37,115. . . . It had been expected that Roman Brother, our new Horse of the Year, would run in the Gallant Fox, but he's strictly a warm-weather racer, so he passed it up. As you've probably heard, Roman Brother won his title in the *Morning Telegraph-Daily Racing Form* poll by one vote over Tom Rolfe, who was voted the best three-year-old.

THERE are only half as many horses stabled at Belmont Park and Aqueduct as there were a month ago, but there are plenty in Florida. Seventeen showed up for the Hurricane Handicap, which opened the season at Tropical Park on Thanksgiving Day, so it was split into two sections; Pollux won the first and Bazaar the second. They were off and running, too, at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans, where Ramblin Road beat R. Thomas, winner of the Vosburgh at the Big A last month, in the Thanksgiving Handicap. And, for the record, after Or et Argent had set a new course mark of 2:30⅕ for a mile and a half in the first division of the Dixie Handicap, Pimlico's holiday offering, Flag lowered it to 2:29 in the second. Last weekend, Swift Lady lived up to her name in the Marguerite Stakes at the Baltimore track, beating Prides Profile, Indian Sunlite, and five other two-year-old fillies, among them Lady Pitt, the favorite. Swift Lady is a full sister to Sailor Princess, winner of the Firenze, and both are from Harbor View Farm, which, I hardly need tell you, houses Roman Brother. Not a bad week for Louis Wolfson, who owns them.

Clarence W. Miles, a prospective candidate for governor of Maryland, has stirred up a merry to-do in the Old Line State's racing circles. Recently, he proposed, in a speech over a statewide radio hookup, that Pimlico, Laurel, and Bowie and the half-milers Marlboro, Timonium, and Hagerstown be bought by a privately owned, non-profit, taxpaying corporation to be made up of fifteen or twenty substantial citizens, as he put it, and operated the way the New York Racing Association operates Aqueduct, Saratoga, and Belmont Park. No shareholder would receive compensation for his services, and the net income from the pari-mutuel handle, the gate receipts, and the concessions would go to the state, toward the reduction of taxes. Also, there would be just two one-mile tracks and two half-milers. (Bowie is the only money-maker of the big Maryland tracks, but can you imagine the battle that the Laurel and Pimlico managements are going to put up?) Though a number of prominent Marylanders are for it, Colonel Martingale says, "No chance, no chance."

—Audax Minor

•

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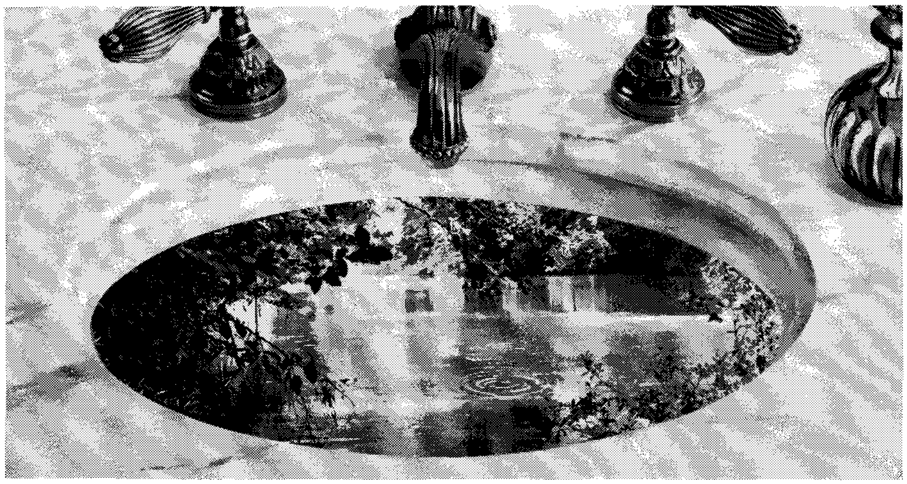

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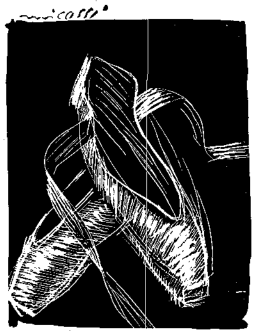
MUSICAL EVENTS

Whither?

A SHORT time ago, Leonard Bernstein, who is a busy and articulate thinker on the subject of music, commented in the *Times* on the present "crisis" in symphonic music. The tone of the article was highly equivocal. Mr. Bernstein said both yes and no to a number of questions he raised, including the crucial one: "Is tonality dead forever?" He *implied* a negative answer to that one by noting that, as a composer, he is committed to tonality. At the same time, he pointed out that the symphonic form, in its "classical concept," depends on "a bifocal tonal axis which itself depends on the existence of tonality," and that this "classical concept *is* a thing of the past." I shall not split hairs here over the contradiction between Mr. Bernstein's commitment to tonality as a composer and his conviction that it is, at least by inference, a thing of the past. At any rate, he has concluded (1) that there *is* a crisis, (2) that the symphony as audiences know and love it has been dying since the beginning of the century, (3) that this kind of symphony—the only kind the audience has any interest in—depends on the concept of tonality, and (4) that the existence of the symphony orchestra as an institution is threatened by the situation. Indeed, Mr. Bernstein has embarked on a two-year schedule of concerts with the Philharmonic to examine the twentieth-century symphony and to see, presumably, where it stands and what can be done about it.

At about the time Mr. Bernstein's article appeared, one was published in the *HiFi/Stereo Review* by the American composer Lester Trimble entitled "Arnold Schoenberg and the American Composer." Mr. Trimble's main points were that Schoenberg didn't want his students to write like him, that he believed they should study the Old Masters, that they have not taken his advice, and that today the "avant-garde" composer is bogged down in conformity and dogmatism, writing "miles of newly composed music which may be interesting to analyze (if that is the way you get your kicks from music), which looks elegant on paper, but which seldom provides any of the ethical, humanistic, emotional, or intellectual satisfactions which have characterized great Western music throughout most of its history. Most of this music is not really musical."



Mr. Trimble's statement, by the way, is extraordinarily courageous, because a man who expects to make his living by composing flouts the avant-garde establishment at his peril. Add to it, and to Mr. Bernstein's, the recent statement by the American musicologist Paul Henry Lang that there isn't much future in the twelve-tone system, and the conclusions of the French musicologist Jacques Chailley in his "Forty Thousand Years of Music" (reviewed recently in this column), and you can see that a good many thinkers about music are worried about the present state of the art. I should like to put forward one more thought on this subject. It is true that not only the symphony but opera as well has been showing symptoms of decline for at least half a century. But I, for one, do not believe that tonality is a thing of the past. My reason is simply that so much tonal music is still being written. And I might also point out that this tonal music is the only music that appears to be catching on with an audience of any appreciable numbers. The avant-garde continues to play games with itself at the expense of large foundations, most of whose directors haven't the slightest idea what is going on. But when a symphony or a concerto or an opera suddenly elicits a large following among the musical public, the chances are that it has its roots firmly planted in tonality. Mr. Bernstein's own music is as good an example of this as any. In my opinion, the professional musical world—including Mr. Bernstein—is paying far too much attention to sensationalists like Pierre Boulez, Lukas Foss, and Karlheinz Stockhausen, meanwhile neglecting our tonal composers, some of whom might just possibly turn out to be figures of major importance.

Mr. Bernstein is approaching the mid-point of his first season devoted to the twentieth-century symphony, and last Thursday evening I went to Philharmonic Hall to hear (and see) him conduct the Philharmonic in an eminently tonal program of music dating from the century's first decade. This program consisted of the Third Symphony of Charles Ives and the Ninth of Gustav Mahler. I do not really consider Ives' Third to be one of the deathless masterpieces of musical history, but it is an engaging work, more consistent in style than some of the other Ives symphonies, and it has that indelible "made-in-America" trademark that was an outstanding Ives characteristic. Mr. Bernstein did it full justice. Then came the Mahler work, which is something very different—the culmination of the grand romantic tradition, and, as always with Mahler, an essay in pessimism occasionally relieved by dreams of joy, and, in general, a long orchestral song of lamentation. I am sure that Ives had a much more difficult time writing *his* symphony than Mahler did *his*. Ives had no tradition to lean on, and was, in effect, creating his own—a formidably taxing, if not impossible, task. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably the Mahler work that is the greater of the two—precisely, I think, because, though highly original, it follows a tradition. Mr. Bernstein gave this symphony a vigorous reading but not a particularly perceptive one. The wonderfully and deliberately threadbare orchestration in which Mahler frequently clothed his lamentations was not always clear. The two middle movements were especially muddy. The first and last were a pleasure to listen to mainly because of what Mahler had put into them, not because of what Mr. Bernstein did with them. I imagine that this symphony is rather new to Mr. Bernstein, and that he will clarify his interpretation of it in time. He has already shown himself to be a fine Mahler interpreter in several other symphonies. Thus far, the subtleties of this particular one seem to have eluded him.

TO me, the first week of the current season put on by the Royal Danish Ballet at the New York State Theatre has been a disappointment. True, I was not present to see Erik Bruhn dance last Thursday night, and, to judge by past encounters with Mr. Bruhn's dancing, I am sure that I missed something. But to judge by what I saw on opening night (Tuesday night of last week) and the following Friday night, this is a neat, well-disciplined company with a few able principal dancers and a conspicuous lack of good choreography. The latter point was unpleasantly evident in Frederick Ashton's full-length "Romeo and Juliet" (to

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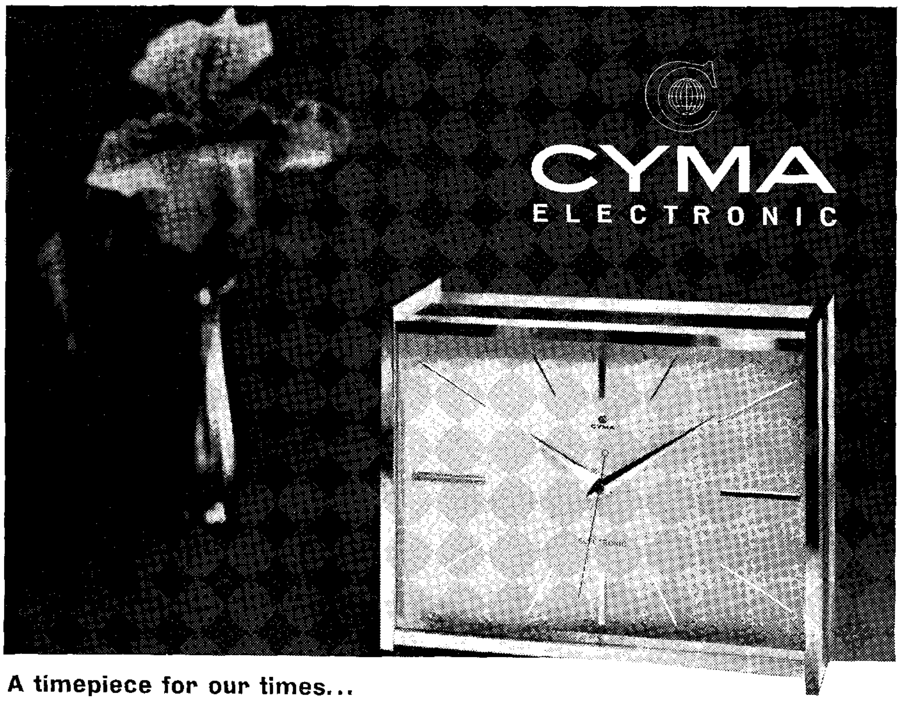

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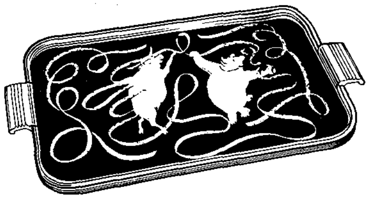

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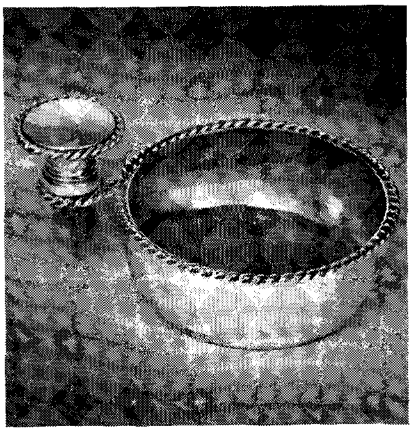

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the Prokofieff score, of course) that was presented on opening night. We have recently had two other "Romeo and Juliet"s—Lavrovsky's with the Bolshoi Ballet and Kenneth MacMillan's with the Royal Ballet of London. This one did not compare with either of those, and, to my mind, only went to prove once more that, of all the well-known choreographers active today, Frederick Ashton is the dullest. This is not to say that I do not enjoy such Ashton witticisms as "Façade" and "A Wedding Bouquet." In these, and the like, he shows a special flair for vaudevillian humor. But put Ashton in charge of a serious ballet and you can be sure of a dreary evening. This is precisely what happened that Tuesday night, and it was a bad beginning. Shakespeare's plot was submerged in endless choreographic clichés; gestures were made not for dramatic reasons but simply for the sake of making gestures; a formal ceremony seemed to be going on that had nothing whatever to do with the projection of a tragedy, and the emotions were left untouched. All this occurred in front of some rather sketchy settings by Peter Rice, and in spite of some eager and talented dancing potentialities exhibited by, among others, Henning Kronstam, who did Romeo, and Kirsten Simone, who did Juliet.

On Friday night, things looked up a bit. The program opened with a Danish version of Jerome Robbins' "Fanfare," which was charming enough, and continued with Roland Petit's "Carmen." This proved to be the old "Carmen" first done by the Roland Petit Ballet here about fifteen years ago—an affair that can't quite make up its mind whether it is deadly serious or whether it is satirizing Bizet's great opera while cheerfully murdering its music in the orchestra pit. At least it provided handsome roles for two dancers of distinction—Mr. Kronstam again, and a lady named Mette Hønningen. Both have striking stage presences and brilliant techniques. The evening ended with something called "Napoli (Act III)," the finale of what I understand is a traditional ballet greatly revered in Denmark. I regret to say that I found it a complete bore.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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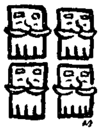
FOUR ACADEMIC FANTASIES

I

THE idea first occurred to two men in the history department, shortly after the university had promoted its head fund-raiser to the new office of Vice-President for Development, simultaneously turning over to a magnified Alumni Development Office a building that for the preceding hundred and twenty-six years had housed classrooms.

The following week, there was a secret and illegal meeting of the faculty. The two historians explained their plan, and acceptance became certain when one of them (an economic historian) pointed out that though the university's Loyalty Fund was currently bringing in a full million a year, only about four hundred and fifty thousand of this turned itself into teachers' salaries, or library books, or anything academic at all. The rest vanished soundlessly into administrative costs, including quite a decent budget for the Development Office itself. The faculty accepted the plan by a vote of 317 to 58. None of the 58 dissenters mentioned the meeting to the president, the academic provost, or any of the vice-presidents, deans, or vice-deans.

A letter went out to the alumni a few days later. It began in a frankly advertising style. "Now, at last, an alumni fund drive you can respect," it said. "Support education, not administration. Give directly to the faculty member of your choice! No middlemen! No costly overhead! Every penny goes directly to faculty salaries and to immediate educational costs. Give today the faculty way!"



The letter went on to explain that every alumni class was being given a chance to adopt seven members of the faculty, each from a different department. Older classes, used to giving lots of money, got full professors; new, young classes got instructors; and so forth. The alumnus was invited to send a check to any one of his class's seven faculty members or jointly to all of them. If he had a favorite teacher outside the class's group, he could still earmark half the donation for him.

The administration sent *its* letter out shortly afterward. It asked the alumni to ignore the communication they had just had from a small lunatic fringe among the faculty, lest chaos ensue. "YOU OWE YOUR LOYALTY TO THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY," the letter went on, all in capitals. It explained that only the administration knew how to allocate funds, or make a ten-year projected budget. It pointed out that the faculty had been less than candid in claiming that under their plan you could contribute directly to the faculty member of your choice. There was a secret agreement (discovered by a vice-provost smuggled into the third illegal faculty meeting) that half the take would be pooled and then distributed equally among the entire faculty.

For several years, there *was* chaos. Some classes switched to the faculty plan at once, a few remained loyal to the Alumni Development Office, most were split. Really devoted alumni supported both fund drives. But about the fourth year it became clear that the faculty had won. Their fund drive was less systematic, but it was more interesting. The mimeographed faculty newsletters made much livelier reading than the printed reports the alumni were used to. Furthermore, no potential donor had ever had a course with anyone in the Development Office. But what really carried the day was the action of several classes in dividing themselves into sections, one for each class faculty member. By the fourth year it was commonplace to hear such boasts as "We're giving our guy a year in Rome when his sabbatical comes up" and "That's nothing. We're giving our guy a red convertible when his book comes out."

At the end of the fifth year, the Vice-President for Development resigned his job, enrolled as a graduate student, and now teaches biology at Syracuse University.

II

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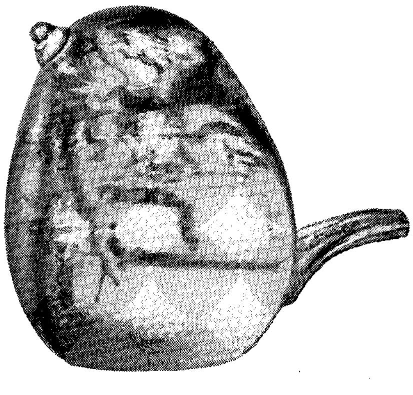

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When Truro University got a three-million grant to build a new double building for the geology and music departments, the president naturally wanted a prestige structure, and naturally turned to Finch, Blum & Van Der Grope. (He could have followed the more conservative lead of Duke and retained Wentworth & Klein, but he feared this would mean less national publicity.)

Wulf Blum did the design personally. Its most striking feature was the extensive use of large blue and yellow plastic tiles (the university colors) as an exterior motif. The tiles were to be set checkerboard fashion. A six-foot stripe of them was to run around the entire building, and on the front there would be four additional patches. As Mr. Blum explained to the trustees, these would make an exciting contrast in texture with the granite slabs that were to be the principal exterior finish. (Inside, for the sake of honesty, the walls were to be mostly cement block.)

At this point, the trustees did something quite peculiar. What they should have done was to grumble a little among themselves, admit that what they privately preferred was College Hall (1822), and then recognize that you have to live in your own time. Someone should have pointed out that they had no right to impose their own taste on a younger generation. Then they should have O.K.'d the building. What they actually did was to invite comments from members of the departments of geology and music. When only four geologists and one musician turned out to like the design much (the glass bridges between the two parts of the building were even less popular than the plastic tiles), they could still have realized that architecture is a design for the future, and gone ahead. Instead, they had a scale model built locally, which they put in the lobby of College Hall. Then they invited comments from the students, the faculty at large, and the alumni.

That the class of 1915, up for its fiftieth reunion, should dislike the design was no surprise. But the violent student reaction was. The student paper even dragged in the Parthenon. In a long editorial, the paper claimed that the Parthenon was not part of *its* own time, technologically, since it imitated in marble the crude building techniques developed for obsolete wooden temples. The marble columns were fake tree trunks, the marble architrave was sort of a Greek version of pseudo-Gothic, being full of fake wooden pegs,

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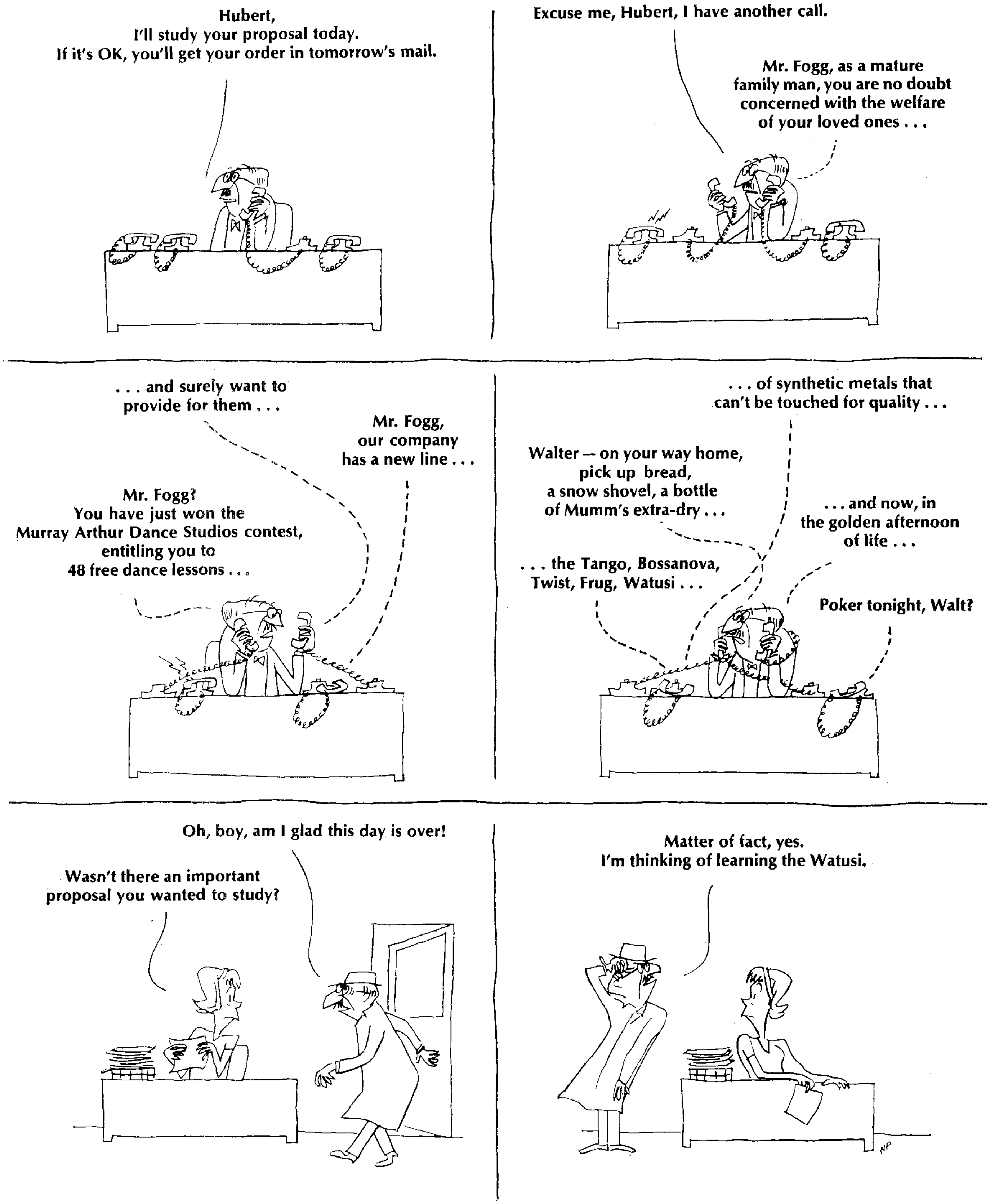
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and so on. The student writer urged Truro to worry less about integrity (which he said was a characteristic of human beings, and not of buildings, anyway) and more about aesthetics.

When the trustees then voted to reject Blum's design, six local architects held a protest meeting, and one member of the art department resigned. (As it happened, he had just had a good offer from C.C.N.Y.) In the end, the geology and music departments got a well-built and even distinguished building, designed by a small firm from New Bedford. Just as the president feared, it has received no national publicity whatever.

III

THE chairman of the philosophy department was talking to a candidate for an instructorship. "One thing you must realize," he said, "is that we have a very strict publication policy."

"I'm used to that," answered the candidate. "At Columbia, you're not allowed to print your first article for five years after you take your Ph.D., or your first book for seven years."

"Ours is stricter. To begin with, we say seven years for everything. And I'm told Columbia makes numerous exceptions. We make none."

The candidate looked mutinous. "What if you've written something that can't wait?" he asked. "Seven years is a long time."

"There are two answers. First, if your stuff really can't wait, or even if it can, you're perfectly free to publish it anonymously. You have to act in good faith, of course. If you go around showing people the galleys of your book, or if the Publication Committee even hears a rumor connecting you with an article, it will investigate and, if necessary, make the usual evaluation."

"That sounds like no fun at all," the candidate said. "What's the other answer?"

"That in a sense you do have the right to publish under your own name during the first seven years. It's just that if you do, the Publication Committee automatically makes an evaluation. And unless there's a two-thirds vote that what you've written is—I won't say of permanent value, because who knows what is, but a work of real and obvious merit, well, you've published and you perish."

"You certainly make Columbia look like a bunch of amateurs," the candidate said. "I almost wonder if the policy isn't *too* strict."

"Not a bit," said the chairman. "Look. In the first place, there's no

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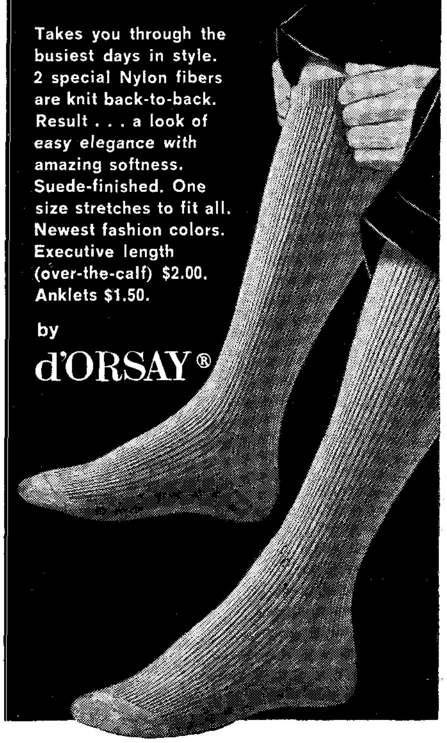

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stigma whatsoever to publication after the novitiate—indeed, we encourage it. In the second place, if a young man is writing because he has something to say, and not because he wants a promotion, being anonymous is no great hardship. But most important, in the twelve years since we and Yale started this, seventy-two learned journals have ceased publication. The survivors are half their old size and about three times their old quality. Not one new university press has been founded. Keeping up with one's field is becoming almost a pleasure."

"You make a good case," said the candidate. He hesitated. "If only there were some way to apply the same rules to college presidents."

"There is," said the chairman, laughing. "We do. A new president here in his first seven years is not allowed to publish any of his speeches, or give a single honorary degree. He can't receive any, either. Mr. Mansell has six years to go."

IV

Chase College is one of the so-called Little Four. It is rich in tradition, rich in good students, and moderately rich in money. At book value, the endowment comes to twenty-eight million dollars. The president's chief ambition in life is to make it come to double that. (His second is to have someone name a chair after him while he is still alive. He wants to be sure.)

On Wednesdays, when he is in town, the president makes a point of being available to his faculty. At the moment, he has an assistant professor of English named Albert Rudnick in his office. Rudnick, who has been at the college three years, is thirty-four, a good publisher, and a notorious enigma to the administration. He always looks as if he is hiding something.

The look is correct. He always has been, and he has picked this Wednesday to reveal it to the president. "Well, yes, I suppose you could use the term 'multimillionaire,' " he is saying. "I don't like it much."

"And your name is really Adrian Rothschild?" the president asks in a strange, twittery voice. "And you really want to endow the college?"

"Yes. As I told you, I first thought the money would go to Cornell. But teaching there changed my mind. You get such a disillusioning view as a faculty member. The same thing happened at St. Ludmilla's. But here my respect has risen every year."

"You're going to set this up as a legacy, I suppose," says the presi-

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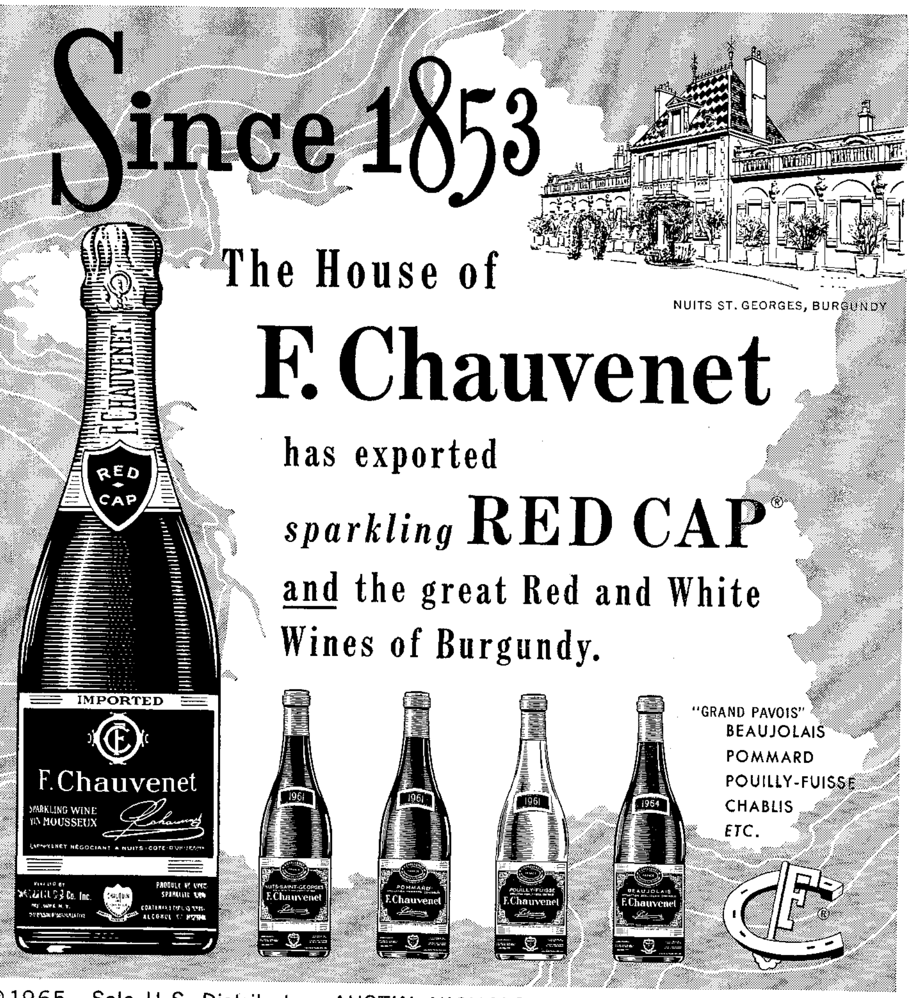

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dent. He is trembling all over. Even with the documents, he doesn't entirely believe Rudnick-Rothschild's story, but he doesn't disbelieve it, either.

"No, I want to turn over all but a couple of million now. Too much money is a burden." Rudnick looks at his watch. "I guess I've got a class at ten. Could we settle the details later? Maybe next Wednesday?"

"Why not tomorrow?" the president says. "I'm free all day."

As soon as Rudnick leaves, he dials the number in New York that Rudnick has given him. Then he telephones a trustee, also in New York, and when the trustee calls back in two hours to say it all checks out, he phones two other trustees. "About forty million *now, with a chance of two more* million at death," he tells each one. "I don't know how normal he is, either, but he's definitely got the money."

The next morning, the conversation is resumed. Professor Rudnick does most of the talking. "It's really a privilege to give money to Chase," he says. "After three years I still can't get used to how well the college is run. Not that there aren't minor flaws even here, of course."

"I hope you'll tell me what they are," the president says earnestly. "We're always ready to make changes."

Professor Rudnick meditates a minute. "Well, I sometimes wonder if there aren't a few touches of unnecessary centralization," he says. "Take that little fuss over the college stationery last year. I still don't see why the comptroller insisted that individual departments had to quit ordering their own. Especially since the new standard design is so pretentious. The fancy lettering is bad enough, but that orange replica of the college seal is worse."

The president's hand darts out toward the phone, but Rudnick stops him. "I'm sure the comptroller will report that (a) the design was done by the leading specialist in college letterheads, and (b) that placing one giant order saved the college three hundred and seventy-three dollars," he says. "Anyway, I know you can't please everybody. Some people probably like the seal. I was just giving an example."

The president says he understands perfectly, and they go on to consider the function of the recently appointed Executive Officer of the Faculty—a retired Air Force general, class of '37.

Rudnick is, nevertheless, not too surprised when the chairman of the chemistry department (with whom he plays tennis most weeks) mentions with satisfaction a few days later that his

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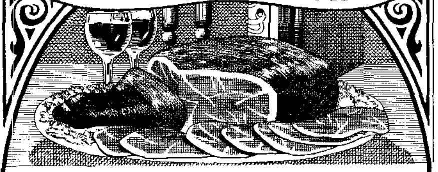

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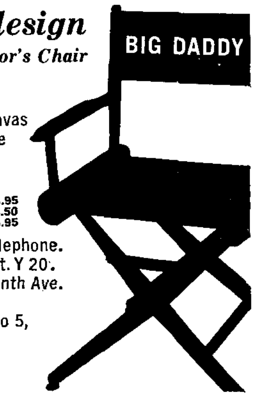

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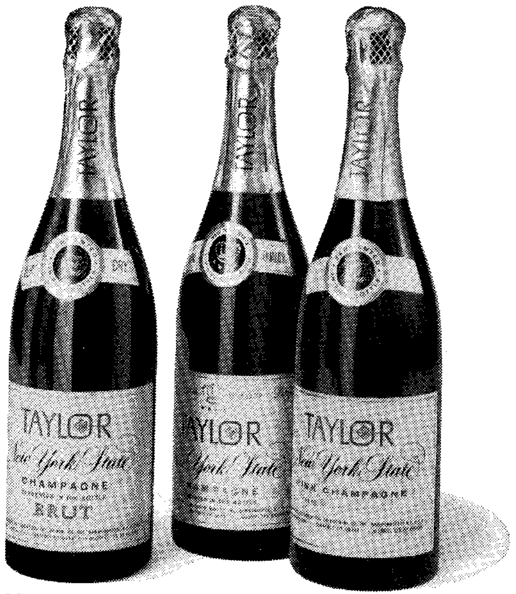
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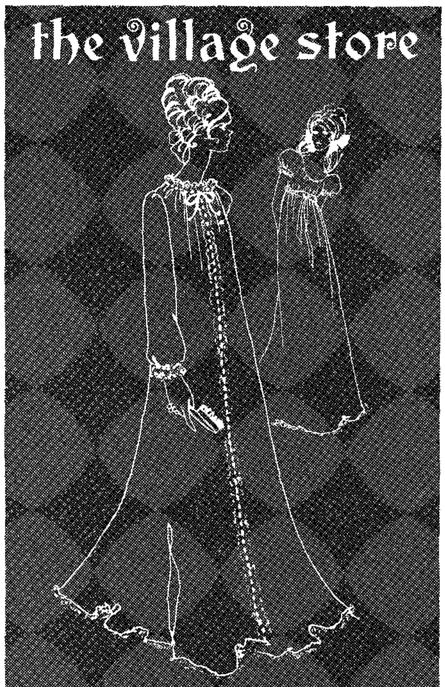

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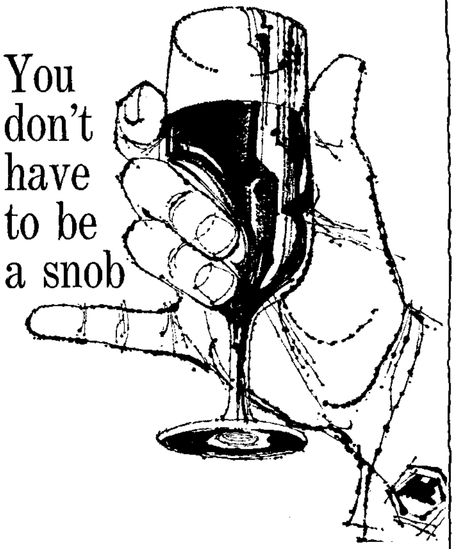

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vigorous protests about the orange letterhead are finally taking effect. Nor is he surprised to hear rumors that General Baines will be away next year, guest-lecturing at the Air Force Academy. He admires both the president's tact and his speed.

Rudnick's third talk doesn't take place for a full ten days. The president calls frequently, but Rudnick has hour tests to grade and two last-minute lectures to get up. These delivered, he accepts a pressing invitation to dinner. And now, in the presidential study, after a good meal, the president quietly points out that every day the college has to wait for the forty million means a loss of nearly five thousand dollars in income. The time has come, he says, for action, for vigorous, clearheaded action—for leadership giving, in fact.

Rudnick agrees, and allows the president to steer him almost over to a large desk on which there are papers. Then he stops and snaps his fingers. "I almost forgot," he says. "There's a question I promised a couple of students I would ask you."

With a quite visible effort, the president controls himself. "Why, of course, Adrian," he says. "What is it?"

"Well, you know I teach my seminar on modern poetry at home," Rudnick says, "and I get to know the boys pretty well."

The president holds himself in, waiting.

"Anyhow," Rudnick goes on, "I've got two varsity baseball players this semester—both bright boys, incidentally. They were raising the question before class last week why there has to be a paid baseball coach. They claim that professional coaching destroys student initiative, especially for the captain and the student manager." He gives the president a quick smile. The president does not return it. "One of them used a marvellous phrase. According to him, the 'dynamics of the victory-ethic' inhibits the growth of emotional maturity, which he says is the principal benefit of college athletics. An interesting thought. Anyhow, I said I'd ask why we do have paid coaches."

The president lets out a groan of pure despair. Rudnick does not stop him as he dials the home number of the Acting Vice-Provost for Physical Education.

—NOEL PERRIN

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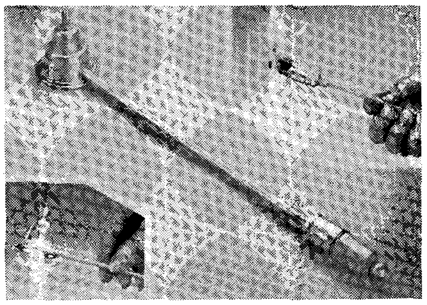

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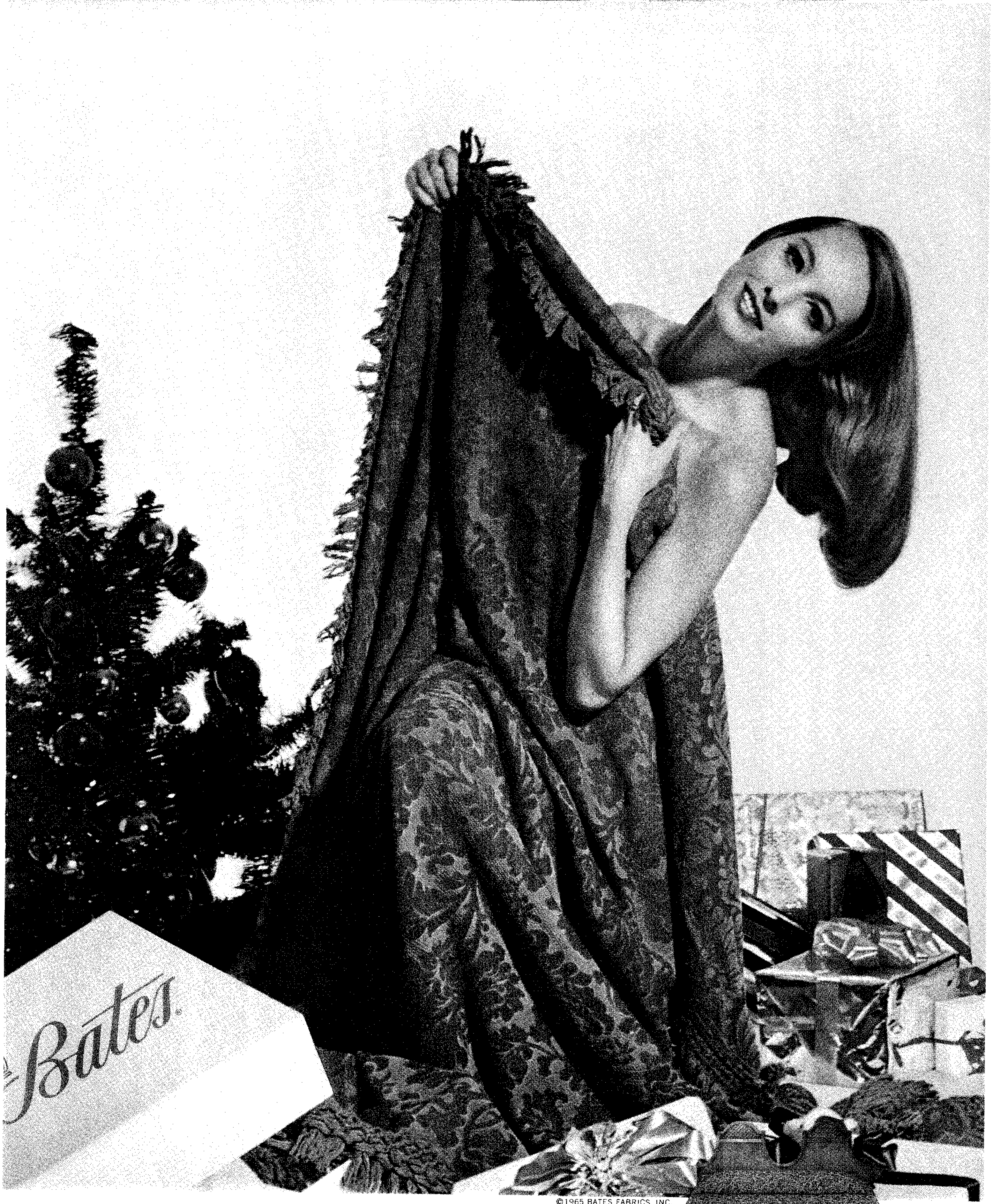

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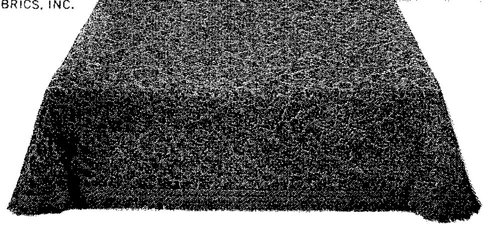

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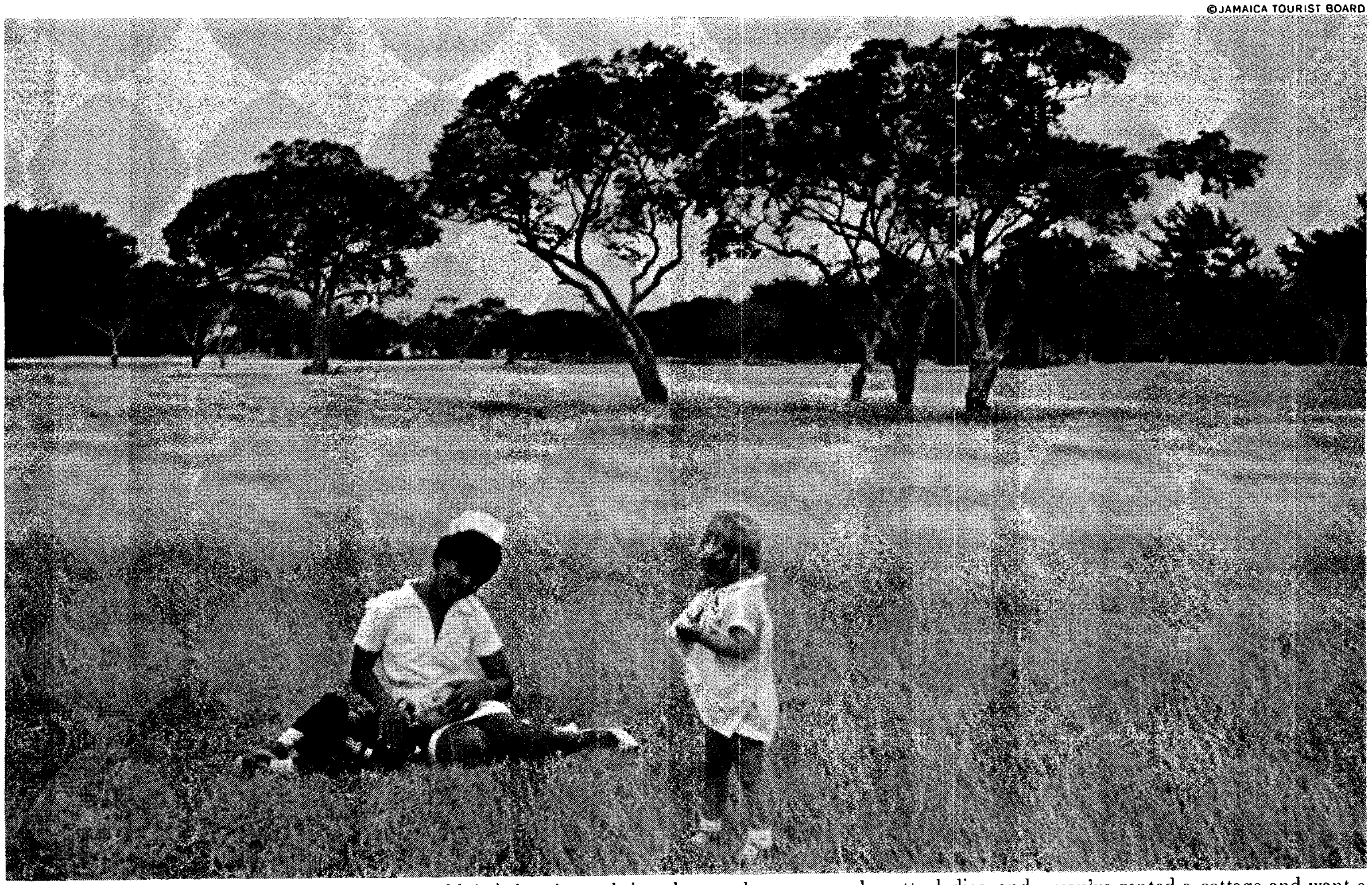

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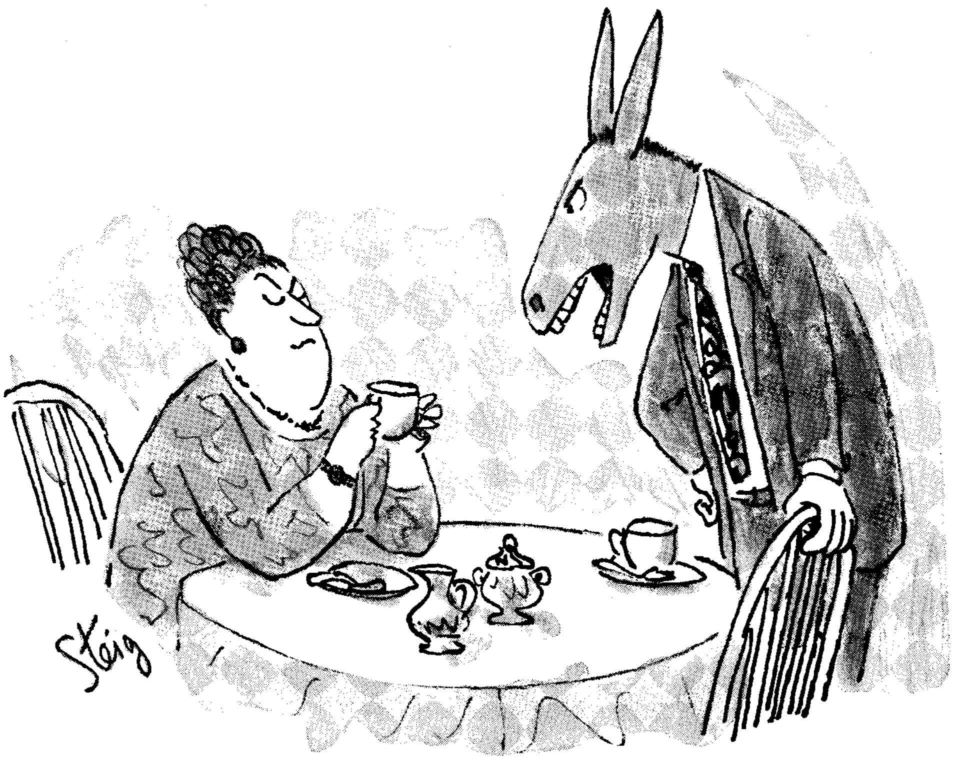
BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

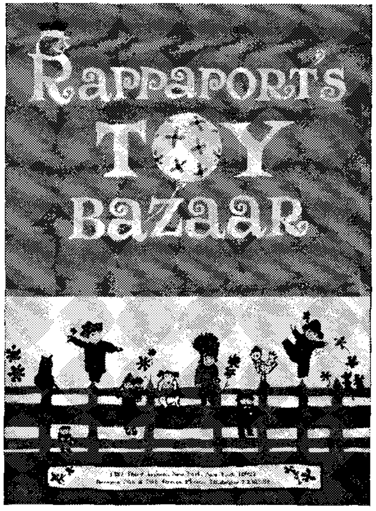
ACCORDING to *Publishers' Weekly*, twenty-nine hundred books for children will have been published in the year 1965. A very large number of these are simply bad—badly written and badly illustrated. They are never seen in New York bookstores. It is hard to imagine who buys "What's in Mommy's Pocketbook," or "Anyone Can Backpack in Comfort," or "Let's Eat Out," but someone saw fit to publish them. Most of the titles are not quite as simple-minded as this, but they do have, to an alarming degree, the stamp of having been written to order—I Can Read Books, Series Books, Predigested Classics, and Warmed-Over Versions of Last Year's Success. There is this much to be cheerful about: the quality of the good books is constant. Though we are not living in the Golden Age of Lewis Carroll, Lear, Mark Twain, and Beatrix Potter, it is still possible to find a beautiful picture book or an exciting tale of adventure to put under the Christmas tree.

The novels of William Mayne are in the tradition of nineteenth-century English children's books, and his children inhabit the same world as E. Nesbit's. Mayne is in his late thirties and lives in Yorkshire. He has a good ear for speech; his children talk the way children really do talk. He also is good at creating character. His girls as well as his boys are believable and appealing—realists, as all children tend to be, and at the same time intensely imaginative; kind, but with the mocking humor that people have who live in small towns, where everybody not only knows everybody else but knows everybody's shortcomings as well. And he has a sense of place. He can make a wide field of grass, the floor of a wood, or a lonely stretch of beach so real that you forget you are reading about it and are simply there. "The weather was dry, so the sand was lifting. It sometimes seemed as if the wind was blowing through it from below. The whole surface of a sandhill would lift up at one moment, like a cloth being flapped, and the sand would blow like a cloak on to the next hill, and then take off again, and blow on into the town." Mayne's style is sometimes as concise and pure as a Japanese brushstroke. ("The wind . . . was suddenly bitter, like the sap of a dandelion.") Every moment, every sensation, has its full resonance, and the ordinary is continually being transformed into something delicious, something luminous. What plot or suspense there is is often not taken very seriously, and when Mayne's books fail, which they sometimes do, it is just in this respect, that he doesn't take action seriously enough—a fault inextricably entwined with his virtues as a writer. His books seem to spring from a sense of leisure and idleness (in an age when, as William Plomer has said, "work has become a mania and idleness almost a crime"). But there is nothing inert or passive about his children; they simply exist in the kind of openness of time that allows children to pursue with passionate concern whatever interests them, and to respond in the same way to whatever challenge life turns up. In the case of "Whistling Rufus" (ages seven to eleven; published by Dutton), it is a rusty paddle steamer—overgrown with weeds, in a dry canal in the middle of the woods—crying out to be restored to its former splendor. Jenny found it, but Ellen recognized that what she had seen was not a little house in a field but the cabin of a ship. And it became her school project—to write about it and draw it. Ellen and Jenny scrubbed the cabin, and David got the engine working, and then Miss Harker and the whole class went to see it, by invitation. And on the way they met Ellen's mum, with her two babies in the pram, so they all went, and admired the project, and smoke poured out of the smokestack, and the whistle blew; in fact, it wouldn't stop blowing and drove them all away.

"Sand" (ages nine to twelve), also by William Mayne, and also published by Dutton, takes place in a village by the North Sea through which the wind continually blows, and the wind is full of sand. It stings the skin and gets in the folds of clothing. It is bad for tempers. It drifts into the gardens, poisoning them with salt. It piles up against the sides of houses, fills the drains, and filters down through the tiles on the roof until the ceilings fall in and the houses have to be abandoned. Gradually, year by year, roads, houses, hedges, trees are swallowed up by sand, and the swallowing-up process has been going on for hundreds of years. In the year of this story, a girl named Alice and her friend, digging in a gravel pit, find a fossilized crocodile. Alice has a brother named Ainsley, with whom she bickers incessantly, to the considerable enjoyment of both of them. And Ainsley has a group of friends whose free-wheeling exuberance is so highly charged that it reminded me of the atmosphere of "A Hard Day's Night." The boys, in their turn, start uncov-



"Oh, I am, am I?"



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ering things—first a narrow-gauge railway, and then the trucks that go with it, and finally a huge skeleton, which they mistake for the remains of a prehistoric animal. Though work in any praiseworthy form naturally doesn't appeal to them, a rag is different. The effort of will, imagination, intelligence, and physical labor that they bring to the transporting of that skeleton to the yard of the Girls' Grammar School in the dead of night would easily have built one of the lesser Pyramids. During all this labor of love and mischief, they never stop talking. Their conversation is half fantasizing, half running jokes and gibes at each other and their own selves. It never stops being funny, and neither does the book.

THE children of Louise Fitzhugh's "The Long Secret" (ages ten to thirteen; published by Harper & Row) are mid-twentieth-century American urban middle-class, and the only quality that this book has in common with Mayne's is the naturalness and vividness of the dialogue. "The Long Secret" is a sequel to a book published last year—"Harriet the Spy"—about which I had mixed feelings, partly because I wasn't entirely sold on the idea of a "Catcher in the Rye" for subteens. There is a runaway policy afoot at the moment to rush everything. Two-year-olds are tricked into learning to read and to play the violin; five-year-olds are not to be deprived of the joys of the White Rabbit and Black Beauty and Huck Finn, their essences distilled into twenty-five-cent picture books, and just because you haven't learned to walk does not mean that you can't have a Mondrian dress and little white Courrèges boots. But young readers loved Harriet—evidence enough that the kind of probing self-consciousness she goes in for was not foreign to them. Harriet's distinguishing characteristic was, like Holden Caulfield's, a low tolerance for guff, and the adults in the book were a fairly shabby lot. I was also made uneasy by Harriet's habit of sneaking around to the back of people's houses and apartments and watching through their windows when they did not know they were being observed. This was not voyeurism in the usual sense; Harriet was gathering material for her novels, and she entered her observations in her notebook, along with her views on life and uncharitable remarks about her school friends. Harriet lived, and still lives, in an apartment on East Eighty-seventh Street, and she spends

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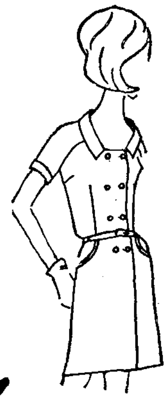

Janet Sloane
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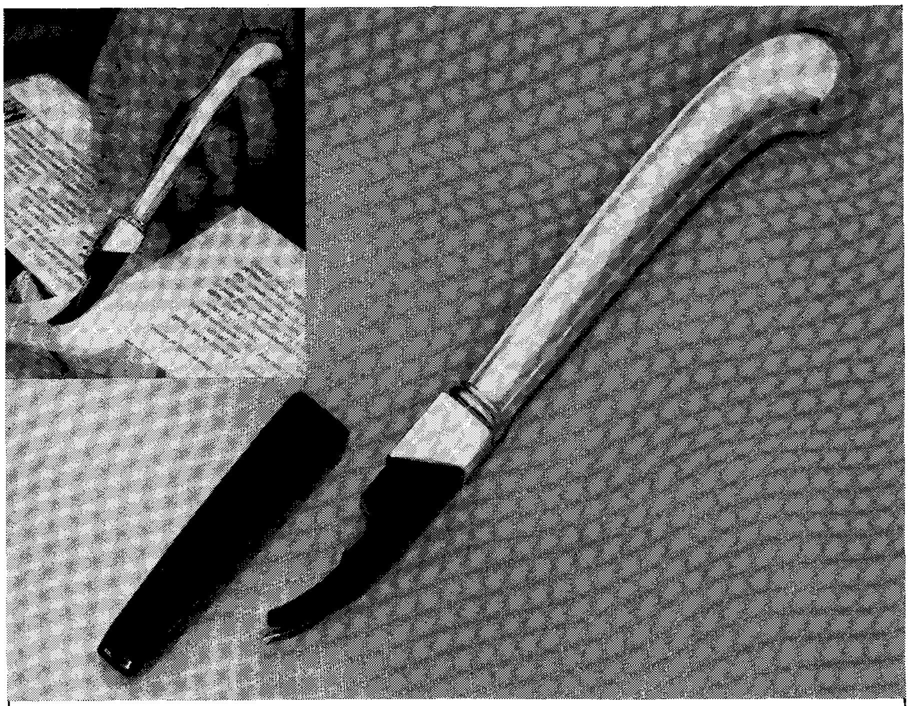
her summers in a fairly big house in Water Mill, and it must be a welcome relief to lots of her readers to get away for a while from Australian sheep farms, Swedish villages, and American pioneer settlements, to name just a few of the commonest locales for children's novels. Better still, Harriet isn't afraid of anything or anybody. She isn't *nice*. She has all the metropolitan vices and virtues. Not cruel, not especially kind, either, she is impatient, unsentimental, curious but impersonal, tough, sensitive, emphatic, tense, rude, and—with great, yawning gaps—informed. Regrettably, there are no mammoth skeletons to dig up in Carl Schurz Park, which accounts partly for all that energy being turned inward. Harriet's fierceness comes from her feeling of being imprisoned by adults inside a shadowy, unreal world of lies and half-truths. "Why was it, she thought, that the most interesting things in the world are always kept from children? Isn't there some way to force parents to tell the truth?" She asks her father what he can tell her about the mother of her friend Beth Ellen—a very beautiful and empty woman whom he knew when he was a young man. She senses his uneasiness, and tries to pump him. She watches him the way a boy watches a squirming beetle that can't get away. Then, when he tells her a little more than she wants to know, she is suddenly embarrassed. This is the kind of thing Miss Fitzhugh excels at. Using the sort of detail found in adult psychological novels, and with the same intention, she gets at both sides of her character at once—the child who wants to be protected and the half-adult who needs to break out and breathe some fresh air and be accepted on equal terms. In "The Long Secret," Harriet shares the center of the stage with a mousy friend who, when she discovers the existence of her own repressed anger, and some of the reasons for it, finds that she can roar like a lion, and enjoys it. There are the same deplorable grownups, who are funny, and convincing in a not quite comic-strip way, and Harriet is still spying, though less ardently. It is not as good as its predecessor, because Beth Ellen is not as interesting as Harriet, but it still has a degree of life and honesty that is well outside the mold.

I TEND to get bogged down in fictionalized biographies, especially when they are of people with original and great minds. I am perfectly willing to believe it when Jefferson says "Good morning," but don't ask me to believe that he looked searchingly into his



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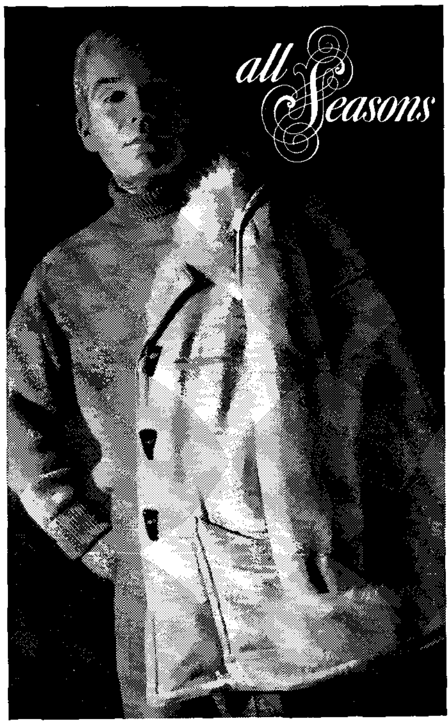

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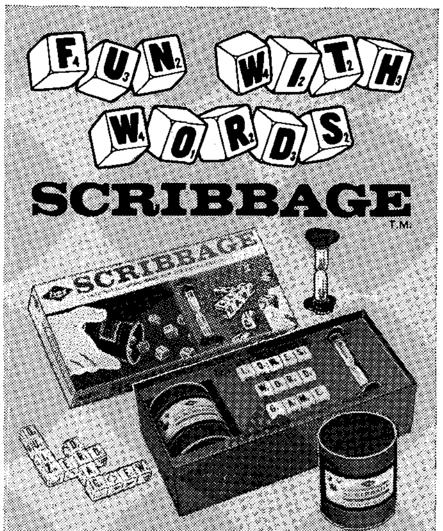
friend Madison's face and said, "Tell me, is your mind never without a political plan?" Yet I know that children love biographies and that most children need dialogue as much as they need pictures, to keep the pages from looking stark and frightening. But in the hands of a real biographer children will not, I think, notice the absence of invented dialogue. "Andrew Jackson" (ages eleven to fourteen), by Margaret Coit (Houghton Mifflin), sticks to the facts—to what Old Hickory actually did say and do—and the facts are often hair-raising. "Jackson up for President?" exclaimed an old lady in North Carolina. "Why, my husband would not bring him into the house. . . . Well, if Andrew Jackson can be President, anybody can." Cockfighting, horse racing, dancing, drinking—he liked them all. He rode a horse beautifully and he could put two bullets into one hole. When he was a raw lad, he knew war, poverty, illness, and death. His sympathies were with the underdog. His energy was inexhaustible. He hated debt. He had a violent temper. He was gallant to women. He was fearless. A man of his time, he saw nothing wrong with owning slaves; what was wrong, he thought, was being cruel to them. When sitting in the United States Senate turned out to be boring, he became a judge, and rode hundreds of miles through the unsettled wilderness. He was nearly drowned crossing a stream. He was nearly killed by Indians. All this he enjoyed. His decisions have not come down to us, but they were said to be "short, untechnical, unlearned, sometimes ungrammatical, and generally right." Without once banking her fires or losing her hold on the reader's interest, Miss Coit gives a good idea of Jackson's accomplishment, which was to hold together a young democratic nation surrounded by ill-wishers and racked by growing pains. Her biography of Calhoun won the Pulitzer Prize; she is not an amateur historian pilfering from somebody else's book for adults. This life of Jackson is a model of everything a purely factual biography for young readers should be.

"THERE they are: stars, sun, sea, light, darkness, space, great waters; the formidable Work of the Seven Days, into which mankind seems to have blundered unbidden. Or else decoyed . . ." This passage from Conrad's "The Shadow Line" occurred to me when I was reading "Voyage of the Vagabond" (eleven and upward), by Richard Thruelsen (Harcourt, Brace &



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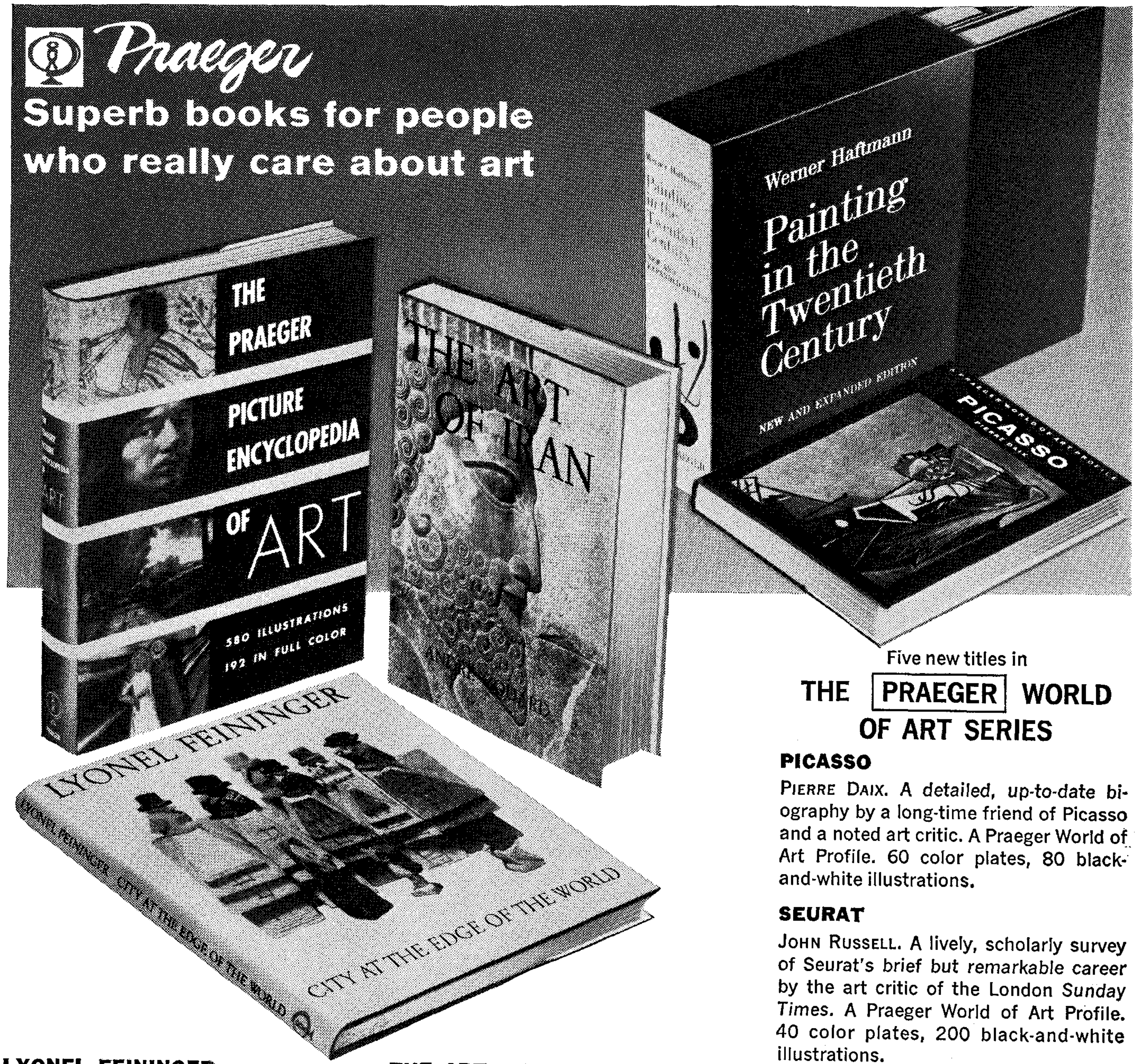
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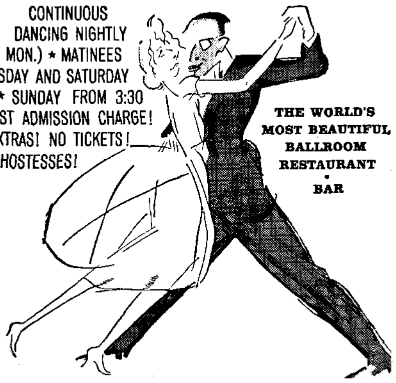

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World). The narrative is written in a matter-of-fact style, from the point of view of a fourteen-year-old boy, and yet the reader is constantly aware of the terrifying power and beauty of the sea. Through a sufficiently plausible series of circumstances, this boy and a girl of eleven, strangers to one another, find themselves adrift on a forty-two-foot motor sailer off Nantucket. A northeast gale is blowing, and they are surrounded by rain and fog. The girl knows a good deal about sailing but nothing about navigation; the boy knows nothing about either one. The boat is well stocked with food and every other necessity, including charts and books on navigation. The question is—and on this one point the tension and excitement of the book almost entirely depend—can a naturally bright boy teach himself enough celestial navigation to find out where they are and to keep the boat on course until they get help? The two children behave with heartbreaking courage and practicality. Occasionally they give way to despair, but then they pick up and go on. Though there is a manual and he studies it carefully, the boy cannot get the ship-to-shore wireless working. They split up the watches, and the girl is responsible for the sails and tackle and cleaning up the galley. The boy is in charge of the navigation and the radio and the logbook—and the engine, if he should ever find the key to the ignition. He learns enough about the use of the sextant and the tables to have an accurate idea of their latitude, but is stumped by the complications of determining longitude. On the fifth day out, the girl gets the Loran signals working, and they discover that they are about a day's sail—if the wind holds—from Bermuda. Then the boy hears over the short wave that the boat is directly in the path of a hurricane.

ACTUAL adventure, of a very different kind, fills the pages of "With Dersu the Hunter" (ten and upward), by Vladimir Arsenyev (Braziller). Arsenyev was a Russian naturalist, geologist, and explorer, and the book has been adapted by Anne Terry White from his account of three expeditions he made under the auspices of the Czarist government. This seems to me to be an exception to the general rule that first-rate adult books should be left for children to grow up to, since the original is neither generally known nor likely to become so. Anne Terry White's adaptation has a fine natural form and doesn't at all read like a translation. Arsenyev's purpose was to ex-

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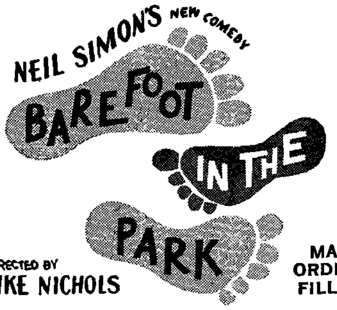

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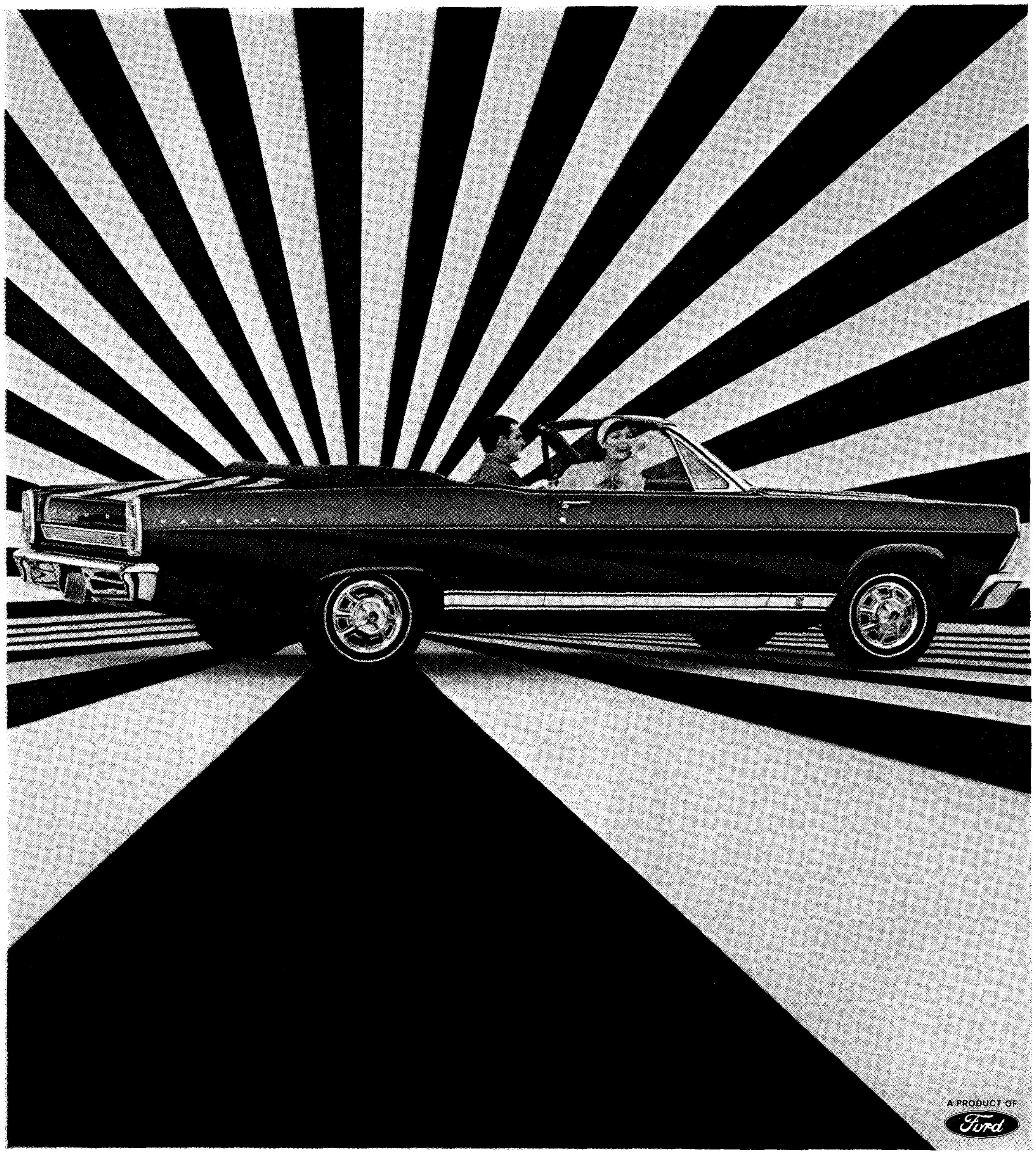

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plore certain inaccessible parts of the taiga—the great spruce forest that lies across northern Asia—directly north of Vladivostok. The first expedition was in 1902, and the exploring party consisted of Arsenyev, a number of Siberian riflemen, a cook, and four pack horses. On the evening of the fourth day, a man stepped out of the shadows (and straight out of James Fenimore Cooper) and squatted down by their campfire. He was wearing moccasins, a deerskin jacket and trousers, and a band around his head, and slung over his back were a birchbark knapsack and a long, old-fashioned rifle. They asked him whether he was Chinese or Korean, and the stranger said he was a Gold—a small tribe, rather like Indians, mostly fishermen and hunters, inhabiting the region of the Amur River. The others fell asleep, but he and Arsenyev sat up all night talking. The Gold told Arsenyev that his name was Dersu Uzala, that he had never had a home, that he had always lived in the open. He got his living with his rifle, bartering game for tobacco, shot, and gunpowder with the Chinese. The next day, when the expedition moved on, Dersu went along, through forest so dense that the way often had to be cleared with an axe. It was impossible to see anything just a few steps ahead, and the proximity of wild animals was known only when they took flight and could be heard crashing off through the forest. Dersu's ability to predict the weather (in a region where this was a life-and-death matter) was so keen it amounted almost to a sixth sense; drawing a deep breath, he could judge in his lungs the weight of the air. He spoke a curious language of his own, referring to himself as "my." He and Arsenyev were "our," and the animals of the forest were "him." If you listened, he said, you could hear the forest breathe. Wind, water, and fire—even the logs on the fire and the water in the teakettle—were also "him." That is, men with a will of their own who behaved well or badly. At the sight of a bittern standing camouflaged in the grass, he burst out laughing and said, "Him very cunning man. Him always cheat like that." Dersu is at his most interesting when he is afraid—when he talks to a tiger somewhere nearby, or senses the approach of a forest fire or an ominous change in the weather. One is not likely to forget him or this majestic country, with its ferocious climate (typhoons, flash floods, sleet storms, *snow* hurricanes), its great migrations of birds, and its rich wildlife (elk, wapiti, bear, tigers,

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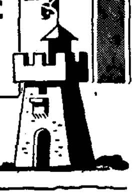

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PATTIE ROUND & WALLY SQUARE (ages two to five), written and illustrated by Priscilla Jean (Obolensky). At exactly the same place in the upper part of every page of the first half of this book, there is a hole the size of a quarter, and in the center of each page in the second half there is a hole roughly an inch square. The square is crying because it wants to be round, but, alas, it has four corners. Page after page, one sees what the circle can do or be, because it is round: the sun, the moon, a clock face living in a tower, a balloon soaring in the air, and so forth. The sympathetic circle shows the envious square that it also has glorious potentialities; it can be a postage stamp and roam the world, or a welcome mat and stay at home. Or a blackboard. Or an ice cube. Or a jack-in-the-box. The square seems reassured, but if you think about it, the author has given all the best parts to the circle. A neat, starched, charming book, in bright colors.

THE TOMTEN AND THE FOX (ages four to eight), a prose adaptation by Astrid Lindgren of a poem by Karl-Erik Forsslund, illustrated by Harald Wiberg (Coward-McCann). In Sweden every farm has a tomten, who keeps watch over it. He is an ancient, elflike creature who wears a red stocking cap and has a white beard down to his toes, and he goes from building to building all night, with a lantern in his hand, seeing that everything is as it should be. Before the children are sent off to bed, they put out a bowl of porridge

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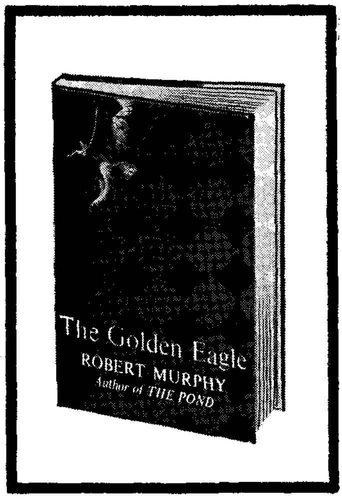
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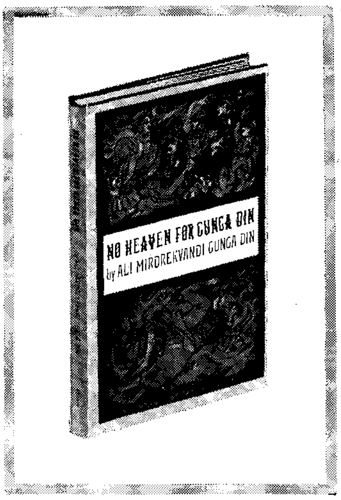
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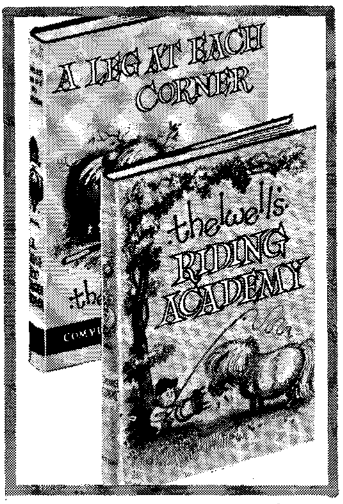
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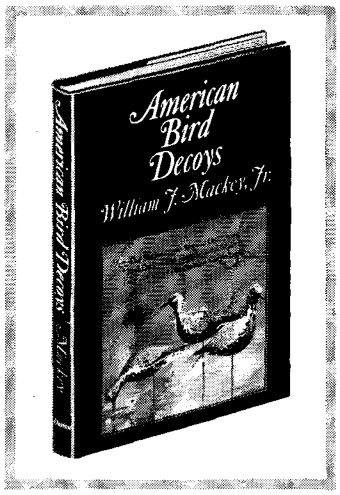
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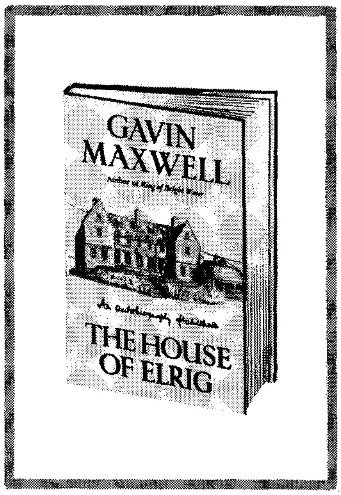
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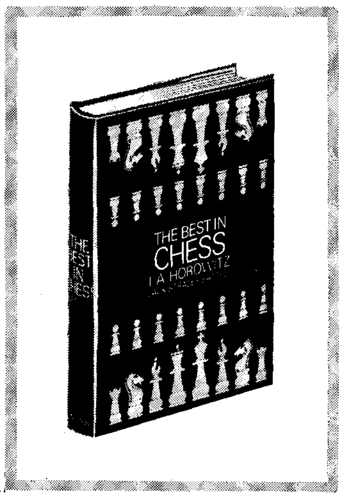
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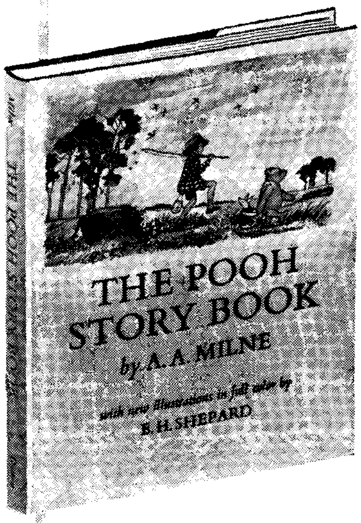
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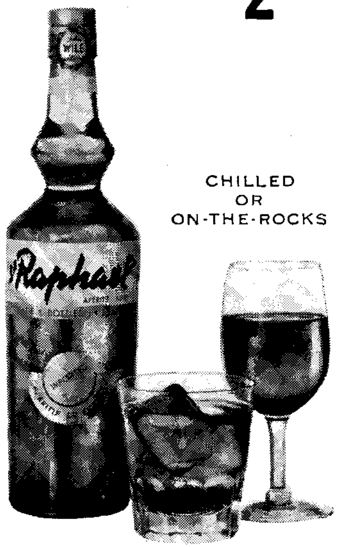

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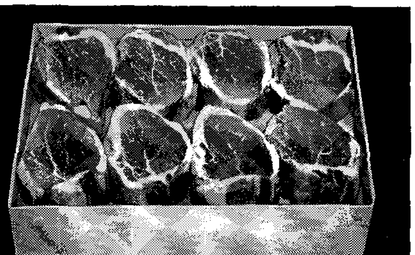

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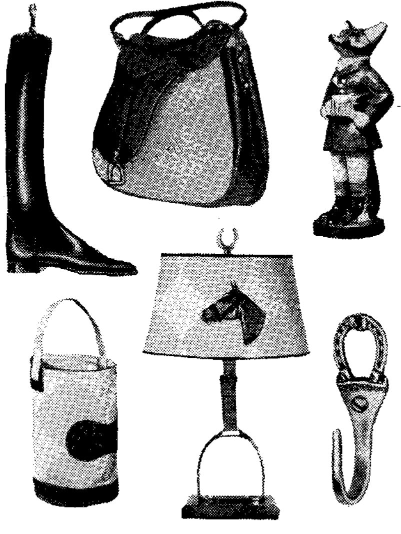
for him. On a Christmas Eve bright with stars and fresh snow, a hungry fox leaves his den and creeps silently to the farm. He looks into the cowshed. The cows are asleep. What do cows care about a fox? The people do not know he is there. While the fox is peering into the henhouse, he hears footsteps. It is the tomten, making his rounds. He says, "You know that no one is allowed to steal our hens, don't you, Reynard?" "Hens," says Reynard. "Who thought of stealing hens?" Thanks to the faithful watchman, the fox goes home happy, his stomach full of warm porridge, and every hen sits safely on her perch. This is a bedtime story that small children will want to hear over and over again. The pictures *are* the very thing the words tell about.

THE VALIANT CHATTEE-MAKER (ages five to eight), told and illustrated by Christine Price (Warne). Some have greatness thrust upon them, and such a one was the poor potter in this tale from India who, on a wet, stormy night, mistook a tiger for his lost donkey, grabbed it roughly by the ear, gave it a severe scolding, and rode it home, beating it with a stick all the way. The text and pictures are both very funny.

HILILI AND DILILI (ages four to eight), a Turkish folk tale retold by Barbara K. Walker and illustrated by Bill Barss (Follett). An old couple with full hearts and empty pockets pay a visit to their daughter, who has married well. The old couple manage all right at dinner, having agreed beforehand that it is wise to "keep a short hand at table and a short tongue in company." But their daughter, who is not lacking in affection but has no wish to tempt fortune any further, decides to have her parents sleep as far away from her husband as possible, and beds them down in the attic, where their foolish, loving hearts lead them straight into trouble. The best thing about Mr. Barss's illustrations are the clothes. The hand-dyed colors, the embroidered or woven designs, and the cut all unobtrusively serve as a reminder that the story is taking place in a world where the machine hardly exists.

SALT (ages four to eight), a Russian tale adapted by Harve Zemach, illustrated by Margot Zemach (Follett). A rich merchant loads two ships with precious furs, wax, and honey and puts them in charge of his two older sons. The young-



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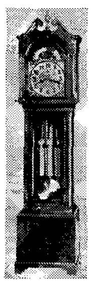

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THE COURTSHIP, MERRY MARRIAGE, AND FEAST OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN, TO WHICH IS ADDED THE DOLEFUL DEATH OF COCK ROBIN (ages five and upward), illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Scribners). These two nursery rhymes were not, of course, intended to go together, but there is no very good reason they shouldn't. Robin goes a-courting in a straw boater, with a mandolin under his wing. The modest Jenny Wren, wearing her grandmother's veil of point-d'esprit lace, descends, on her wedding morning, from a brown-and-yellow 1908 limousine, complete with tasselled pull, bouquet, curtains, window shades, wire wheels, and carriage lamp. The minister, a crow, looks as if he'd spent the summer on the top shelf of the hall closet, among the tennis rackets and the jigsaw puzzles. Turkey-hen maids, with dainty aprons and large feet, pass the hors-d'œuvres and the currant wine to the wedding guests, who are immediately identifiable as to species and at the same time an exquisite parody of *Homo sapiens* enjoying a similar happy occasion.

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE (ages four to eight), by Sorche Nic Leodhas, illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). An adaptation of a Scottish folk song about an openhearted Lachie MacLachlan, who, with his good wife and his ten bairns, lived in a house in the heather, where there was al-

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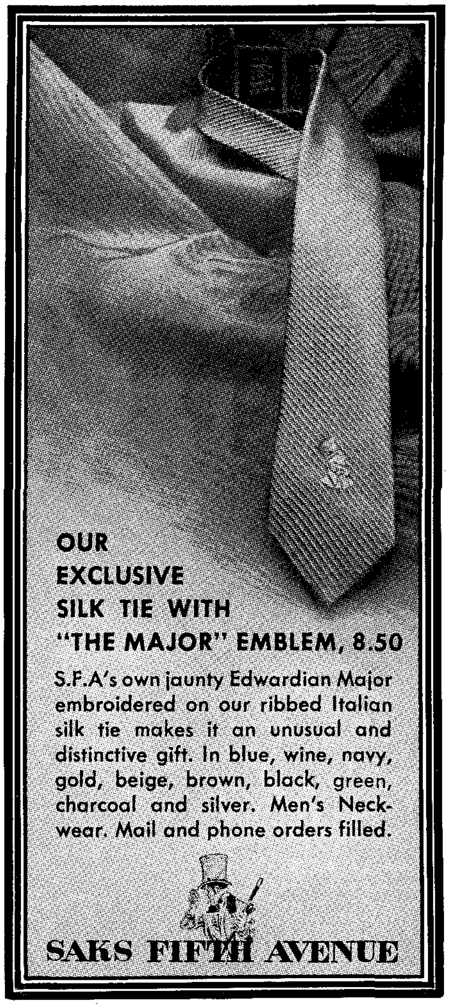
ways a fire on the hearthstone and porridge to spare in the pot. "Och, come awa' in!" Lachie hailed every traveller who passed by his door—"There's room for one more. Always room for one more!"—until one day there wasn't. It is the story, in a different form, of the Russian tale about the peasant who dropped his glove in the snow. The pictures are done in pen-and-ink and wash, with a soft, misty purple for the heather. The old tune, given at the end of the book, has a sweet sadness about it, like the sound of a flute out-of-doors.

A CHILD'S CALENDAR (ages five to eight), by John Updike, illustrated by Nancy Ekholm Burkert (Knopf). Twelve poems, one for each month, celebrating the sights (from "August": "The sprinkler twirls./The summer wanes./The pavement wears/Popsickle stains") and sounds (from "January": "The sky is low./The wind is gray./The radiator/Purrs all day") and odors (from "September": "Ripe fruit, old footballs,/Burning brush,/New books, erasers,/Chalk, and such") of the changing seasons. The full-page illustrations, in black and bright blue or black and scarlet, are like something suddenly remembered.

THE SECOND WITCH (ages seven to ten), by Jack Sendak, illustrated by Uri Shulevitz (Harper & Row). The witch in question has long hair and an ice-cold nose and is unpredictable, and she can make bears talk the language of human beings and every single person in a whole village turn blue or freeze like a statue. This is a bad witch (for a change), though no worse, in her own opinion, than the spiteful villagers, who are always glowering and scolding and spanking their children and who have forgotten how to laugh or to help one another. The pictures are slightly wobbly thin-line drawings in which the pen is hardly ever lifted from the paper. They appear to have been made by sitting back and giving the pen its head. Very satisfying they are.

A WEED IS A FLOWER: THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER (ages four to eight), written and illustrated by Aliki (Prentice-Hall). The story—told in very simple, sensitive language—of a scientist who was also a kind of saint. The pictures are bright and warm and full of tender concern for life in all its forms. It was Carver who said, "A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By Eleanor Clymer. Illustrations by Ingrid Fetz. Walter, the whale, found–almost too late–that dry land was not for him. 4-9. $2.95

The Cock and the Ghost Cat
By Betty Jean Lifton. Pictures by Fuku Akino. A Japanese legend, in which Koko, the cock, saves Gembei, the farmer, from a fierce ghost cat. 5-9. $3.50

Cats and Bats and Things with Wings
Together, poet Conrad Aiken and illustrator Milton Glaser explore the idiosyncrasies of well-known beasts. 5-9. $4.50

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By Jane Little. Drawings by Suzanne Kesteloo Larsen. Jamie fights with a witch over Spook, a dog, on Halloween. 7-10. $3.25

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By Mary Francis Shura. Illustrations by N. M. Bodecker. The luck o' the Irish and an Irish heart bring Davie his St. Patrick's Day wish. 7-11. $3.75

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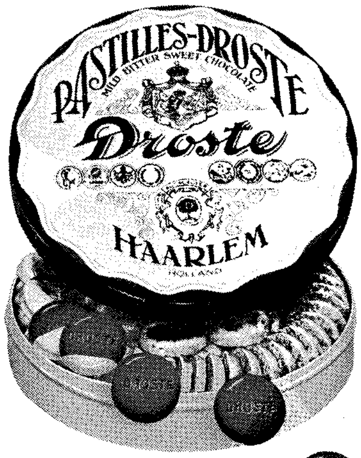

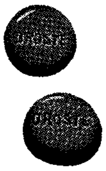

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weed is a flower growing in the wrong place."

MORE WISE MEN OF HELM (ages eight and upward), by Solomon Simon, illustrated by Stephen Kraft (Behrman). A collection of folk tales about a village of simpletons, whom (according to the people of Warsaw and Shedlitz) God gathered into one place in order to keep an eye on them. The kind of thing the wise men of Helm are given to turning over in their minds is: Which is more important, the sun or the moon? The moon, they conclude, because the sun shines in the daytime, when it's light anyway. The book is like "The Merry Pranks of Till Eulenspiegel," only funnier, and one of the chapters, about what happened when Shloime the Mathematician made an agreement with his wife that whoever spoke first had to get up out of bed and shut the front door, belongs with the very best tales of all time.

A CERTAIN SMALL SHEPHERD (ages seven to eleven), by Rebecca Caudill, illustrated by William Pène du Bois (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The first Christmas, retold in contemporary terms. It is about a farm boy who is like other children in every way—he plays with them and is allowed to go to school and helps his father with the chores—except that he has never managed to talk. When he tries, he makes strange, grunting noises, and throws himself on the ground in a tantrum of anger and frustration. The thing he cares about most in the world is being a shepherd in the Christmas play. In his mind, he *is* a shepherd, and the play is real. But on Christmas Eve it begins to snow and never stops snowing, and the play is called off. That night, in the church across the road, a man and a woman, caught in the storm, take shelter, and she gives birth to a child. When the father takes the boy to the church to see the baby, the boy dashes out the door, and returns wearing his shepherd costume, bringing the contents of his Christmas stocking—an orange and a dime. At the moment he gently lays the orange beside the baby's hand, he speaks, for the first time. All this could have been painful, but instead it is moving; it has a kind of charm and dignity because none of its points are stressed.

BUILDING BROOKLYN BRIDGE (ages seven to ten), written and illustrated by F. Wenderoth Saunders (Little, Brown). Not a beautiful

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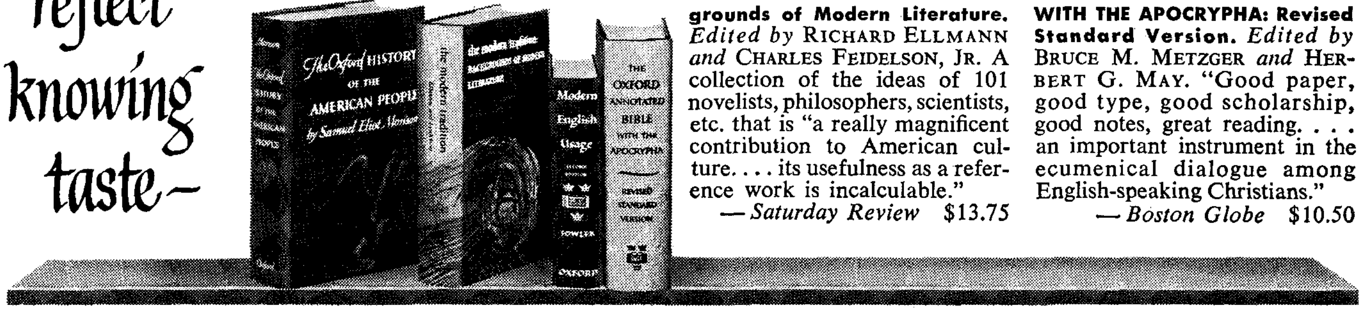
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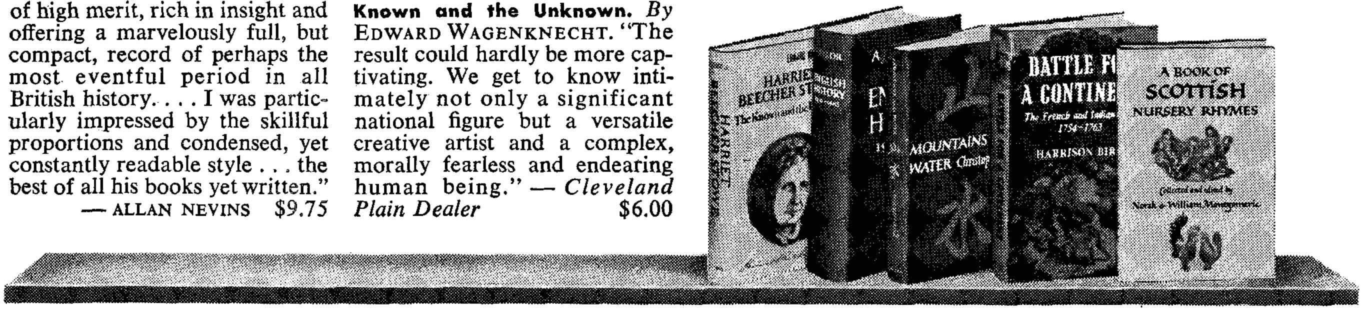

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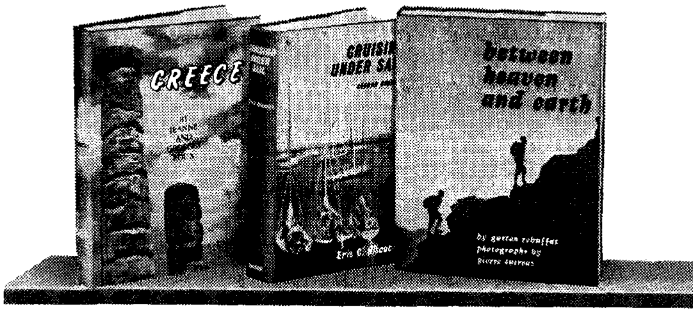

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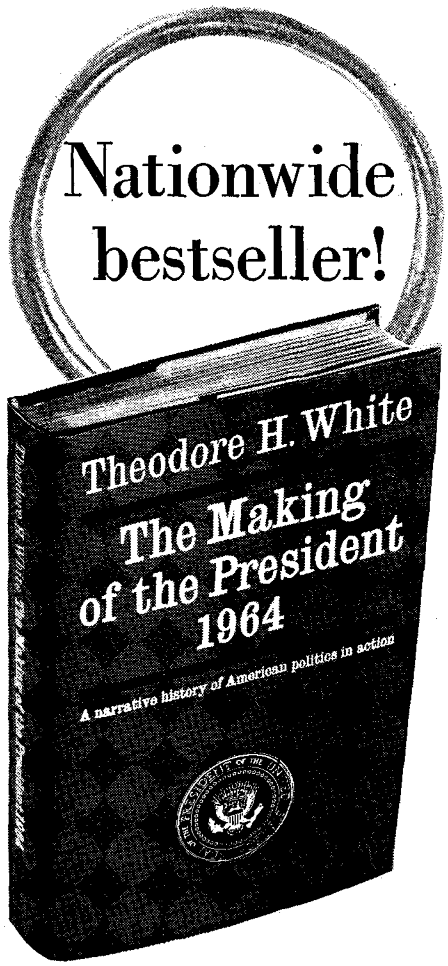
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book, except perhaps to little boys, or a poetic one, except where engineering touches poetry, but a straightforward account of the building of the B.B. The marvel was conceived, as everybody knows, by an engineer named John Augustus Roebling, and built by his son. What crossing the river was like when there was no bridge; the terrible fire in the wooden caisson two weeks before the Brooklyn tower was finished; Frank Farrington, the chief mechanic, riding on a bosun's chair over the long loops of cable that hung from shore to shore; Colonel Roebling's paralysis, which was the result of too frequent and too sudden changes of air pressure ("like a general on the battlefield," he spent whole days and nights deep in the Manhattan caisson, encouraging the workmen, who were suffering from the bends, a condition not then understood); how he sat in a chair in a room on the top floor of his home and, through a pair of binoculars, followed the progress of the work; how his wife quickly learned enough engineering to convey his orders to the engineers; the panic that occurred on the bridge six days after it was opened, when somebody suddenly looked up at the great network of cables and thought the structure was falling—all this makes dramatic reading, but the real drama is the bridge itself.

ALBERIC THE WISE AND OTHER JOURNEYS (eight and upward), by Norton Juster, with pictures by Domenico Gnoli (Pantheon). Three long tales that are well written and have a kind of explosive joy in life. In the first, a young peasant has his head turned by listening to an old man's account of the great world and its wonders and wisdom. He applies himself to learning one craft after another, and fails at each—for it happens that he does not have the natural talent needed to be a glass blower, stonecutter, goldsmith, potter, weaver, or whatever—but ends up knowing all there is to know about the world and its wonders. Suitably rewarded with riches and renown, he insists that he is not wise, which only increases his reputation for wisdom. This much he does know: A *poulet poêle à l'estragon* is really just another roast chicken, and a man cannot be a failure at everything one day and a wise man the next. He gives up his palace and his wealth and his servants and the King's favor in order to follow his

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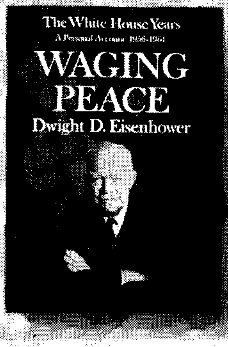
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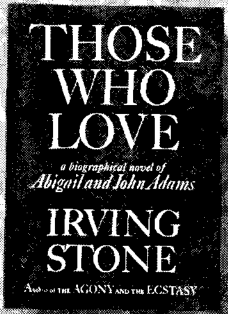
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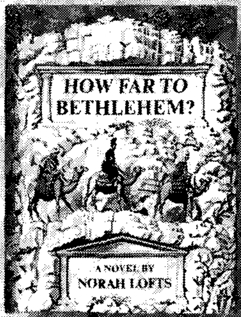
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The Black Gull of Corrie Lochan (ages eight to twelve), by Margaret MacAlpine, illustrated by James Armstrong (Prentice-Hall). Near the top of a craggy mountain in Scotland is a deep bowl, hidden from sight and closed off, except for a narrow passage, by a great ring of boulders. Once there was a lake here, but the waters vanished, leaving in their place fine meadow grass. "There might be two-three ewes in there," Rory's father, who was a shepherd, said one evening. "So I'll just away and have a look." He did not come out, so Rory had a look. No trace of his father anywhere. The next morning, his sister Morag came in from the fields wearing around her shoulders a brilliantly colored scarf, thin as cobweb, which she had found spread over a blackthorn hedge (and blackthorn so unlucky). When her mother saw the scarf, she cried, "Put it down, Morag! At once, child! There, on the table . . . no, don't be handing it to me. Just put it down." For it is well known that when the Wee Folk take something or somebody, they leave a present in return. Though it is true that the Wee Folk have been all but done to death at the hands of people with no talent for writing about them, they are alive enough here. On the lonely moors and in mountain gullies deep in snow, where the two children go in search of their father, the existence of fairies presents no more of a strain on credulity than would the sight of a dwarf in the neighborhood of Times Square. It is all a matter of atmosphere. And of a proper seriousness. And of knowing how to tell a story. The illustrator, fortunately, shares these qualities with the author.

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I, Juan de Pareja (ages ten to fourteen), by Elizabeth Borton de Treviño (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A work of fiction dealing with the thirty-seven years in which Velázquez was court painter to Philip IV of Spain. By telling the story from the point of view of the painter's gentle and affecting Moorish slave, who mixed his colors and prepared his canvases, the author has avoided the chief difficulty of writing a biography about a man of genius—getting inside his mind. In seventeenth-century Spain, slaves were forbidden by law to learn or practice the arts. Juan de Pareja surreptitiously teaches himself to paint and then slips one of his own canvases, of the King's hunting dogs, in among his master's. The King commends it. The slave admits that it is his. The King is embarrassed, and Velázquez asks the King's permission to write a letter, in which he frees de Pareja and makes him his assistant. The scene is moving and believable, though it may never have happened. Juan de Pareja's paintings hang in several European museums.

The Swedish Nightingale: Jenny Lind (ages ten to fourteen), by Elisabeth Kyle (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Jenny Lind sang in her first opera when she was fourteen. At seventeen she was a star, and by the time she was twenty-one she had sung all the major roles. But she had been improperly taught and made to sing too early and too often—in one year she did Lucia thirty-nine times—and her voice was ruined. After a long rest, she began to study again, with the great vocal teacher Manuel Garcia, in Paris. Through hard work, her voice was restored to her in eleven months, better than before, and her real triumphs began. Though she was a plain woman, she transformed the moment she began to act or sing. Having experienced misery in childhood, she steadfastly refused to act the part of the prima donna. Her

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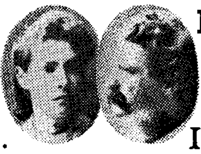

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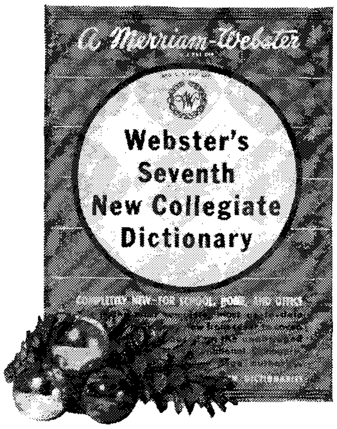

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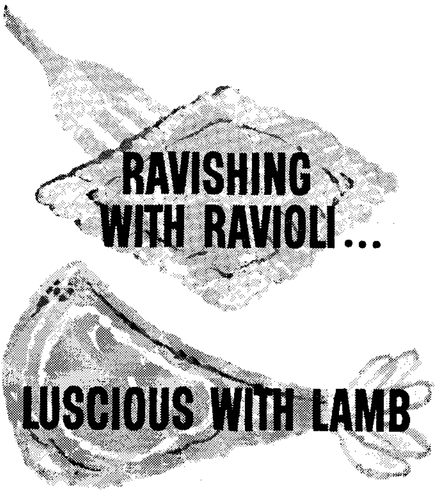

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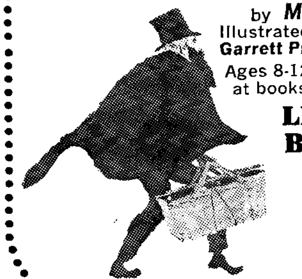

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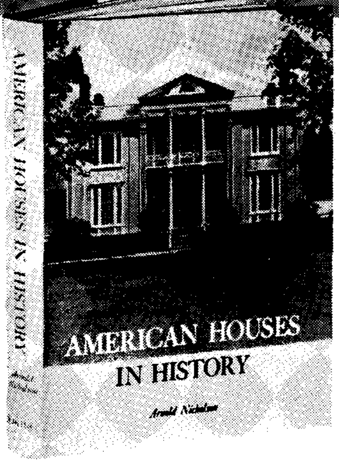

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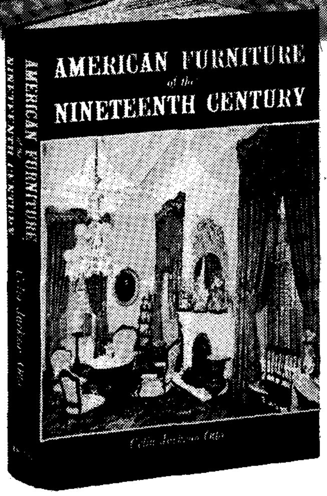

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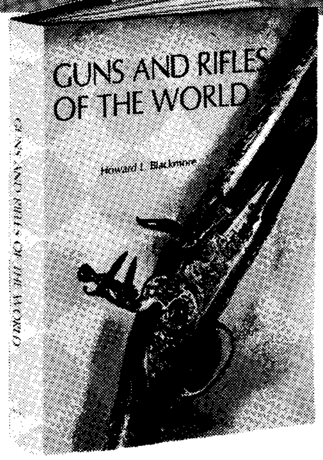

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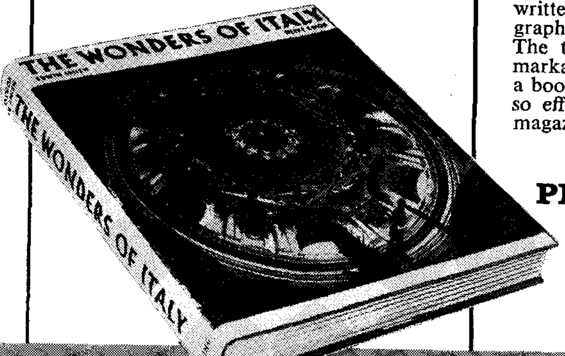

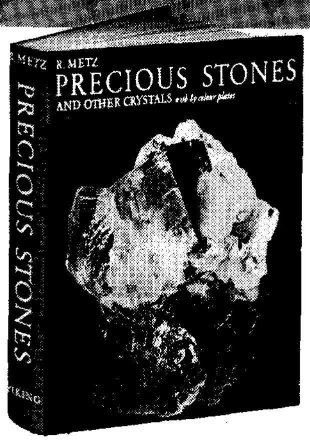

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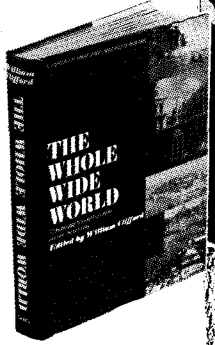

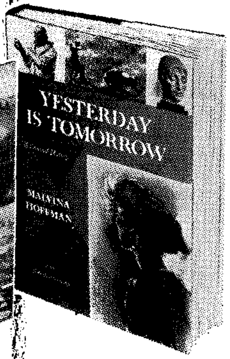

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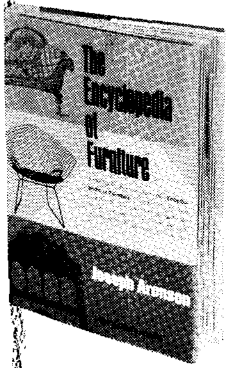

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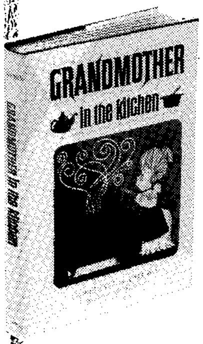

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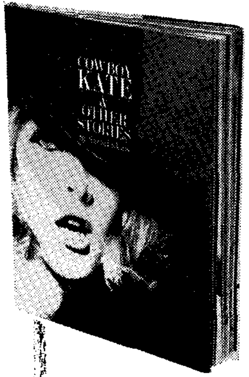

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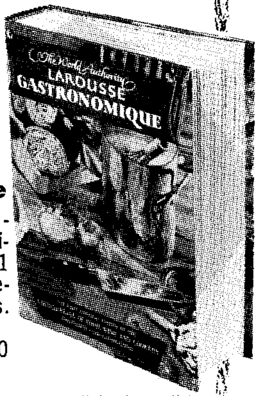

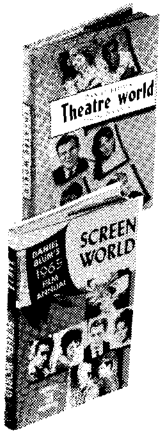

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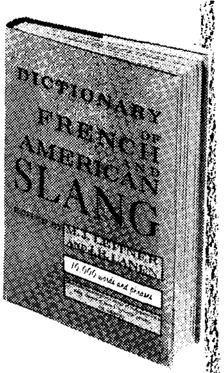

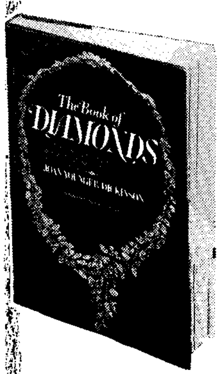

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ticular detail that illuminates the whole, and the narrative comes out to be more than the sum of its parts. The material is drawn not merely from the careers and speeches of statesmen and legislators but from the lives and words of farmers and factory workers, bankers, poor whites, immigrants, plantation owners, frontiersmen, prophets, cotton pickers, freed slaves, artists, child laborers, railroad magnates, and heads of corporations. The reader is made to see that democratic government is the process of somehow keeping in balance the conflicting interests of all the people, of finding an always tentative answer to Lincoln's question "Must a government, of necessity, be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?"

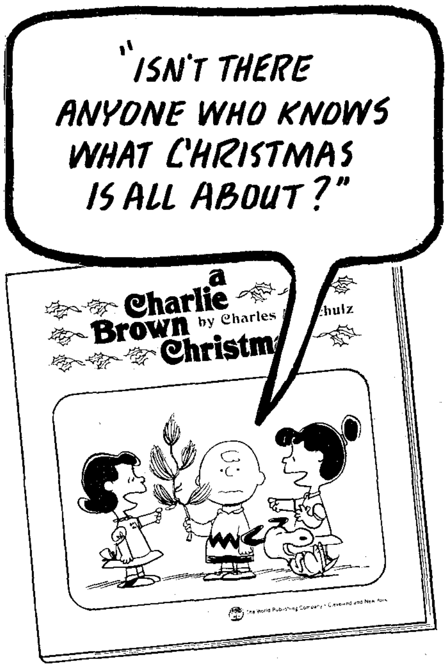
SHAPES AND STORIES: A BOOK ABOUT PICTURES (eleven and upward), by Jane and Geoffrey Grigson (Vanguard). A selection of drawings, paintings, and tapestries, beautifully reproduced. The observations about technique and the relevant quotations, stories, bits of history, explanations of symbols, and literary allusions are drawn from a rich background, and the result is something more than a book; it is, rather, an experience of art, of all the arts, in very good and lively company. Here are the legends of the unicorn, of St. George and the dragon (Uccello), of St. Nicholas Rebuking the Tempest (Bicci di Lorenzo). Here, also, are Adam Naming the Beasts (Blake), Apollo and Daphne (Bolognese), Orpheus (Nicoletto Rosex da Modena), Narcissus (Boltraffio); animals by Leonardo, Gesner, Rousseau, Dürer, Bruegel; Mount Fuji through bamboos and through ladders (Hokusai), and Klee's viaduct arches, which "have forgotten their duty, and are walking off in a rebellious way," and a great deal more. Pictures, the authors say, are shapes and stories. Dürer's rhinoceros is "spots, stars, circles, eyes, ridges, rivers on a map, collars, curves, frills, prickles, knobs, notches, trays, lines, outlines, all welded together" to form this wondrous beast the artist had never seen.

—EMILY MAXWELL

•

This will continue until Dec. 21, when the day and night will be exactly equal in length. After that the day will begin to lengthen, tho it will still be shorter than the night.—*Washington (D. C.) News.*

It's well to know these things.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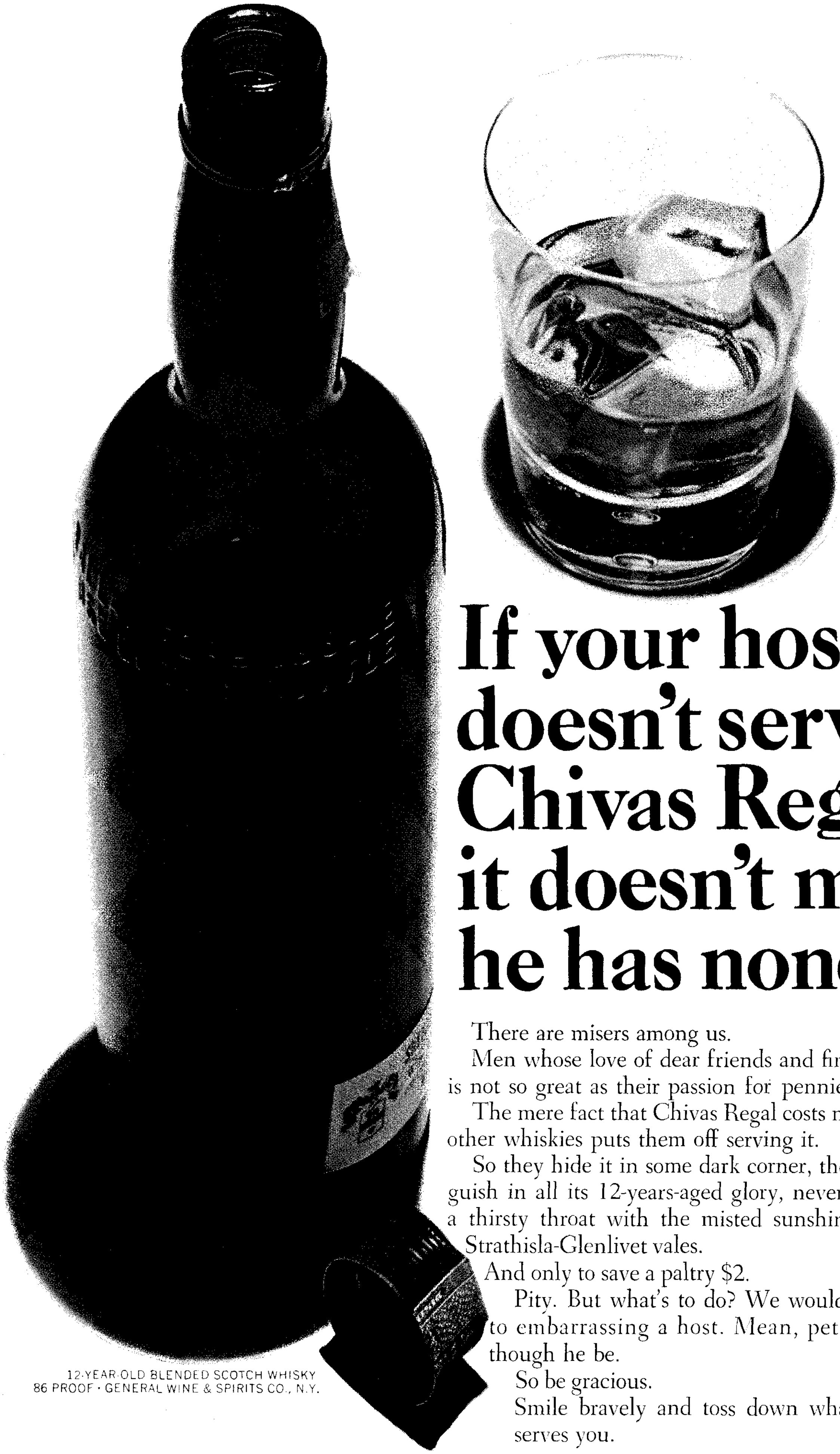

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